

THE

MUNSEY

MAGAZINE

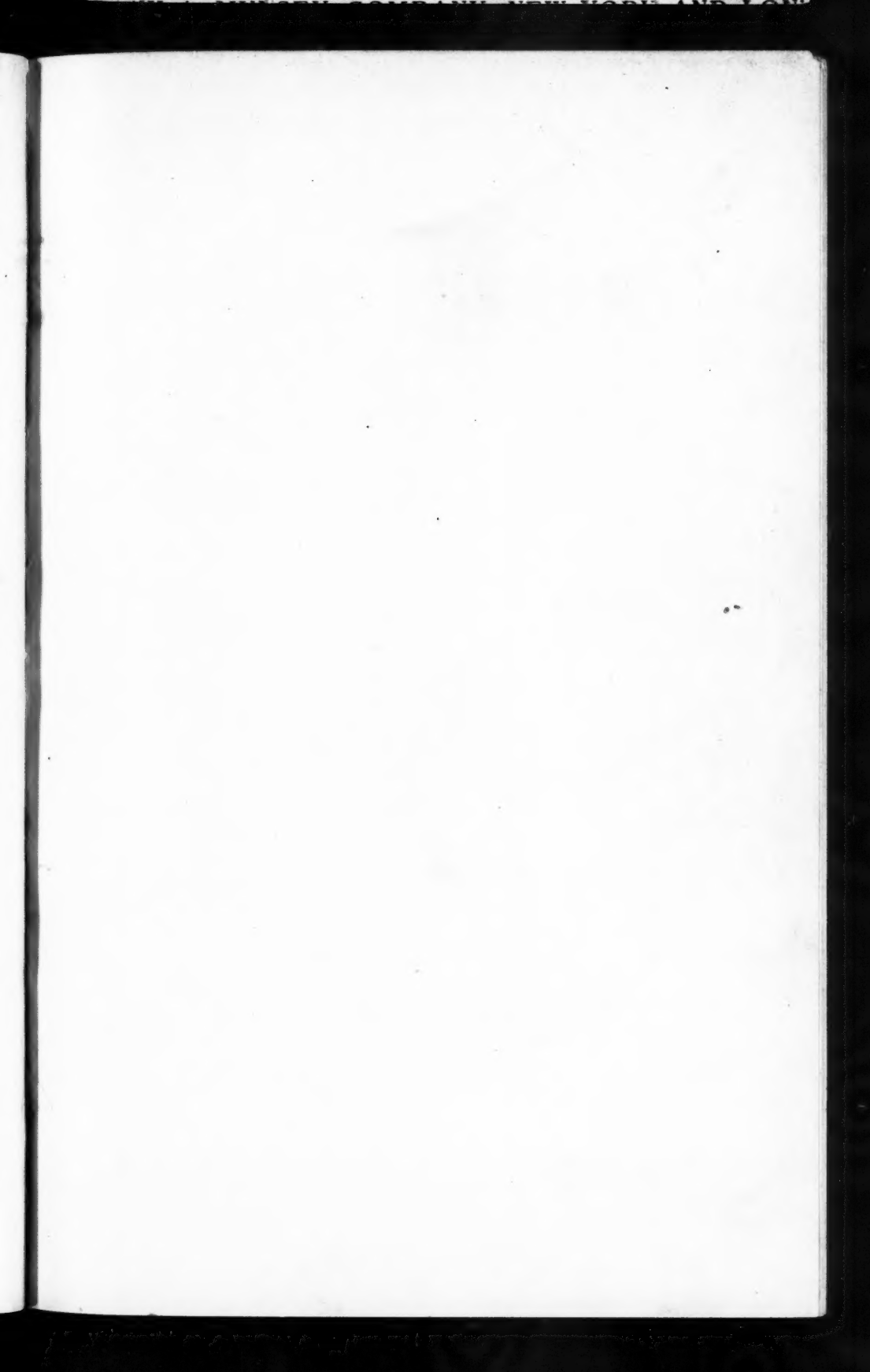
OCTOBER

Economy

PEARS' is the most economical of all soaps. It wears to the thinness of a dime. Moisten the thin remainder of your old cake and place it in the hollow of the new one where it will adhere, thus you will not lose an atom, and will see that PEARS' IS NOT ONLY PURE, BUT ECONOMICAL.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."





A WISH

I ASK no more than for love's kiss
As guerdon when the day is done;
The crown of life I shall not miss
If I may walk and sing with One!

Cora A. Matson Doison

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XL.

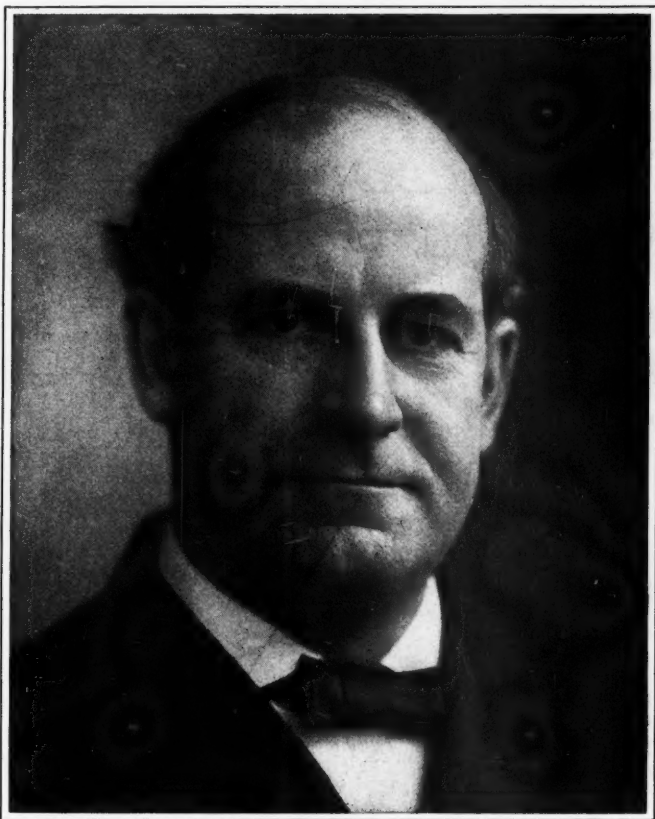
October, 1908

Number I

IF BRYAN IS ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY

BY JUDSON C WELLIVER

WRITING for this magazine several months ago, I suggested that the Presidential campaign of 1908 seemed likely to be a political football game. Its preliminaries justified the expectation that it would be a struggle between the two teams for possession of the ball—the ball being the



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, OF NEBRASKA, THrice Nominated BY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES

From his latest photograph by Davis & Eickemeyer, New York



MRS. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, WHO WAS MISS MARY ELIZABETH BAIRD, OF PERRY, ILLINOIS, BEFORE HER MARRIAGE TO MR. BRYAN IN 1884

From a photograph by Townsend, Lincoln

aggregation of issues broadly characterized as "the Roosevelt policies." Mr. Bryan would claim these policies by right of invention and discovery; the

he will presently be up to his elbows in this same subverting business. He's that sort—a big, bold, determined man, full of purpose and resolve, impatient of

Republicans would claim them by inheritance from Mr. Roosevelt. The game would be to get the ball, and then to carry it over the election-day goal with a majority of electoral votes.

The conventions, the platforms, the discussions, the speeches of acceptance, have all borne out that forecast of the campaign. With minor exceptions, both great parties promise much the same things. The election in November will decide which is to have the privilege and the responsibility of doing the work.

More and more, this is becoming an executive government. In many ways the modest executive establishment at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue has come to overshadow the huge legislative pile at the other. Legislation is a slow and difficult process, in which inevitably much is compromised away, and more fails entirely; so the executive order accomplishes what might not otherwise be done, and each succeeding President, if he be a vigorous and resolute man, is accused more violently of usurpation.

We have heard a vast deal about Mr. Roosevelt subverting these institutions of ours. Well, it may safely be set down that if Mr. Bryan shall become President,

restraint, and absolutely confident of his own righteousness and his own star: If the description sounds quite as applicable to Mr. Roosevelt as to Mr. Bryan, it is none the less true. The plain fact is

As President, whom would Mr. Bryan gather about him as advisers? What manner of intellectual syndicate would make up that rather vague something which is called a policy?



MRS. W. H. LEAVITT (FORMERLY MISS RUTH BRYAN), MR. BRYAN'S ELDER DAUGHTER

From a photograph taken in Denver at the time of the National Democratic Convention

that if it requires pulling and driving, "prostitution of the patronage power," the caresses of the big stick, and the dubious indirection of government by executive order, to produce results, then the country wants those methods used. The United States has utterly refused to grow panicky about the danger to its institutions; it believes in their permanency in spite of individuals.

The query should be considered in its broad rather than its narrow aspects. It doesn't apply merely to the Cabinet, the official administration household. It comprehends the secondary cabinet as well—the numerous chiefs of great bureaus, assistant secretaries, commissioners, and all the rest, who are invested with authority and power; and beyond that it includes the extra-official advisers who



MISS GRACE BRYAN, MR. BRYAN'S
YOUNGER DAUGHTER

*From a photograph by Townsend,
Lincoln*

will have weight when politics, or finance, or business or diplomatic relations are to be considered. Who will be the White House spokesmen on the floor of the Senate? Whose voice will be recognized in the House as the voice of ultimate authority?

Grover Cleveland never saw Washington till he went to the capital to be inaugurated President. He had a very limited acquaintance with national men. Yet in the membership of a party that had been twenty-four years out of power, he found men

who made up what was recognized as a highly able and efficient Cabinet.

Theodore Roosevelt knew the politicians and their ways of thinking. He knew Washington and national affairs. Yet in the long list of his Cabinet selections he has violated most of the old traditions, and his advisers outside the Cabinet have been chosen with equal disregard for ancient prejudices. It isn't fashionable, however, to assume that



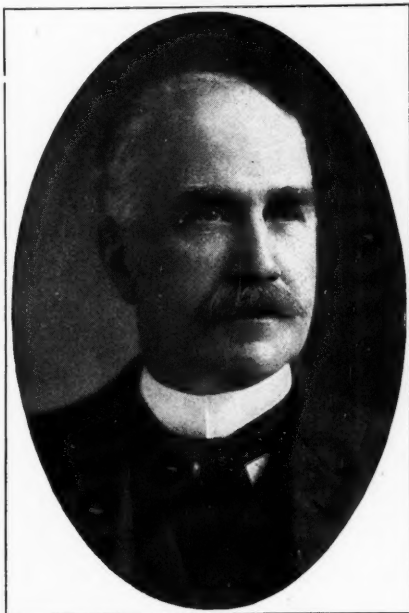
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, JR., MR. BRYAN'S
ONLY SON

From a photograph by Townsend, Lincoln

Mr. Roosevelt didn't know what he was doing. He knew the kind of men he wanted, and he found them. They have done the work to the eminent satisfaction of their masters, the people.

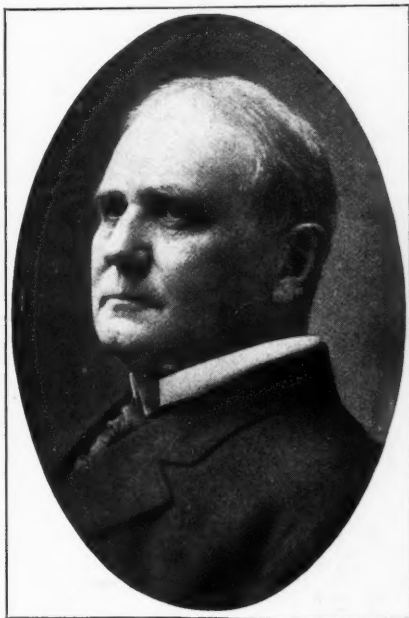
Mr. Bryan as President would mean a revolution in personnel, in methods, in standards of judgment. In his long career as a party leader he has acquired

It would be amply preserved in a council which included the radical and strenuous Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma; the "Cowboy Mayor" Dahlman, of Omaha; the venerable and lovable Weaver, of Iowa; the cultured and elegant George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts; the brilliant and razor-tongued Pettigrew; the impetuous and eloquent Ollie James,



JUDSON HARMON, OF OHIO, ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION

From his latest photograph



CHAMP CLARK, OF MISSOURI, WHO WILL PROBABLY BE SPEAKER IF THE NEXT HOUSE IS DEMOCRATIC

From a photograph by Clivedinst. Washington

a wide knowledge of men. He knows the leaders of both parties, their personalities, their habits of thought, their attitudes on public questions. The very extent of his acquaintance might be an embarrassment to another than Mr. Bryan. To him, with his quickness and confidence of judgment, it is more likely to mean additional assurance of bringing together just the kind of advisory family that he would desire.

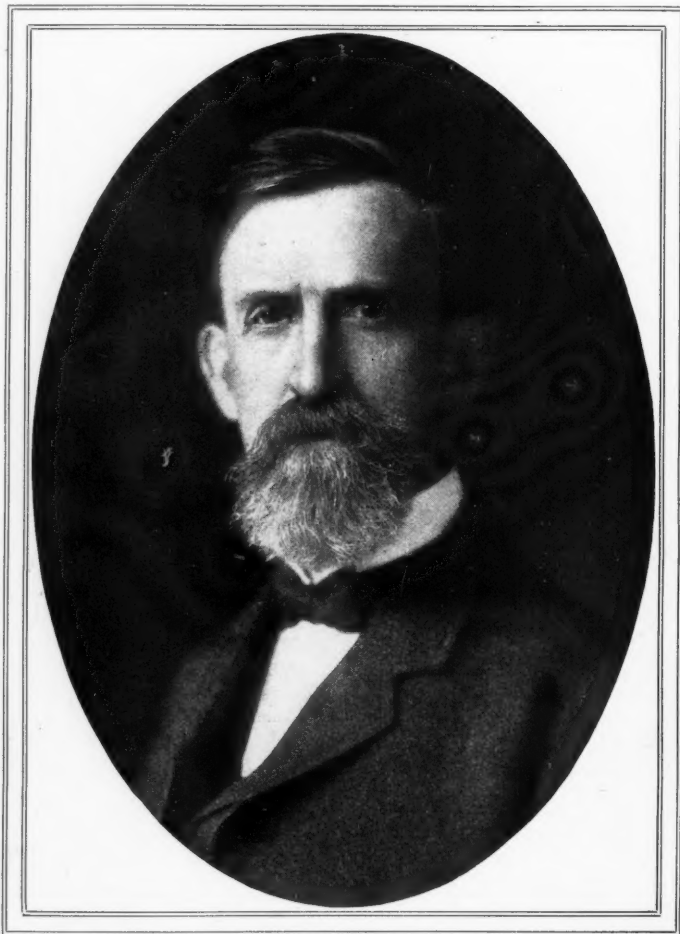
The element of picturesqueness which Mr. Roosevelt's predilection for Rough Riders, cowboys, tennis-players, and bear-hunters has introduced into official and semiofficial life would not be lost were Mr. Bryan to become President.

of Kentucky; the splendid journalistic veteran Watterson; the vigorous and magnetic Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, and numerous others who will readily enough come to mind.

Along with these touches of color in the group there would be found, in more somber shades, such personalities as Judson Harmon and Melville E. Ingalls; Chief Justice Walter Clark, of North Carolina, whom Mr. Bryan once named as a man of full Presidential stature; David R. Francis, of Missouri, and Hoke Smith, of Georgia, both of whom have sat at the Cabinet-table of Cleveland; Governor Folk and Senator Stone, rivals for the Missouri Senatorship just now,

but rivals always in devotion to Mr. Bryan; perhaps James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture under two Republican Presidents, great and good friend of all farmers, and a man whom it would be easy for Mr. Bryan to regard as indispensable at the department whose splen-

Senator Newlands, of Nevada, a real constructive statesman, who at last is coming to be appraised at his real worth; Governor Thomas, of Colorado; Martin J. Wade, of Iowa; Judge Gaynor, of New York; Theodore A. Bell, of California; Inter-State Commerce Commis-



JOHN WORTH KERN, OF INDIANA, THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

did efficiency will be his monument; Vice-President John W. Kern, who, Mr. Bryan has promised, would be lifted from the dignified cheerlessness of Vice-Presidential innocuousness to the rank of a full-fledged partner in the administration; Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell, on behalf of organized labor;

sioner Clements, of Georgia; Gilbert M. Hitchcock, publisher of the *Omaha World-Herald*, in whom many people suspect they see the next Postmaster-General, provided the electoral vote doesn't decree in favor of another Hitchcock, of different political stripe, for that position; Judge Alton B. Parker, of

New York; Mr. Bryan's *fidus Achates*, Willis J. Abbot—these and scores of others might be catalogued.

Such men as Millard Fillmore Dunlap, of Jacksonville, and Judge Thompson, of Salem, Illinois—both boyhood chums, schoolmates, and close personal friends of Mr. Bryan—must not be left without mention. Judge Edward F. Dunne, of Chicago, was one of the Bryan spokesmen at Denver, and will continue to be such in Illinois affairs. Bourke Cockran, who in 1896



C. N. HASKELL, GOVERNOR OF OKLAHOMA, ONE OF BRYAN'S MOST RADICAL AND STRENUOUS SUPPORTERS

stumped for McKinley, might also be found among the elect. It is whispered that stranger things have happened.

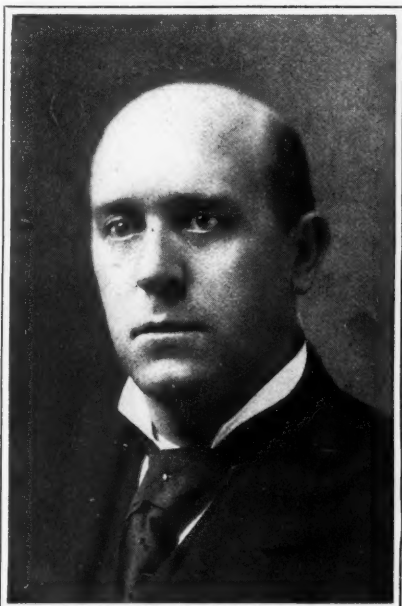
BRYAN MEN IN CONGRESS

In recent years Mr. Bryan has not been particularly strong with the members of his own party in Congress. In the early days of the republic, a Congressional caucus used to do the work of nominating a Presidential ticket, till the comparatively modern device of the national convention was introduced. Left to the arbitra-



MELVILLE E. INGALLS, PRESIDENT OF THE "BIG FOUR" RAILROAD, AND A CLOSE FRIEND OF BRYAN

From a photograph by Pach, New York



OLLIE M. JAMES, OF KENTUCKY, ONE OF THE DEMOCRATIC ORATORS OF CONGRESS

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

ment of such a caucus, Mr. Bryan's ambition for a third nomination would probably have had about as delicate consideration as would Abdul Hamid's candidacy for chief of the Macedonian Reform League.

As President, however, Mr. Bryan would find Congress more tractable. His party, as represented in the national legislature, would be vastly more amenable than the Republicans have been under the sway of Roosevelt. There would be no revolt such as Cleveland had on his hands. As

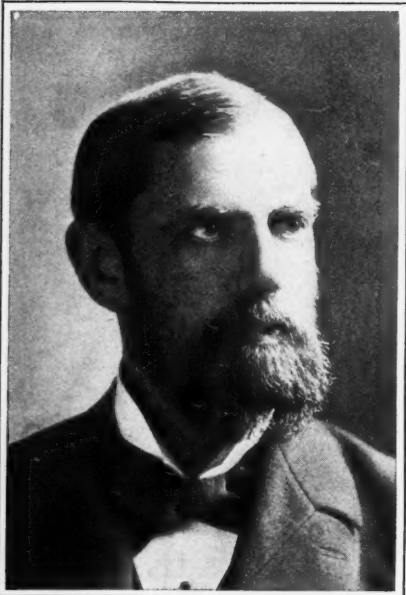


DAVID R. FRANCIS, OF MISSOURI, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR IN PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION

From a photograph by Gessford, New York

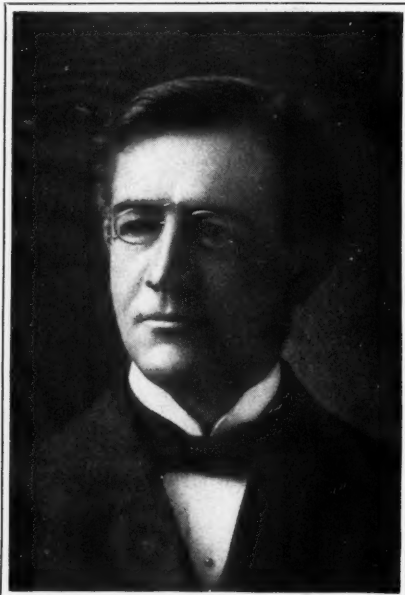
the bridge that had at last brought them safely over, Bryanism would "look good" to the Democratic lawmakers. As a dispenser of patronage, too, Mr. Bryan would be popular. The element of basic, fundamental, intellectual antagonism to the Nebraskan in his own party is vastly less potent than the corresponding opposition to Mr. Roosevelt on the Republican side of Congress.

Senator Bailey was considered seriously for chairman of the resolutions committee of the Denver convention.



RICHARD F. PETTIGREW, OF SOUTH DAKOTA, A REPUBLICAN SENATOR WHO BECAME A STRONG SUPPORTER OF BRYAN

From a photograph by Bell, Washington



GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK, OWNER OF THE OMAHA WORLD-HERALD, AND FORMERLY CONGRESSMAN FROM NEBRASKA

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

He has long been set down as anti-Bryan; but Mr. Bryan is credited with a strong desire to cooperate with the brilliant Texan statesman. Without doubt Bailey would be found in the ranks of "White House Senators." So would Culberson, Bacon, Clay, Teller, Daniel, McLaurin, Tillman, Martin, and nearly all the rest. It isn't impossible that La Follette and his little following of Republican recalcitrants would find cooperation with the Democrats easier and far more effective under a Bryan régime, for Bryan and La Follette are close personal friends, and have a striking community of intellectual and political interests.

If Mr. Bryan should be elected in November, it is as nearly certain as anything ever is in political futures, that the next House would be Democratic. Champ Clark would then be Speaker, for John Sharp Williams is going to the Senate shortly. The committees would be made up with a view to furthering the Bryan policies. To name the men who would represent the White House in that organization is impossible; but James, of Kentucky; De Armond, Bartholdt, and Lloyd, of Missouri; Underwood and Clayton, of Alabama—the latter permanent chairman of the Denver convention; Sims, of Tennessee; Ransdell, of Louisiana; Burgess, of Texas; Rainey, of Illinois; Sulzer, Fitzgerald, and Francis Burton Harrison, of New York, are names which suggest themselves at the most casual consideration.

But these are lists of politicians—or, if you prefer the term, of statesmen. In his general purposes of uplifting administration and making government serve the mass of people, Mr. Bryan would command the sympathetic interest and support of hundreds of scholars, students, ecclesiasts, philanthropists. He knows them, and they are his friends and supporters—not necessarily his political supporters, it must be borne in mind; but decidedly the supporters of his broad moral policy. He knows them in this country, and abroad. He is the friend of Presidents Hadley of Yale and Andrews of the University of Nebraska; of David Lloyd-George, chancellor of the British exchequer, and Sergius Witte, the Russian financier and administrator. He

knows the elder statesmen of Japan and the rajas of India; the Czar of the Russias, and the King of England. He knows and gages the currents of the world's thought, and he is in touch with men who represent the very best of its intellectual leadership.

BRYAN'S TRAINING FOR OFFICE

Mr. Bryan has had a remarkable preparation for the Presidency. His position for the last twelve years before his countrymen has brought him a fund of information and experience which few men in any generation have been privileged to acquire.

His critics believe him a great preacher, a splendid moral force, but doubt his executive capacity, his soundness in practical things. Yet Mr. Bryan has shown the disposition to accommodate, to adjust, to modify, to concede. He has played politics, even; it is pointed out that at Denver he "did business" with Messrs. Conners and Murphy of New York. What of it? Mr. Roosevelt is a "practical man," who found Harriman useful at one time, and Platt at another, and the Quay machine of Pennsylvania at another. He did business with them all. But did they dominate his administration? By no means. When he became President, he speedily demonstrated that he was his own President; just as Mr. Bryan undoubtedly would be. Recognizing the necessity of cooperation, of using the instruments at hand, of making the best of conditions, Mr. Roosevelt has gone ahead as directly and as fast as circumstances would permit; and so Mr. Bryan would do.

THE BRYAN FAMILY

On the social side, a Bryan administration would be democratic, as on the political. Mr. Bryan's family knows what public life is, and knows what is expected in public station. Mrs. Bryan has been the intimate and intelligent helpmeet of her husband; she is closer to his politics and plans and aspirations and ambitions than anybody else. She is an educated, experienced, and worldly-wise woman, amply equipped to meet every obligation that would be imposed by the position of first lady of the land.

Their second daughter, now a finish-

ing schoolgirl, would be a White House débutante. William Jennings Bryan, Jr., is the youngest child and only son. Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, whose artist husband is now in Europe, has lately been much at the Fairview home, and would doubtless be prominent in administering the official hospitalities of the Executive Mansion. Her two children are Ruth, aged four, and Bryan, nearly three. They would promptly become the semiofficial White House youngsters, and be duly "written up" as prodigies of virtue and mischief.

THE DECLINE OF PARTIZANSHIP

If judgment may be based on the present temper of the nation, there will be little of bitterness and asperity and mere partizan rancor about the next administration. The country is not going in for that sort of thing. There is not so much narrowness, so much intensity of party spirit, as a few years ago. The great body of the American people is genuinely anxious for the best and most capable consideration of the huge problems which confront us. There is not so much bigotry of opinion as formerly. There is willingness to admit that the views of your traditional opponent may have something in them.

The Populist party never came near electing a President, but it carried the Democratic party for much that was originally Populistic; and the Republican party, in turn, calmly appropriated much of that, when the time came for

constructive legislation along advanced lines. The Prohibition party used to be pictured as an aggregation of untounged men and unduly tonsured women; but it had an idea, and that idea has gone marching on, though the party as a political organization has made no substantial progress. The socialists have not as yet achieved much in politics, but it will hardly be denied that they have attained at least a respectful hearing for much that was but recently declared hopelessly visionary and nonsensical.

In all this ferment and shifting, this action and reaction of influences, this fluidity of opinion and catholicity of conviction, may be found the explanation of the seeming lack of enthusiasm about the present contest. People are disposed to do more thinking and less shouting. They are willing to listen more and talk less. The days of the old blind partizanship are passing away, and the substance is become more important than the name. The country is concerned more about the issues, and less about the offices. It isn't so cock-sure as it used to be when it was less informed. It is going to be more charitable and reasonable with the people in whose generally good intentions and correct tendencies it has confidence.

That is why, whoever shall be President, the next four years are likely to be devoted to serious and sane contemplation of the national problems, and to earnest, broad-minded, non-partizan effort at their solution.

DAYBREAK IN THE CITY

PANTING, the city sinks to restless sleep,
 Faint from the heat and clanging din of day;
 Dim grow the lamps along the great white way,
 While swift the silent moments onward creep
 To marshal in another puppet play
 Of endless strife with sham and hollow show
 To hide the lustful greed, the envious wo,
 That blot the light along life's grim highway.

The echoing tramp of feet on pavements gray
 Begins anew ere night lifts up its pall;
 An early milk-cart clatters on its way;
 Dull lifts the dawn above the eastern wall;
 Shrill whistles sound the reveille of day,
 And life's worn army staggers to the call.

Percy M. Cushing

DESMOND O'CONNOR

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS,"
"JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

THE Flemish city of Bruges is held for Louis XIV, part of its garrison being the Irish contingent in the French service. Desmond O'Connor, a captain of the Irish regiment, has fallen in love with a young Flemish noblewoman—Margaret, Countess of Anhalt—whom he has chanced to see in the church of St. Agnes. He has since called at the house where the countess is staying with her foster-sister, Anne Van Rhyne, and has offered to help the two young women to escape from the beleaguered city.

Captain O'Connor speaks of his love-affair to Gaston de Brissac, a French officer, who, for a selfish reason, encourages him to press his suit. For the countess has fled to Bruges from Paris in order to escape from the Vicomte de Louville, whom the king has ordered her to marry; and Gaston, being her cousin, would gladly see her defy the royal command and wed O'Connor, so that her fortune might be forfeited and pass to himself.

De Brissac has a Bavarian servant, whose skill in scheming is superior to his own; and he commissions this man, Otto Scharing by name, to secure information about Captain O'Connor and his plans. Otto makes the acquaintance of Con Quirk, an old retainer of Desmond's, now a sergeant in the Irish Brigade; and the two are drinking together at a tavern called the Golden Fleece. Sergeant Quirk tells Scharing that a surprising change seems to have come over Captain O'Connor; whereupon the Bavarian suggests that the Irish officer may have fallen in love and be thinking of marriage.

IX (Continued)

"PERHAPS he is going to be married," suggested Otto.

"Married?" shouted the sergeant. "Ah, d'ye think he'd be bothered marryin' any of yer foreign-ering faymales—he that might have the pick of all the beauties in Ireland by just houldin' up his finger? Marry a Dutchwoman?" he added, with withering contempt. "No; he might amuse himself with the like, I won't say; but, take my word for it, his son will have an Irish mother."

"Yet some of our foreign ladies are very beautiful," Otto persisted.

"Grease-spots alongside o' wax-lights. Have ye ever been in Ireland, Mounseer Scharing?"

"Never."

"Well, take my advice and go yer

first chance. It'll be an eddication to ye," said the sergeant earnestly, as he stretched out his hand for the bottle.

At that moment a voice from the door interrupted the revels.

"Otto, you drunken pig, I have been looking for you. Come hither; I want you."

The Bavarian sprang to attention in a moment, for he feared his master. The sergeant did not move, but watched the pair till they had gained the street. Then he filled his glass from the bottle in his hand.

"I'm fond o' good company an' good liquor," he mused; "but if I must lose one or the other, I'd sooner lose the company."

De Brissac brought his servant straight to his lodging.

"I have serious matters to discuss with you," he said, when he had closed the

door, after satisfying himself that no one was loitering in the passage. "Are you sober enough to attend to me?"

"*Monsieur*, a man must have some relaxation," the other replied; "but my wits are as keen as ever in your service." Then he added, as by an afterthought: "Yonder was an old servant of Captain O'Connor, with whom I was drinking—a sergeant in the Irish Brigade."

"My faith, a useful friend!" cried De Brissac. "Keep him near you—you may learn much." Otto was about to speak, but his master went on without a pause: "I have just been with this O'Connor. I am sure he has seen the countess, but he will not admit it. Of course, I am obliged to seem to know nothing of the matter save what he tells me, but what his purpose may be baffles me."

Otto approached his lips to his master's ear.

"What if he means not honestly by the lady?"

Gaston stepped back in sheer amazement. Such a possibility had never crossed his mind.

"You are mad, fellow!" he cried indignantly. "Such as he should approach the Countess of Anhalt on his knees. My chief doubt of my plan was that he would not dare raise his eyes to her face."

"These Irishmen are proud, *monsieur*," Otto persisted. "Remember, I have spent the last hour drinking with one who knows him, not only here, but at home; and where the wine flows, the tongue wags."

"You have not been babbling yourself?" inquired Gaston suspiciously.

"I, *monsieur*? Is it likely?" protested the Bavarian. "My mouth was shut, but my ears were open. I suffered the sergeant to talk and boast, and I gathered from him that this captain is affianced to some noble and beautiful lady in his own land, and regards the ladies of these parts as mere game to be coursed for his pleasure."

"If I thought this," cried De Brissac, his brow black as night, "I would not sleep till I had passed my sword through this fellow's false heart!" He paced the room once or twice, in deep thought. "It is inconceivable," he said at last. "Re-

member, man, this is the Countess of Anhalt—a lady of birth and great estate, as well as of beauty and virtue. An out-at-elbows Irish swashbuckler dare not harbor such a thought concerning her!"

"Still, if he did—" urged Otto. "I do not say he would succeed, but if his aim be to possess her otherwise than by marriage, our cake is dough. For it is by a forbidden marriage only that she will fall under King Louis's displeasure."

Again De Brissac paced the room and pondered. The other watched him with evil eyes.

"I did not like his manner this evening," Gaston mused. "It was evasive; it lacked openness. He would not speak a word of her whose loveliness was his only theme when last I saw him. And even when I taxed him with Sidonius he was guarded. He told me not the half of what I know to have passed between him and this astrologer." He halted in his walk, and faced Scharing. "What would you advise?" he said.

"I advised you long since, *monsieur*, that this device of the lady's marriage was clumsy and dangerous. If she died, now, you would inherit, with more certainty and less delay."

De Brissac shuddered.

"I forbade you long since to talk so," he said. "You were ever at my ear tempting me as we rode hither."

"It was a great opportunity lost," the other responded. "On a journey, an accident happens so easily."

"Hold your tongue, curse you!" cried Gaston savagely. "Would you make a murderer of me? What I seek is bad enough, but at worst it would be the justice of the king, not my doing."

"I see little difference," whispered Scharing. "You seek a fortune. If you cannot make Louis your instrument in gaining it, find another."

"I verily believe you are the foul fiend in person, Otto. What has this poor lady done to you that you should seek her life?"

"*Monsieur* has promised me a thousand crowns on the day he succeeds to her estates."

"And for this you would kill her?"

"I did not say so, *monsieur*. I only hinted that if any accident befell her, you would profit."

"Aye, an accident," replied De Bris-sac; "but I will have no hand in bringing it about, and accidents do not happen so opportunely. No, no; I adhere to my own plan."

"Trusting to this O'Connor, *monsieur*? You may take it from me that he will wed no foreign lady. From his servant's lips I have it. The mother of his son will be Irish. Seek another husband for your kinswoman, *monsieur*."

"Impossible!" said Gaston impatiently. "Sidonius assures me that he has set the girl's imagination aflame over this captain. If another presented himself, she would but flout him. Let be, Otto. I do not despair of O'Connor yet."

"So be it, *monsieur*. And on the day of your success I gain a thousand crowns?"

"That is as sure as that the sun will rise to-morrow."

"Whether your success comes by accident or by marriage?"

"What drivell is this about accidents?" cried Gaston furiously. "If I gain my cousin's estates, you gain your money. I care not by what road they reach me. But accidents are decreed by Heaven, and Heaven will do little to further my purpose, I think."

"Aye, but others may," said Scharing under his breath.

Gaston turned on him with an oath.

"What the devil are you muttering there?"

"I was saying, *monsieur*," replied the lackey humbly, "that in time of war and in a besieged city many accidents happen."

"Begone!" cried De Brissac abruptly.

Otto quitted the room.

X

"OLD comrade, can I claim your help in a difficult enterprise?" Desmond asked Sergeant Quirk as the two were returning in the early morning from the ramparts of Bruges, where details of the Irish Brigade had been on duty all night.

"Thank ye kindly, captain, for thinkin' of me," Con replied. "Duty's duty, an' if a bit of a ruction is to be had in the coorse of it, sure it'll do me all the more good. I'm blue-molded for want of a bating."

"If I succeed in what I am going to attempt," Desmond explained, "it will be for the benefit of his majesty, and may save Bruges. Still, I will not conceal from you that this is more in the nature of a private adventure of my own. It is out of the line of duty altogether—contrary to it, I should say, had I not coaxed from the colonel a kind of grudging permission to make the attempt."

"Betther an' better," cried Quirk. "Duty's unprofitable work, an' if I'm wanted to dhrive the bullocks off a farm or clear out somebody's wine-cellars, I'm with ye, Masther Desmond, for the contents of aither is badly wanted in these parts."

"I'm afraid there is little to be gained in the expedition I have in mind," replied O'Connor smiling. "But here we are at my quarters. Come in; I can give you a bite and sup, of which we both stand in need, and if you like to help me when you hear my plans, I'll be glad to have you with me. But there's no compulsion. I admit that our chance of saving this garrison and town is so small as to be scarce worth considering. I don't order it as an officer; I only invite you as a friend to risk your life for nothing at all but for my sake and the sake of old times."

"Out with it, yer honor! There's nowhere yer father's son can lead but Con Quirk will follow."

"Well, Con, with you if I can—without you if I must," said Desmond, after doing the honors of his scanty table, "I'm going to take two ladies out of Bruges this night."

"D'ye mane out into the English lines?" asked Con, agape with wonder.

"Out to them and through them," replied Desmond, "to a place I know of, some ten or twelve leagues from here; and we *may* find the marshal there or thereabout."

"Well, yer honor, ye bate all iver I heard tell of," the sergeant cried when he had recovered his breath. "Sure that'll be desartin' in the face of the inimy!"

"No; I tell you I have spoken to Colonel O'Brien. I am acting under orders. I have volunteered to attempt to break out of the Bruges leaguer, and

carry particulars of our position to M. de Vendôme or any French force I can find. I have asked leave for you, also, for I confess I counted on you, Con."

"An' ye done right, sir! We're to come back, are we?"

"That is as it may chance," the captain answered. "The mission for which I have volunteered, and the only mission with which I am charged by M. de la Mothe and the colonel, is to seek the Duc de Vendôme and inform him of our condition here."

"An' suppose ye can't find the duke, or can't get to him?" inquired Con.

"In that case, I shall leave the ladies in such safety as I may. One of them is the Countess of Anhalt, and we have selected her own castle as a retreat. It may be occupied at any time, either by the allies or by our own troops, but it is not a defensible place, and the lives of the inmates will be held sacred."

"And then? Ye'll excuse me axin', sir," apologized Quirk, "but I like to go into a bat like this with me eyes open."

"Quite right, sergeant," replied O'Connor. "Then we shall seek the duke and acquaint him with the position here."

"I suppose ye've some sort of a schame for gettin' out of this place," suggested Con.

In a few rapid words Desmond made the sergeant acquainted with the outlines of his plan, pointing out on a map their destination and the route he proposed to follow.

Con knitted his brows in the concentration of his attention.

"It might be done; it's difficult, but it might be done," he remarked, nodding his head. "But two ladies, Master Desmond! Sure I know ye're the broth of a boy with the girls, an' it's hard to limit ye, but considerin' the special difficulties in this case, don't ye think ye could manage to get along with one?"

"No ribaldry on this subject, if you please, sergeant," said O'Connor sternly. "The Countess of Anhalt is a highly born, virtuous, and most unfortunate lady. The other woman is her attendant. Respect their misfortunes,

as I do, and help them if you can. Can I count on you in this enterprize?"

"To the death, sir," replied the sergeant. "An' I'd sign a bond to follow ye while I can stir hand or foot—bar-rin' that me godfathers an' me god-mothers in me baptism neglected me eddication till I'm hard set to it to write me name, unless I do it like a cross with two strokes, as if Con Quirk was a benediction."

"I have told you how to find the countess's house," O'Connor said, as the sergeant rose and saluted. "Be there on the canal front at ten to-night—no later and no earlier."

"Trust me, captain," replied Quirk.

Left alone, Desmond devoted a few minutes to a further study of the map, which he still held in his hand. Then, finding that his head nodded and the lines were beginning to swim before his eyes, he unbuckled his sword-belt and threw himself, dressed as he was, on the bed.

This was a long day for Margaret. After many debates and arguings seemingly endless, and spite of misgivings which Desmond combated anew each hour, she had decided to entrust herself to the young man's guidance and escape from Bruges if possible.

It was time. From without the enemy pressed closer and closer. Two breaches in the walls were almost practicable. Night after night the garrison toiled unwearingly to close them; day after day the cannon of the allies demolished the flimsy defenses. The assault was expected to be delivered in a week or less.

The Comte de la Mothe purposed to march out at the northward gate as the assault was begun in the south, having previously mined the breaches, and to cut his way to freedom through the allied lines. All impedimenta were to be left behind—sick, wounded, and baggage—and the town abandoned to the mercy of the besieging army.

It was this that Desmond dreaded. He had seen many battles and sieges, and he trembled to think of the probable fate of the countess and her slender household, when he had marched with the garrison from the North Gate. Killed, wounded, a prisoner, or, in the

event of success, leagues away, he would be powerless to save her in her hour of peril. Thus he had persuaded her to accept his help while he yet was free to render it.

Within the walls, things had progressed from bad to worse. Though De la Mothe punished riot and disorder with a stern hand, hunger soon became a more insistent terror than the French provost marshal, and bands of famine-stricken wretches prowled the streets, begging, robbing, even slaying in the desperation of their need. In Desmond's mind, the dangers to be faced in Bruges outweighed the desperate hazard to be dared in flight, and he had at last won over Margaret to his opinion.

This was the day appointed for the countess's second evasion—far more perilous than her first had been—and at nightfall O'Connor had promised to be at hand to escort her.

As evening closed in, she grew more and more restless. Her simple preparations had long been made. All day the sound of the cannon had tortured her overstrung nerves, till at times she could scarce refrain from screaming aloud. As the darkness gathered, the insistent thudding ceased, only to leave her a prey to increased apprehensions.

What if the enemy were even now mustering in silence for the assault? What if that mob, of which she had lived in terror for weeks, should break in on her defenselessness to rob and murder? And worst of all—and only too probable, she told herself—what if one of those cannon to which she had been listening all day had crushed Desmond with its fire? What if she were never to see him again?

The suspense grew intolerable. She sought the canal bank again and again, and searched for him through the deepening twilight. He always came by water, she remembered. It was the safest way and the most private; but no boat could she descry.

Thus fancy tormented her long ere the time fixed for his coming. When the hour had come and passed, her fears rose to anguish. For perhaps the tenth time she ran down the garden, and gazed up the blank stream; but the

night had closed in, and she could see nothing, though she descended the steps to the water's edge.

Almost at the same moment that Margaret left the house, Desmond, arriving by way of the street, knocked at the front door. Anne Van Rhyn admitted him.

"Where is the countess?" was his first question.

"She is in the garden," replied the girl. "She has been watching for you."

"God bless her!" said the young Irishman. "In the garden, you say? I will seek her."

He passed through the house, and emerged on the other side. It had grown very dark. A moonless night had purposely been chosen for their enterprise, and now a close, soft rain was falling.

"She should have been resting," muttered O'Connor, peering anxiously about him. "She has much to go through this night!"

He did not venture to call, for secrecy and silence were of the very essence of his purpose. He entered the arbor, thinking she might have sheltered there.

Something white lay on the ground at the extremity of the little bower. He approached it with beating heart, but it was only her cloak—how often had he wrapped it round her shoulders those dewy summer evenings! She was not there.

Meanwhile, standing on the lowest step, at the very brink of the canal, Margaret had seen a dark shadow stealing toward her on the water. It was a boat, and she stretched out her hand in eager greeting, rejoicing that her vigil had been rewarded at last.

The rower shipped his oars and stepped ashore. He bent forward to scan Margaret's face; but his own, deeply shaded by a hat pulled low on the brows, she could not see. Something in his figure—something unfamiliar, unexpected—startled her. This man was not of Desmond's stature. And even as she drew away, the stranger's arm was uplifted in a menacing gesture, and she fancied she saw a knife gleam in his hand.

As he struck, she started back with a

scream, and, slipping, fell on the wet steps. Her fall caused the assassin to miss his aim, and the blow was wasted. Ere he could repeat it, the countess had scrambled to her feet and fled, filling the air of night with her shrieks of terror. Her assailant sprang after her, scarce a yard behind.

Margaret's first scream had reached Desmond's ears. He rushed from the arbor, her cloak still in his hand. With eyes growing more accustomed to the obscurity, he descried a woman running toward the house and close behind, the distance lessening at every stride, a man with uplifted hand, ready to strike.

With a single bound O'Connor sprang between them. He crashed into Margaret's assailant, and both men staggered from the impact.

Recovering himself with a savage snarl, the pursuer struck. The countess's cloak received the blow, which, however, penetrated it and slightly wounded Desmond in the forearm.

"Ah, you snake, would you?" hissed the Irishman, and grasped the other by the throat.

The two swayed back and forth on the stair top. Desmond's remorseless grasp tightened, and though his antagonist struck again, the blow lacked force. Still, O'Connor felt it, and knew he was fighting for his life.

Exerting all his strength, he gripped his enemy's neck and twisted it till he felt the bone snap. Instantly the other's form fell limp and unresisting in his arms.

"Begone, carrion!" the Irishman panted, and pushed the man's lifeless body from him.

It rolled down the steps, and sank with a splash into the dark water. He looked down, but could distinguish little—barely the vague outline of a boat at the landing.

"I believe I broke the fellow's neck," he said, and turned to look to Margaret.

She was in the house; she had fallen into a chair, in which she lay rather than sat, pale and shaking. Anne was attending to her, the only servant, a Flemish girl, having been sent out earlier, according to the prearranged plan.

"Oh, it is you!" she cried, stretching out a trembling hand as Desmond approached. "I have had such a fright. A man in the garden—look, see, has he gone?"

It was evident that she had fled without looking back, seeing nothing of deliverer or deliverance.

"Yes, he has gone," Desmond answered gravely, "and we must soon be going. I expect the sergeant at any moment. Here is your cloak. You will need it in the boat. It is raining."

Anne reached her hand for the cloak, but started back at the sight of the blood on the captain's sleeve.

"You are bleeding, you are wounded!"

"Wounded! Let me see," cried the countess, starting up. "Fetch me lint and water and bandage, Anne. This must be seen to at once."

"It is nothing, *madame*," Desmond protested, as the girl hurried from the room. "'Tis the merest scratch."

"It must be attended to," insisted Margaret, whose strength seemed to return in response to the demand upon it. "It was that man. He sought my life, and he has wounded you."

"Did you recognize him, *madame*?" inquired the young man.

"Nay, it was so dark," she answered, "and his hat hid his features. Where is he?"

"I threw him into the canal," replied O'Connor simply. "It was the easiest way to be rid of him. I take it that he was one of those night prowlers of whom there are so many in the city now. You do not know of any one who would seek your life?" he added suddenly.

"No," she replied. "So far as I know, I have not an enemy in the world."

Anne entered with water and bandages, and the countess proceeded to dress O'Connor's wounds with her own hands. As he stated, they were but slight, and he thought Margaret's gentle ministrations were well purchased at so cheap a rate. He shook his head angrily, however, as he thought of the work that lay before him.

"Con and I must reverse our rôles," he muttered. "My arm will stiffen as

these cursed scratches cool. 'Twas an evil chance, happening when it did."

A low whistle from the canal arrested their attention.

"That will be the sergeant," Desmond said. "Will you admit him, Mistress Anne?"

As Anne left the room to do his bidding, the countess, whose surgery was completed, leaned forward and whispered in his ear.

"You have saved my life this day. I am deeply grateful, Captain O'Connor."

"Nay, *madame*, wait till this night be overpassed, and then thank me if you will. We are but at the commencement."

"No matter," she said. "I thank you for what you have done and what you will do. You are a gallant man, *monsieur*."

Anne reentered with Sergeant Quirk, and no more was said, but Desmond cherished his lady's words in his heart for many a day.

XI

"YE'D better let me row, Masther Desmond," whispered Con, as the little party prepared to embark. "That arm o' yours will come agen ye, an' it may be a long pull."

"I'll be able for it," replied the captain. "Save your breath for what you have to do. Once clear of the canal and into the Lys, I'll change places with you, but till then I must yield you the post of danger, since yonder skulker's knife has left me half useless for a time."

They were carrying a few indispensable packages from the house, and arranging them in the boat in which Con had come. It lay at the stairs, side by side with the craft which had brought the assassin.

The sergeant stepped into the latter and examined it closely, carefully manipulating the slide of his dark lantern so that not a ray of light showed above the gunwale.

"It's one of them boats that do be lying at any of the steps in the town," he whispered. "A hired boat—or a stolen one, more likely. Where's the rapparee was in it?" he queried, peer-

ing into the black water alongside. "I can't see hide nor hair of him."

"He's half-way to town by this time," answered Desmond. "There's a current in this canal, and he'd drift. Leave him to the fishes, Con, and attend to the matter in hand. We must pass the guard-boat before daylight, and the nights are short now."

Margaret and Anne seated themselves in the stern-sheets of the little craft; the sergeant crouched in the bows, staring hard through the darkness ahead; while O'Connor, with long, stealthy strokes, sculled up the gloomy waterway. The oars had been muffled, and the boat glided onward like a shadow, but it was such a tiny shallop that the sound it made as it sheared its way through the current with a noise like tearing silk, seemed perilously loud to ears so near the water.

"Gently, yer honor, gently," cautioned the sergeant in a whisper that was scarce a breath. "A small sound travels far in a place like this."

"I can't afford to lose time," O'Connor answered in the same tone; "we've only a few hours of darkness before us. Besides, it is after we have passed the ramparts that the real need for caution begins."

They swept along, past houses growing fewer and country becoming more open as they advanced. A brief delay was experienced at the wall, where the canal narrowed, and was spanned by an arch and closed by a lowered portcullis of massive oak clamped with iron. But for this obstacle O'Connor was prepared.

He sprang ashore and exchanged a few hasty words with the officer of the guard, exhibiting a pass signed by Colonel O'Brien and indorsed as seen and approved by the Comte de la Mothe. The officer scrutinized the paper attentively; then his glance rested on the occupants of the skiff.

"Pass Captain O'Connor, of the Irish Brigade, with three others," he read, referring again to the order in his hand.

"That is correct, *monsieur*. I am Captain O'Connor."

"I am aware of it, captain. I have the honor to know you," the other said.

"But two of your companions are women."

"Read my pass again, *monsieur*," replied Desmond. "I am not aware that it contains any reservations as to the composition of my party."

The officer hesitated a moment. Then he gave an order, regarding the boat and its occupants curiously the while. The portcullis began to rise slowly.

"You have a difficult task before you, *monsieur*," he observed. "Do you hope to pass the enemy's lines—with ladies, too?"

"I intend to," replied the young Irishman. "Tell me, if you please, *monsieur*, how far down the canal does the guard-boat usually patrol?"

"Half a mile farther down; but the distance varies. They come closer at night."

"Close enough to hear this?" asked O'Connor, for the portcullis was rising with creak of pulleys and scream of timber in uncoiled grooves that might, it seemed to him, have been heard a league away.

"Never fear, *monsieur*," replied the other; "we often raise and lower the portcullis to assure ourselves that all is in order and that it travels freely. If the enemy should chance to be within earshot, they would suspect nothing, for the sound is a familiar one."

"Even at night?" suggested O'Connor.

"Even at night. But there is room for you to pass under without raising it higher;" and the officer shouted an order.

The portcullis paused half lifted, and O'Connor resumed his place.

"Adieu, *monsieur*, and *bon voyage*!" the officer cried.

"*Au revoir, monsieur*, and thanks for your courtesy," replied Desmond, bending to the oars.

The boat passed out beneath the grinning fangs of the portcullis, which hung suspended above them like a giant's jaw that had but to close to crush them like eggshells.

"It looks eery and awful," said Margaret, glancing up with a shudder. "God be with us and guard us this night!"

"Courage, *madame*!" replied Des-

mond, urging the boat forward with vigorous strokes.

The next moment they were clear of Bruges, its fortifications behind them, the enemy's lines a thousand yards or less in their front, and the open country, dotted with camp-fires and humming with the manifold sounds of a great host, on either hand.

Con drew a deep breath, and, crouching lower in the bows, scanned the dark stream before him with intent gaze. O'Connor rowed more slowly.

Right and left, willows and alders lined the banks, and behind them men tramped and conversed, while gleams of light here and there indicated the presence of an advanced post. There seemed to be a stir in the allied lines. Desmond wondered if, after all, this night had been selected for the assault. From the information at his disposal, he thought it unlikely, but he could not be sure. For some time the garrison at Bruges had been without trustworthy intelligence.

But the little skiff, stealing cautiously down the stream, and keeping in the shadow of the alders, escaped notice. The canal ended no great distance off at its junction with the river Lys, but somewhere its waters were patrolled by one or more armed guard-boats, and it was against these—the most urgent of the perils they had to apprehend—that O'Connor's main precautions had been taken.

Hark! A challenge from the bank overhead! O'Connor held his sculls suspended, and the boat drifted slowly on till the impetus of the last stroke had exhausted itself. Then it began to settle sidelong toward the shore. The sergeant leaned back till his lips touched the rower's face.

"Pull," he breathed in O'Connor's ear.

The latter allowed the oars to slide into the water so gently that not a ripple stirred the surface. The muffled rowlocks gave no sound, and the boat crept forward.

It was a false alarm. The challenge did not concern them.

Desmond took advantage of the sergeant's proximity to whisper a last instruction.

"If you can't regain the boat, make for the other bank, and do the best you can for yourself. Try to reach the Lys a league or so below, where the canal joins it. If we get through, we'll be on the lookout for you. If you see nothing of us, go straight to the castle of Anhalt, and say you came by order of the countess. That is all, I think."

"I understand, sir," replied the sergeant, and resumed his unwinking watch.

The little shallop continued to glide on, almost imperceptibly, under Desmond's cautious rowing. The two girls in the stern sat huddled together, hand clasped in hand, scarce daring to breathe, and counting the slow passing seconds by their own heart-beats. They knew that the critical moment was now close at hand.

Suddenly Con leaned back and touched O'Connor on the shoulder. The latter instantly stopped rowing, and suffered the boat to come to rest under the shade of an overhanging bush.

Peering through the gloom, Desmond could make out a moving shadow, perceptible only as a blacker patch in the surrounding darkness. It zigzagged to and fro on the surface of the canal, like a hound quartering. Margaret saw it, too, and gripped her companion's hand hard in the tension of her fear. They knew it for a guard-boat; but was it alone? If there were another, they had nothing to hope for.

"Mind you keep fuse and powder dry," O'Connor whispered in the soldier's ear.

"Thrust me," breathed Con. "They're safe in me hat. It's not me first time to handle the like."

With infinite precaution, Sergeant Quirk lowered himself over the side of the boat, which lurched and dipped beneath his weight, though Desmond was prompt to throw his in the opposite direction. Owing to this precaution they did not upset, and the skiff, recovering its equilibrium as Con loosed his hold, rode once more on an even keel. Beyond shipping a gallon or two of water, the delicate maneuver had been executed without accident.

But, spite of all his care, Con had not entered the water without sound.

There was a splash, no greater than a fish might have made in leaping; and slight as it was, it reached the vigilant ears of the men on guard. They knew that no fish of size were found in the canal.

"Who goes there?" came the challenge, and the big bulk of the guard-boat, impelled by six lusty rowers, loomed nearer through the darkness. It was difficult for them to judge of the exact spot whence the noise had come, but they guessed shrewdly, and checked their way nearly opposite the bush that hid Desmond and his companions. Then the challenge was repeated, and a ray as of flame swept along the bank as a lantern was unmasked and its light turned on the shore.

Desmond plainly saw the great boat with oars at rest on the water, looking like some huge marine insect in quest of its prey. He saw the dark, eager faces above the gunwale, not a dozen yards away, scanning bank and bush up and down the canal. The light from the lantern flashed through the leaves of the willows and shone into his eyes. Then the ray swept past, but not before he had caught a glimpse of Sergeant Quirk, passing close under the stern of the motionless guard-boat, and apparently unperceived by the men aboard her, whose eyes were fixed on the bank. The sergeant was swimming strongly, and kept low in the water.

O'Connor watched the circle of light playing among the bushes behind him, and minutes seemed to pass. He anxiously scanned the surface of the canal, but could see no sign of the sergeant returning. He feared the brave fellow had been detected at the moment of his perilous attempt. If this had happened, they all were doomed.

He glanced at Margaret. She was crouching with her companion in the bottom of the skiff, the two making but one confused shape. He could not see her face.

He bent forward to assure himself that she had not fainted, and at the same moment the ray from the lantern came quivering back and rested full on him. His movement had betrayed them to the enemy.

"Skiff ahoy!" came the hoarse chal-

lence. "Come out from under those willows and give an account of yourselves. Quick now, or I'll fire!"

The stem of the guard-boat swung round toward them, and three men with muskets leveled stood in the bows. Desmond had no choice.

"I am coming," he answered, and let his sculls fall in the water. Then he whispered a brief word to the countess. "Forgive me, *madame*. We have done our best, but we have failed. It is all over!"

Then, even as he bent for the stroke that would urge their little craft from its shelter, a sheet of flame suddenly burst from the center of the canal. In the midst of it the guard-boat seemed to melt, changing its shape and collapsing, as planks and oars and human bodies were tossed high in air. A faint scream from the women beside him was drowned in the roar of a thunderous explosion, and the skiff rocked and danced on a wave that threatened to swamp it or drive it ashore.

But Desmond kept his head. The sculls had just clipped the water, and he pulled a stroke with all his strength. Splinters of wood, mingled with more grisly fragments, fell thickly around, while loud cries and shouts from either bank of the canal told him that the enemy's posts had been alarmed, and that men were hastening toward the scene of the explosion.

But O'Connor gave no heed. Past the charred and shattered remnants of the guard-boat the skiff flew, on into the darkness beyond. His wounded arm stung and burned; his teeth were set and his brow was damp with pain, but he held to his purpose. One thought animated him—there was still a chance to save Margaret; and he bent to his oars and rowed as he had never rowed before. Not even to breathe a reassuring word to the terrified women would Desmond relax his efforts. The shouts and turmoil in the camp grew fainter as his exertions interposed an ever-increasing length of dark water between his lady and the enemy. Still he tugged at the oars.

Margaret leaned forward.

"Oh, do not toil so hard," she urged. "You will kill yourself. Those

shouts are far behind us now. Surely you may rest!"

"Hush," he panted, steering his little craft once more under the shelter of the bank.

The young Irishman's quick ears, strained for every sound behind or before him, had caught the rhythmical click of oars. There was another boat to be encountered.

It stole quickly into view—a dark outline on the black water. It was coming up the canal, the rowers intent on their toil, forcing the great barge along toward the spot at which, as they gathered from the noise of the explosion and the tumult in the camp, their assistance might be required. A second boat followed.

Desmond remained at rest beneath the bank till the sound of the oars behind them had been swallowed up in the confused noises from the camp. Then he resumed his sculls.

"We have faced the worst, *madame*, and have won through alive," he uttered in a triumphant whisper. "We have passed the allied lines!"

"Heaven be thanked!" she replied fervently, and a faint "Amen" came from the lips of the girl beside her. Then the countess whispered: "And your comrade—that brave man who fixed the powder-bag to the guard-boat? Is he safe, think you?"

"Poor Con!" Desmond said sadly. "Faithful to the end; a true Irishman. He died a soldier's death, God rest his soul! But I would he were with us now."

This was the sergeant's requiem, and from two women's eyes tears fell thickly to his memory. He would have asked no better.

XII

THE dawn found the fugitives battling with the current of the Lys. They had cleared the canal without further adventure, and so far there was no sign of pursuit. It seemed probable that the besiegers were unaware that any attempt had been made to slip through their lines, for the destruction of the guard-boat might well have seemed to be the result of a desperate effort of the garrison to break through—an effort

abandoned when the alarm showed the enemy so prompt and vigilant.

The rain which had fallen throughout the night had ceased, and a lovely summer morning greeted the wanderers. The country looked green and fresh after its shower-bath, and the newly risen sun shone and sparkled in the drops that hung from every twig and blade till they glittered as if set in diamonds. The birds were all awake, and their merry twittering sounded along the river's wooded banks as if no such horrors as war and bloodshed could ever invade these peaceful solitudes.

It was a blessed relief from the cannon and the stench and the sordid tumult of beleaguered Bruges. To the wanderers, so newly escaped from those crumbling ramparts and the more insistent perils of the canal, it seemed like a foretaste of Paradise.

Desmond paddled the boat to a little nook screened from the observation of any chance passer-by on bank or stream by an overhanging chestnut-tree. There he produced a basket, packed overnight by Anne's careful hands, and they proceeded to break their fast.

But first the wounds on his arm, which the exertions of the night had caused to bleed afresh, were washed and dressed by Margaret's gentle hands. During the process, many a sigh of pity, and many a broken phrase of gratitude—aye, and not a few glances of admiration for his fortitude and courage—were expended on the captain.

Then, refreshed and reinvigorated, they rowed on along the winding Lys, drinking in the scents and melodies of the summer morning. Desmond watched the banks closely as they passed, the two girls occasionally taking turn to relieve him at the oars. Although he had little hope that Con could have escaped, he remembered that the indeterminate tryst he had given the sergeant was somewhere hereabouts. But all through the long forenoon no sign or signal came from the shore. The country seemed quite deserted, and he was forced to the conclusion that safety had been won at the cost of his faithful follower's life or liberty.

The sun was high in the heavens when the countess and Anne simul-

taneously recognized a familiar landmark.

"This is Anhalt!" cried Margaret eagerly. "There is the spire of the village church among the trees. Just past the next bend you can see the turrets of the castle. Oh, I am glad, glad!"

She clapped her hands in girlish ecstasy as one by one the scenes of her happy childhood unfolded themselves before her. She was full of pretty reminiscences. It was here her father was wont to betake himself in his punt when he went fishing. Often had she accompanied him. Somewhere in that bed of reeds she had found a swan's nest, and the swan had driven her away with hissing beak and wings like flails. Never in her life had she been so terrified; and then she recalled the far more serious perils from which she had so lately emerged, and fell grave again as she thanked her deliverer with courteous phrase and moistened eyes.

Desmond heard her with a full heart. He parried the extravagance of her gratitude—for so it seemed to him—with blunt and soldierly depreciation of his deeds; but he would not have hushed her for the world. He was humble in his victory, this young captain, and only thankful that the lady of his love was near him, free, safe, and supremely happy.

So passed a pleasant half-hour—for Desmond all too quickly—and then she directed him to an inlet that ran a little way into the bank.

"We will land here," she said. "This is where my father used to keep his punt. It is but a short mile to the castle."

They pushed on through the wood, the ground constantly rising. It was a toilsome ascent, for the path which the countess remembered was now overgrown with bush and bramble, and almost obliterated. Still they pushed on, breathless and panting, till they had gained the summit of the acclivity, but the wood stretched before them still seemingly endless.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the hoarse challenge of a sentinel.

"*Qui va là?*"

"What is this?" muttered O'Connor, perplexed and disquieted. "At least it

is a French challenge." Then, stepping into the open, he said aloud: "A friend!"

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign;" and the soldier, with his musket at the ready, awaited the approach of the party.

Desmond wasted few words on the sentry. He only stated that he was the bearer of an important message for headquarters, and demanded to be taken to the officer commanding. The three wayfarers were accordingly passed on under escort to the nearest post.

On the way, O'Connor did his best to reassure Margaret, but all her fears had awakened. She would rather have fallen into the allied lines than the French, for to her Louis XIV was an ever-present terror—a terror of which Desmond knew nothing. All along she had shrunk from telling the young Irishman that she was the affianced bride of the Vicomte de Louville, and had imposed a similar silence upon Anne. But now it seemed as if her secret must come out, and her adventures terminate in an inglorious return, under arrest, to Paris.

To Desmond, however, the proximity of a French detachment promised security to the countess, and to himself an opportunity of fulfilling his duty toward the sorely harassed garrison of Bruges.

Arrived at the post, he learned from the lieutenant in command that the Duc de Vendôme had established his headquarters at the castle of Anhalt, and that a considerable army lay in intrenchments, observing the movements of Lord Marlborough, who occupied a commanding position, and whose presence was enough to prevent any attempt to relieve Bruges.

On learning that O'Connor had newly come from the besieged town, the lieutenant manifested the keenest interest and astonishment; but Desmond stated that his message for the marshal was of urgent importance and admitted of no delay. Still under escort, he was led with his companions to the castle.

For Margaret it was a strange return to the home of her childhood. As she entered the great portals, she vividly recalled the day on which she had passed

them last. Then, a timid, shrinking girl of fifteen, weighed down with grief for the death of a beloved parent, she had gone forth on the first stage of her journey to Paris, there to be presented to the great monarch who had graciously accepted her as his ward. Now she returned, her mind oppressed with the direst misgivings, and guarded on either side by a soldier with musket primed and bayonet fixed. She was very weary, moreover, and leaned on her foster-sister, scarce less weary than herself, as they climbed the great steps and passed between the stone lions crouching on either side of the doorway.

O'Connor, as was his wont, marched with head erect and eye that never winked or wavered before the gaze of any man.

The hall was full of soldiers, who manifested the liveliest curiosity and plied Desmond and his escort with questions; but the latter knew nothing, and to every query the young Irishman replied briefly:

"My message is for the marshal."

He was speedily ushered into the presence of the commander-in-chief of the French army. The two ladies accompanied him, since no orders had been issued for their separation.

The Duc de Vendôme, despite his marshal's baton, was at this time merely titular head of Louis's forces. From the Duke of Burgundy, who shared with him the authority but not the responsibility, he differed constantly in matters of strategy, and this unsatisfactory state of affairs led to the marshal's retirement before the end of that year. To O'Connor, however, ignorant of the cabals in high quarters, the duke represented the embodiment of supreme power in the person of the general under whom he served.

The marshal was seated with another officer, obviously of high rank. A large map was open on a table in front of them, and their eyes were bent on it. M. de Vendôme looked up as Desmond entered with his two companions.

"You are the officer from Bruges," he was beginning, when he noticed the two girls, hanging a little in the background. "Who are these ladies?" he demanded sternly.

"They accompanied me from the city, excellency," replied the young Irishman.

"*Pardie*, a pretty encumbrance!" said the marshal ironically. "May I ask if the allies furnished you with litter and bearers for this precious charge? Their names?" he commanded shortly, as Desmond remained silent, having no suitable answer ready.

"The Countess of Anhalt and her attendant, your excellency, Mistress Anne Van Rhyn."

The duke rose from his chair and bowed profoundly, his officer imitating his example.

"So you are Margaret of Anhalt, *madame*," he said. "It was known you were in Bruges. I bid you welcome to your own castle, wherein, as you see, I have installed myself without invitation and perhaps without welcome."

"You are most heartily welcome, your excellency," replied Margaret, returning the salutation. "I am rejoiced if my poor house can be of any service to you or to his majesty, whom I love and revere."

She cast down her eyes as the duke regarded her doubtfully.

"There are strange tales of you in Paris, *madame*," he said sternly, "but I will not touch on them now. It will be my duty to have some conversation with you on this head, and it will be a pleasure to me to hear any explanation you may have to offer. Meanwhile, Boismorel," he went on, addressing his aide-de-camp, "I commit this lady to your charge. See that fitting apartments are prepared for her and her attendant. You need not trouble to provide her with a guard. She is free in this castle, for is it not her own?"

The officer addressed rose and bowed. He held a door open for Margaret to pass out—a door, as she well knew, that admitted, not to the great hall, but to a private staircase which led to the upper portion of the building.

She cast an agonized look at Desmond as, with Anne, she followed her conductor.

"*Adieu, monsieur*," she said. "You have done a great deed and played your part as bravely and faithfully as e'er a knight of olden time. The issue is in the hands of Heaven."

She bowed and was gone. Desmond turned again and faced the marshal.

"Tell me, what is this great deed whereof the countess speaks?" the latter demanded.

"She calls it a great deed, excellency, but in truth it was nothing. We brought her with us through the allied lines, for Bruges as it stands to-day is no fit abode for one so lovely and so delicately nurtured."

"It was no small achievement," the duke said, scanning the young man's face attentively. "You said 'we'—had you a companion in this enterprise?"

"A sergeant of my company, excellency," replied Desmond. "It was by his desperate daring we won past the guard-boats. He blew one up with a petard, and I fear he perished in the moment of success."

"His name?"

"Cornelius Quirk, of the Irish Brigade."

"His name shall be remembered, outlandish as it is. Between you, you have done well—better, perhaps, than you think. Now, let me know your own name and rank."

"Desmond O'Connor, captain in the Irish Brigade."

"It shall not be forgotten. And now, *Major O'Connor*," the duke went on, strongly emphasizing the title, while the young soldier flushed with pleasure; "now, *Major O'Connor*, at what time did you leave Bruges?"

"About ten last night, *monseigneur*."

"And what report do you give of the town?"

"The worst. It is in extremity. Two breaches are practicable, and an assault is daily expected. We had hoped," he added diffidently, "that your excellency would have come to our assistance ere this."

"It was my intention—my wish, I should have said," the duke began, but broke off abruptly. Why should this new-made major know that he did not wield full command in his own army? "*Milord Marlborough*," he went on, after a momentary pause, "occupies a position whence he could fall on my flank if I left my entrenchments. He must be driven thence before I move. Meanwhile, tell me *M. de la Mothe's*

plans. I will do what I can to forward them."

O'Connor entered into a full explanation of the intentions and preparations of the garrison. The marshal listened attentively.

"I will send a strong body of horse, with guns and infantry in support, to cooperate," he said. "If we but knew the moment of the assault, so we could fall upon them in the rear as De la Mothe makes his sally, the blow might be effective."

"The moment might be guessed, my lord," ventured O'Connor. "It will be very soon."

"The detachment shall march to-morrow morning," decided the duke. "I will issue the necessary orders. It must be done secretly, although I think, while

I lie here in force, Marlborough will not be too venturesome. That is all, *monsieur*," he concluded.

But Desmond lingered.

"Accept my best thanks, excellency, for the honor you have done me. And may I add one request—nay, two?"

"Speak!"

"That I may be permitted to accompany this detachment to the relief of my comrades."

"Granted. I had no other intention, since you, if any one, should know the ins and outs of Bruges. Your second request?"

"That I may be permitted to take my leave of the Countess of Anhalt."

"Settle that with the lady herself," replied the duke, bending over his papers to conceal a smile.

(To be continued)

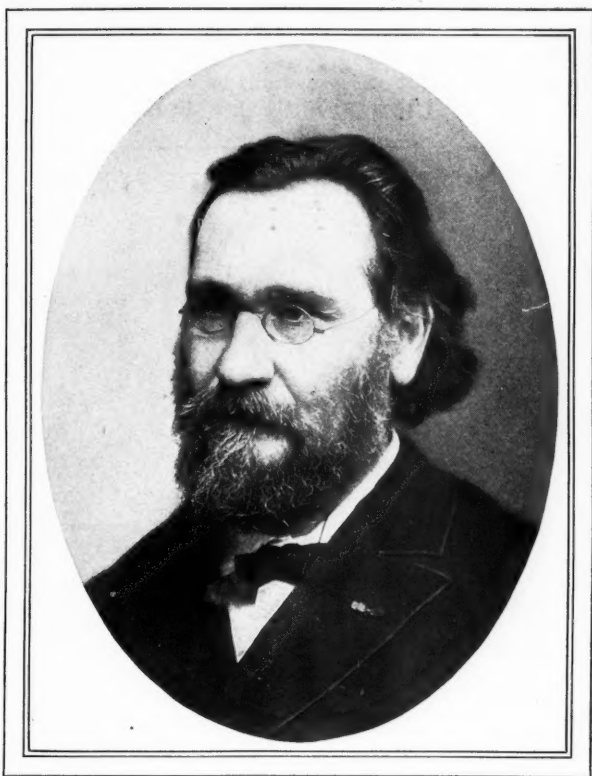
THE HAUNTED GARDEN

I know a garden old, that lies
 'Neath softer rains and bluer skies,
 Far from the paths of clamoring men,
 Where Youth and Beauty meet again;
 A garden filled with simple phlox
 And a tall host of hollyhocks;
 With endless rows of mignonette
 And the shy, hidden violet—
 A garden quaint and very old,
 Yet young with rose and marigold.

Around it dreams the quiet wind—
 To the dear dead the wind is kind!
 It dreams of Love that once was here
 Through all the changes of the year;
 Of vanished hands that no more tend
 Each flower as if it were a friend;
 And the wind wonders where they went—
 Those two who walked in sweet content
 In this dim garden, quaint and old,
 Yet young with rose and marigold.

The twilight wind dies out too soon;
 It does not see the rising moon,
 And, 'neath her passionless, cold face,
 Two lovers their old steps retrace;
 It does not know that memory keeps
 The dream that never rests nor sleeps;
 That Love, though dead, can wake again
 The blooms that withered for her pain.
 Dear ghosts, still keep this garden old
 Young with red rose and marigold!

Charles Hanson Towne



DR. ELIE METCHNIKOFF, OF THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE IN PARIS,
WHO HOLDS THAT MEN SHOULD LIVE ONE HUNDRED
AND TWENTY YEARS

From a photograph by Petit, Paris

THE PROLONGERS OF LIFE

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

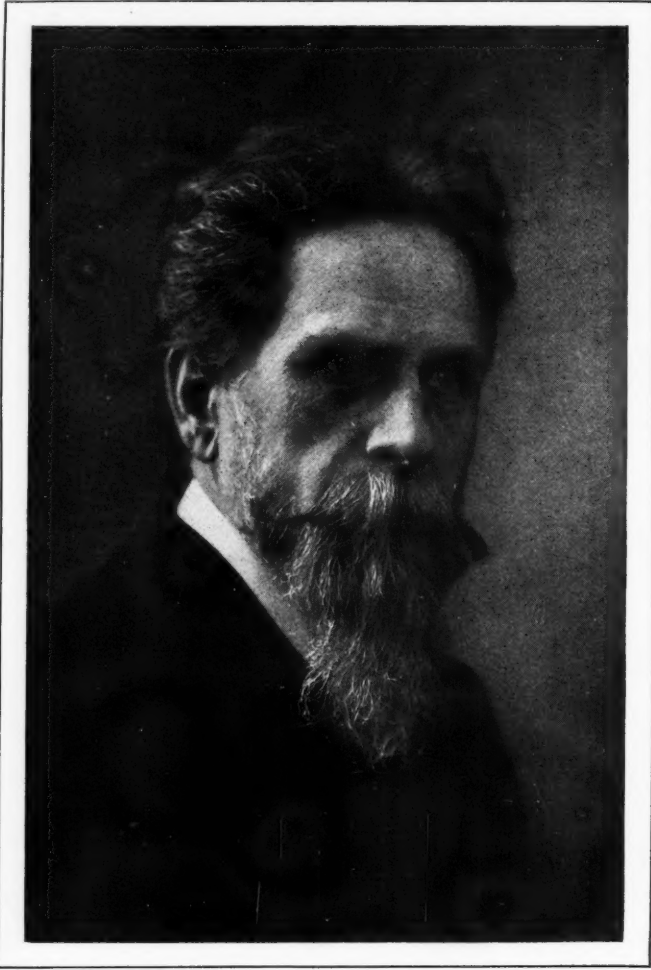
THE WORK DONE AND THE DISCOVERIES MADE BY THE
SCIENTISTS WHO ARE STUDYING THE VITAL QUESTION
OF DIET AND ITS RELATION TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

THE most noteworthy fact connected with the recent progress of science is the ever-increasing attention it pays to problems affecting human happiness and human life. Some of the best intellects of the age are removing the basis of Tolstoy's reproach,

when he said that science was practically useless, because it concerned itself only with details and unimportant little facts, like the coloring of a butterfly's wing, or the muscular structure of a titmouse, neglecting the questions of deep human significance—such questions, for exam-

ple, as how best to eat and drink, to sleep and exercise, in order to live healthily and long. Yet it was by paying attention to details that science learned how to handle the larger prob-

Upon this problem many of the chief scientists of to-day are concentrating; and there is to be found, in their results and conclusions, an agreement that the road to man's long life leads—as one



MAX RUBNER, OF BERLIN, A LEADING GERMAN AUTHORITY ON DIETETICS

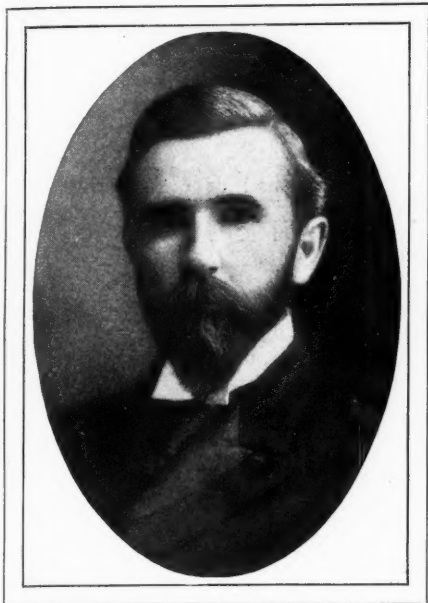
From a photograph by Noack, Berlin

lems of which details are a part; and to-day men of microscopes and calorimetric bombs are investigating the regions once explored only by philosophers and poets—the mysteries of life and death.

Of all the problems which concern humanity, perhaps none is more interesting than that of achieving long life.

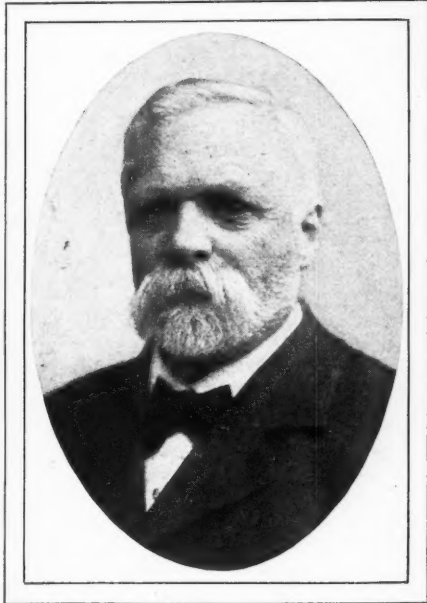
of our oldest proverbs states that the road to his heart also leads—through his stomach.

Man is his food. We are what we eat and drink. Thinking men and women are beginning to recognize the full truth of the German adage, "As a man eateth, so he is," and of the old Saxon saying, "Every man has lain on his own



RUSSELL H. CHITTENDEN, DIRECTOR OF THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL, YALE UNIVERSITY

From a photograph by Phelps, New Haven



THE LATE KARL VON VOIT, OF MUNICH, A PIONEER OF THE SCIENCE OF DIETETICS

From a photograph by Müller, Munich

trencher." The important part that eating plays in the business of life is a commonplace; yet it is beyond question true that the majority of men and women eat what they like, or what they have been "brought up" to eat, without giving special consideration to the question of wholesomeness, and without inquiring what are the real needs of the body, and how these needs may best be supplied. Of late people have begun to realize the necessity of asking such questions as the following:

What is the best dietary for health?

What foodstuffs will best sustain mental and physical effort?

What substances are best adapted to building strong and enduring muscles, pure blood, active and well-balanced brain and nerve?

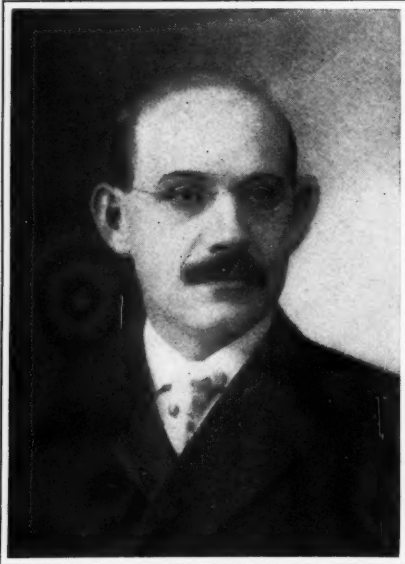
In a word, what shall we eat in order to live long?

A NEW BRANCH OF MEDICINE

Thousands of people have been forced by ill-health to consider such problems; but few, until recently, have found anything like a satisfactory answer. Every

physician will admit that medical dietetics is, of all subjects with which he has to deal, perhaps the most contradictory and unsatisfactory. This is due to the fact that until lately it was almost wholly empirical, and not scientific; being based upon imperfect and inadequate observations, and very largely abandoned to the rule of the quack or the unscientific food faddist or enthusiast.

Now, however, there is a general awakening to the need for paying scientific attention to the question of food. Thoroughgoing laboratory researches, and experiments made upon hundreds of thousands of persons, have supplied trustworthy data; and although the science of nutrition is still far from being settled and accepted, it has emerged definitely from the mists of charlatanism and faddishness, and through the devoted work of a noble band of men and women it is placing knowledge of the utmost importance at our disposal. It declares with no uncertain voice that human life may be prolonged far past the traditional three-



LAFAYETTE B. MENDEL, PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGICAL CHEMISTRY IN THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL

score years and ten, and that a century of useful existence need no longer be regarded as a chimera, or as a relic of the dreams of Ponce de Leon and other searchers after the fountain of youth.

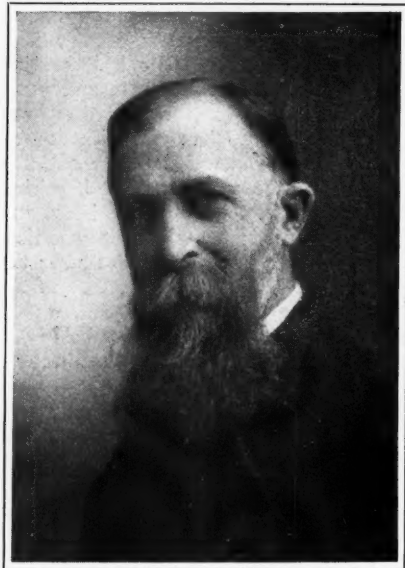
Men of many nations are numbered in the ranks of the scientific prolongers of life; but, as Professor Lafayette B. Mendel, of Yale, recently said to the writer: "There is no possibility of discussing the nutrition study of to-day without first mentioning the Germans." In this branch of scientific investigation, the Germans display their racial genius for thoroughness; and they have contributed many of the fundamental discoveries and ideas to the science of prolonging life.

THE WORK OF DR. KARL VON VOIT

The greatest figure of the new knowledge passed out of the arena a few months ago in the person of Karl von Voit, who died at Munich after a long life that was devoted from the first to the investigation of the problems of nutrition and of physiology. He was called "the Nestor of his science"; and no characterization could seem more just. His doctor's thesis, away back in

1856, was a study of the circulation of nitrogen in the animal system; in other words, a study of the way in which the body avails itself of one of the most essential of the materials from which nerves, muscles, and cells are built. At the age of twenty-six, he had demonstrated a method of determining how the human system uses proteid—that substance in food without which life would be impossible. When he was thirty-five, his work had resulted in the construction of the first apparatus for determining mechanically the amount of nitrogen consumed by the body. This was the Pettenkofer respiration apparatus, and with Dr. Pettenkofer he also discovered the amount of proteid metabolism—or amount of proteid changed into living substance—in persons of average health subsisting on various diets, during fasting, and during work.

These experiments put the principles of nutrition on a scientific basis for the first time, and although later investigations and discoveries have exposed many of his theories to adverse criticism, and to radical change, yet it may be said

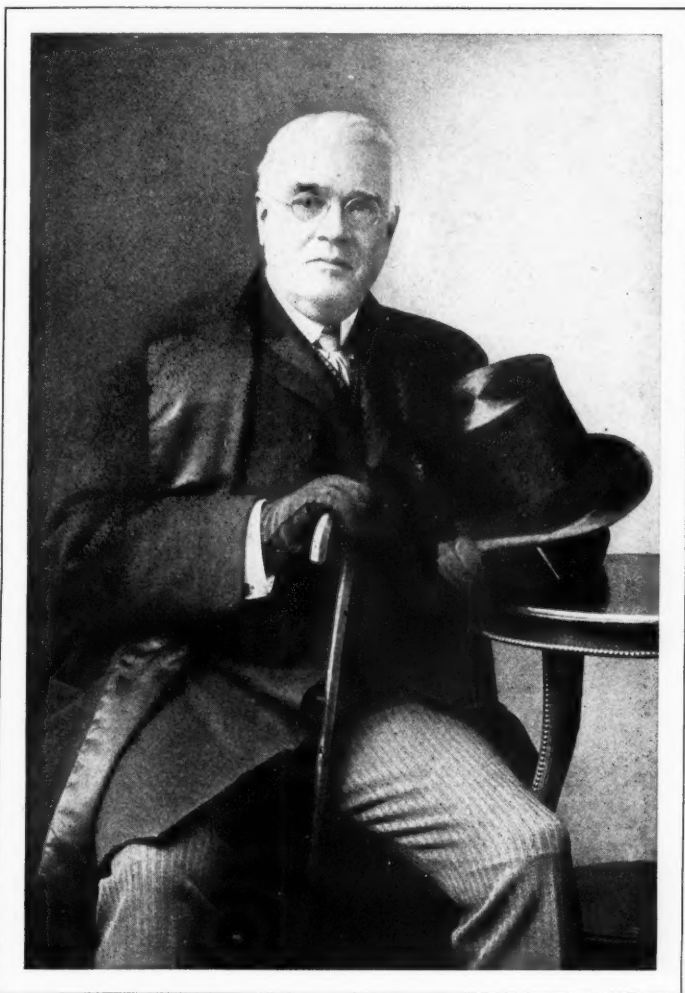


JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG, OF BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, A WELL-KNOWN INVESTIGATOR OF THE PROBLEMS OF HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

From a photograph by Walinge, Chicago

that Voit laid the foundation on which other men are now building. He was devoted to his arduous labors; he found real joy in them; and his pleasure at any new discovery on the part of another

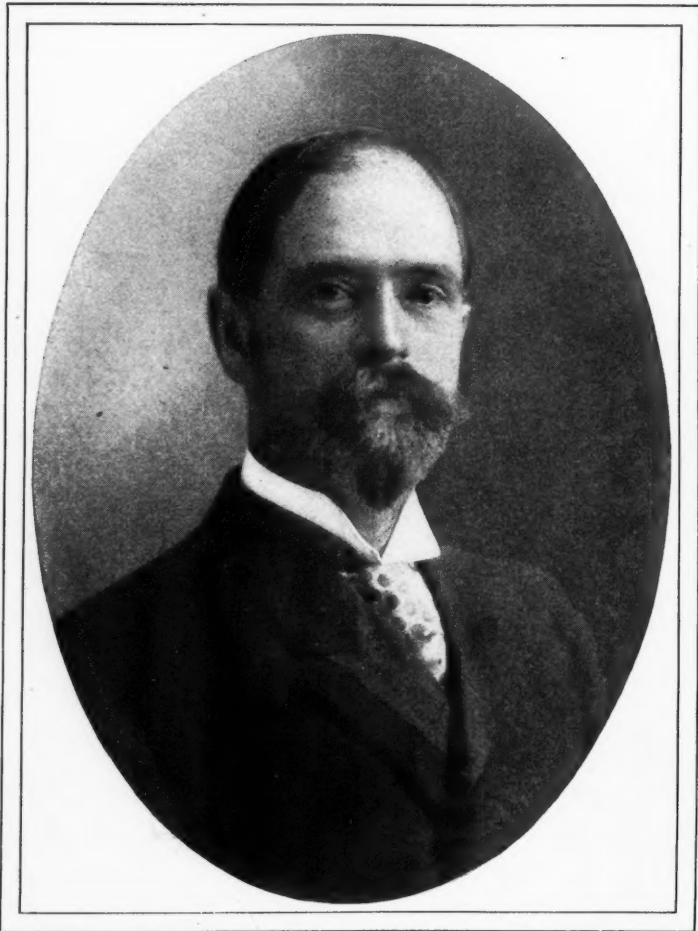
Other leaders among the German students of the science of long life are men whose names are classic in the laboratories and lecture-rooms of the world, although popularly they may not



HORACE FLETCHER, A RETIRED AMERICAN BUSINESS-MAN WHO HAS DEVOTED HIS LATER LIFE TO THE STUDY OF QUESTIONS OF NUTRITION

scientist was an inspiration to his numerous pupils. He was characteristically Teutonic in his deliberation, and in his deprecation of any hurried announcement of the results of his experiments. His last published article gave to the world work accomplished seventeen years before.

be so widely recognized. There is N. Zuntz, with his pupils, notably A. Loewy; there is C. von Noorden, who now resides in Vienna, and whose specialty is the study of metabolism, or the processes whereby the organic material contained in the different food-stuffs is transformed by the body into



IRVING FISHER, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY AT YALE UNIVERSITY,
AND CHAIRMAN OF THE HEALTH COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN
ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE

living cells; there is Max Rubner, of Berlin, an eminent authority; there are Eduard Pfluger, of Bonn; Fr. Müller, of Munich; Robert Tigerstedt, now in Helsingfors, Finland, and many others.

In Italy, among many eminent names, two stand out for special reasons. The first is that of Angelo Mosso, of Turin, who has made a study of the production of poisons in the body through the action of muscles in exercise. The "fatigue toxins," as such poisons are called, seem to bear a close relation to the problems of nutrition. This appears through the fact that certain foods make muscles of a quality that stand

more fatigue than muscles built up out of other food; and thus they add to the endurance of the human machine. The simpler foods, whether of meat or of cereals, fruits, and the like, are better body fuel and body material than foods that are rich and highly seasoned.

DR. VAN SOMEREN AND MR. FLETCHER

The second name connected with the study of nutrition in Italy furnishes a link that carries the record to England and to the United States in a singularly interesting way. This is the name of Ernest Van Someren, a physician residing in Venice. Some years ago, Dr.

Van Someren found that his investigations were likely to be cut short owing to the fact that his own nutritive machinery had broken down. Just at this juncture, he met a retired American business man, Mr. Horace Fletcher, who also lived in Venice, and learned how Mr. Fletcher himself had faced death because of the breaking down of his digestive system, and how he had won back his health and strength through the establishment of a habit of thorough

mastication of all food, both solid and liquid, with the attention directed not to the act of chewing, however, but to the enjoyment of the food itself.

Dr. Van Someren tried Mr. Fletcher's method, and in a remarkably short time recovered his health. He thereupon investigated Mr. Fletcher's case from a scientific standpoint, and speedily became convinced that there were solid reasons that supported the business man's theory. Before the meeting of the British Medi-

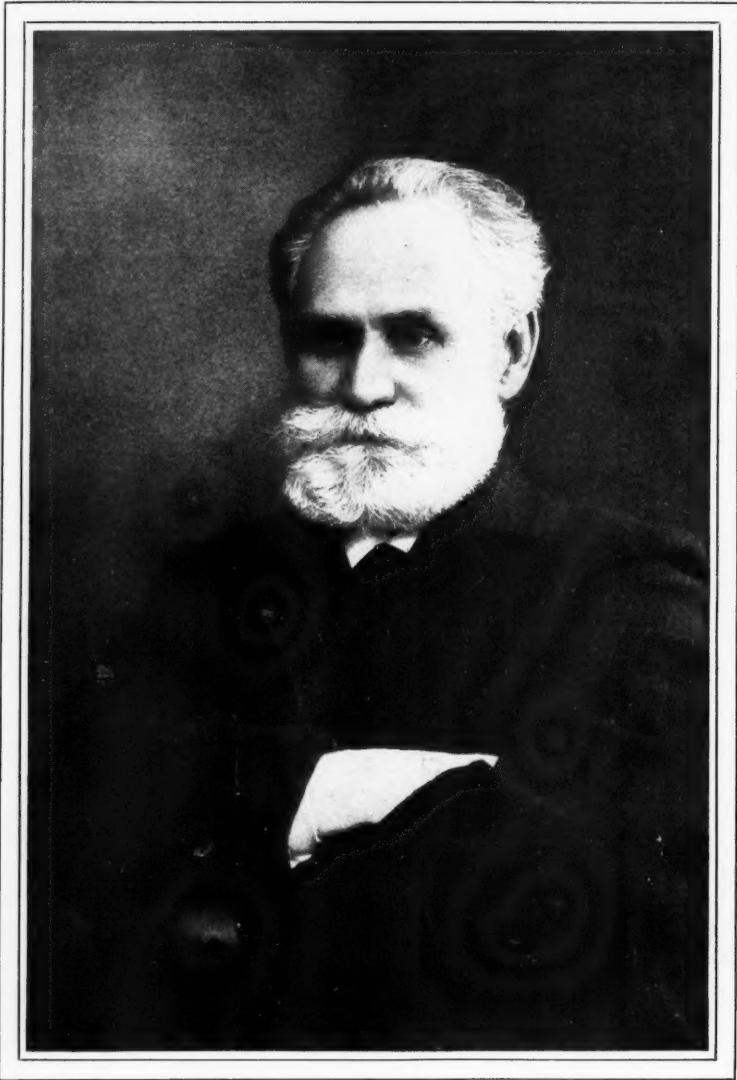


HARVEY W. WILEY, CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF CHEMISTRY OF THE UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

cal Association, in 1901, he read a paper which attracted the attention of Sir Michael Foster, the dean of British physiologists, and of Professor Russell

proved them to be in exceptionally fine physical condition. Yet, not long before, both were sick men. Mr. Fletcher, indeed, had been in such a state that no



DR. PAWLOW, OF ST. PETERSBURG, A LEADING RUSSIAN AUTHORITY
ON DIETETICS

H. Chittenden, of Yale, who has been called the "father of physiological chemistry in America." Sir Michael Foster invited Mr. Fletcher and Dr. Van Someren to Cambridge University, where tests were made of both men that

life-insurance company would accept him as a risk.

That demonstration was followed by the now world-famous experiments at Yale, conducted by Professors Chittenden and Mendel, with Mr. Fletcher as

the first subject, and later with subjects drawn from all sorts and conditions of men. It was speedily proved that one of the great Karl von Voit's ideas was open to correction. This was the so-called "Voit standard of proteid need." As a result of exhaustive studies of what men in ordinary ways of life all over the world actually consume, Voit had announced that the average man needed a daily amount of proteid—which is the principal element of such foods as meat, eggs, nuts, cheese, and milk—roughly equivalent to about one hundred and eighteen grams. The Yale experiments showed that less than one-half of this amount—about fifty grams—is all that the average man requires, and that any more may be dangerous, since the organs of the body are forced to work too hard in order to handle the excess of material.

Fifty grams of proteid is equal to about an ounce and three-quarters, a quantity which Dr. Edward Curtis, another of our prominent American authorities, says is represented by the proteid content of nine and a half ounces of lean meat, or of seven eggs, or of twenty-seven ounces of white bread. Nine and a half ounces of meat is about the weight of a slice measuring seven by three inches, and cut a quarter of an inch thick. But as nearly all food-stuffs contain proteid in greater or lesser quantities, you do not need to eat so much meat or bread as the amounts given in order to get your daily stint of proteid.

The net result of the remarkable experiments at Yale may be summed up in the statement that over-eating, especially of rich foods like meat, is the national dietetic sin of America, and that the cutting down of the commonly accepted standards of living is the first step necessary if you would follow the road that leads to long life.

OTHER AMERICAN DIETISTS

Another leading American investigator of the problems of longevity is Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, of Battle Creek. While Dr. Kellogg's views are regarded as extreme by many other investigators, because of his advocacy of a meatless diet, yet the contributions he has made to the growing fund of hy-

gienic knowledge are recognized as among the most important of the age. He has made an especially close study of the problem of auto-intoxication—of the self-poisoning of the body through the toxins, or poisons, that are produced by the action of many of the organs, and also by the fermentation and putrefaction of foods in the colon, or lower bowel. His experiments with alcohol and tobacco are noteworthy; but perhaps the most interesting point about Dr. Kellogg's work is the fact that he puts his ideas into practise in a very original manner through the schools of health which he has established on a philanthropic basis at Battle Creek. His sanatorium in the Michigan city has nearly a thousand men and women connected with it in various capacities, and all give their services in return for barely living wages, the profits being devoted to the extension of the work.

Other Americans who should be mentioned are Drs. Harvey Wiley, the governmental expert on foods; Dr. Benedict, head of the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory; Dr. Herter, of New York, who has contributed important discoveries to the study of meat foods, and Dr. W. B. Cannon, of Harvard. Dr. Cannon, for instance, proved by his original X-ray experiments with cats, in which he made visible the whole process of digestion, that emotions of anger and fear have a decidedly injurious effect upon the digestive juices and processes. It has often been said that he who laughs grows fat, and that the dyspeptic is apt to be a cantankerous citizen; and now we have the scientific reasons why.

DRS. PAWLOW AND METCHNIKOFF

In this branch of work a Russian expert, Dr. Pawlow, of St. Petersburg, has borne a notable part. His experiments were closely akin to those of Dr. Cannon, but he used dogs as his subjects, instead of cats. In neither case was vivisection the method employed; both the cats and the dogs, indeed, leading lives that might possibly be envied by some humans, inasmuch as their chief duty was to eat. Now and then, however, the subjects are teased or irritated, and then it is observed that the flow of gastric juice ceases, or lessens, and

is of a lower quality than when they are permitted to enjoy the pleasures of the table.

These experiments support the view promulgated by Horace Fletcher, Professor Chittenden, Dr. Kellogg, Metchnikoff, and others—that one of the best recipes for attaining old age is to be cheerful, and to eat only when you are in a good-humor, and have something you like on your plate.

The mention of Metchnikoff, another Russian, brings up the work being done in France, which is of great importance, and which has corroborated the general conclusions reached in this country by Chittenden, Kellogg, Fletcher, and others. Armand Gautier, Tissier, Combe, and Masson of Geneva, are names that stand high in the ranks of the prolongers of life; and chief of them all—in popular fame, at least—is Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute. It was Metchnikoff who discovered that the white cell of the blood fought for the body's health by warring upon invading disease-germs. He also discovered that certain cells of the body are apt to turn traitor to the body's welfare, and, by devouring nerve-centers in the brain and elsewhere, to bring about premature old age and death.

Going on with his investigations, Metchnikoff now announces his belief that the fermentation and putrefaction of excessive quantities of food in the lower bowel, and of foods not adapted to the requirements of the stomach, are responsible for the degeneration of the body's living cells. If we eat in moderation, and endeavor to eat only food adapted to our real requirements, says Metchnikoff, the white cells of the blood are able to fight back the attacks of disease-germs, and long life is attainable by all. He holds that men generally should live to be more than one hundred years old; and, like his confrères in other countries, he declares that modera-

tion in eating is one of the master words of the new science of health.

THE WORK OF THE HEALTH LEAGUE

So widely have the various currents of the modern health reform movement spread that in this country there has now sprung up a Health League, which has for its object the education of every citizen in hygiene, and the establishment of a national bureau or department of health at Washington. This movement was started by a committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science—a group of men and women numbering among its members many of the most notable people of the republic. Its work has been indorsed by President Roosevelt, by William H. Taft, by William J. Bryan, by the late Grover Cleveland, and by representative men and women of all shades of opinion, who agree with Emerson that "health is wealth."

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, is the chairman of the committee. A few years ago Professor Fisher was a victim of tuberculosis. Curing himself, he then began a personal crusade for the betterment of public health, which has already proved of immense national value. The Health League, of which he was the chief originator, now numbers more than ten thousand members, and is growing so steadily that it promises to reach every city, town, and hamlet in the land.

The first object of the league's educational work is to keep the general public informed of what the pioneers and leaders of the scientific investigations of the problems of health are discovering and proving. The prolonging of life is now a science; and those who search into its problems believe, with Professor Chittenden, that "knowledge has value in proportion to the benefit it confers, directly or indirectly, on the human race."

IN TRANSIT

HELLO! What place is this, I wonder? Life?
A pleasant place! Such fun! Such blundering strife!
How swift the pace! I'm almost out of breath!
Hello! What place is this, I wonder? Death!

George Randolph Chester

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS

BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "THE MOMENT OF VICTORY," "SEATS OF THE HAUGHTY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. HATCH

OLD Jerome Warren lived in a hundred-thousand-dollar house, at 35 East Fifty-Soforth Street. He was a down-town broker, so rich that he could afford to walk—for his health—a few blocks in the direction of his office every morning, and then call a cab.

He had an adopted son, the son of an old friend, named Gilbert—Cyril Scott could play him nicely—who was becoming a successful painter as fast as he could squeeze the paint out of his tubes. Another member of the household was Barbara Ross, a stepniece. Man is born to trouble; so, as old Jerome had no family of his own, he took up the burdens of others.

Gilbert and Barbara got along swimmingly. There was a tacit and tactical understanding all round that the two would stand up under a floral bell some high noon and promise the minister to keep old Jerome's money in a state of high commotion. But at this point complications must be introduced.

Thirty years before, when old Jerome was young Jerome, there was a brother of his named Dick. Dick went West to seek his or somebody else's fortune. Nothing was heard of him until one day old Jerome had a letter from his brother. It was badly written on ruled paper that smelled of salt bacon and coffee-grounds. The writing was asthmatic and the spelling St. Vitusy.

It appeared that instead of Dick having forced Fortune to stand and deliver, he had been held up himself, and made to give hostages to the enemy. That is, as his letter disclosed, he was on the point of pegging out with a complication of disorders that even whisky had failed

to check. All that his thirty years of prospecting had netted him was one daughter, nineteen years old, as per invoice, whom he was shipping East, charges prepaid, for Jerome to clothe, feed, educate, comfort, and cherish for the rest of her natural life, or until matrimony should them part.

Old Jerome was a board walk. Everybody knows that the world is supported by the shoulders of Atlas; and that Atlas stands on a rail fence; and that the rail fence is built on a turtle's back. Now, the turtle has to stand on something; and that is a board walk made of men like old Jerome.

I do not know whether immortality shall accrue to man; but if not so, I would like to know when men like old Jerome get what is due them?

They met Nevada Warren at the station. She was a little girl, deeply sunburnt and wholesomely good-looking, with a manner that was frankly unsophisticated, yet one that not even a cigar-drummer would intrude upon without thinking twice. Looking at her, somehow you would expect to see her in a short skirt and leather leggings, shooting glass balls or taming mustangs. But in her plain white waist and black skirt she sent you guessing again. With an easy exhibition of strength she swung along a heavy valise, which the uniformed porters tried in vain to wrest from her.

"I am sure we shall be the best of friends," said Barbara, pecking at the firm, sunburnt cheek.

"I hope so," said Nevada.

"Dear little niece," said old Jerome, "you are as welcome to my home as if it were your father's own."

"Thanks," said Nevada.



"IT'S GOT SAMPLES FROM SIX OF DAD'S OLD MINES IN IT"

"And I am going to call you 'cousin,'" said Gilbert, with his charming smile.

"Take the valise, please," said Nevada. "It weighs a million pounds. It's got samples from six of dad's old mines in it," she explained to Barbara. "I calculate they'd assay about nine cents to the thousand tons, but I promised him to bring them along."

II

It is a common custom to refer to the usual complication between one man and two ladies, or one lady and two men, or a lady and a man and a nobleman, or—well, any of those problems—as the triangle. But they are never unqualified triangles. They are always isosceles—never equilateral. So, upon the coming

of Nevada Warren, she and Gilbert and Barbara Ross lined up into such a figurative triangle; and of that triangle Barbara formed the hypotenuse.

One morning old Jerome was lingering long after breakfast over the dulllest morning paper in the city before setting forth to his down-town fly-trap. He had become quite fond of Nevada, finding in her much of his dead brother's quiet independence and unsuspecting frankness.

A maid brought in a note for Miss Nevada Warren.

"A messenger-boy delivered it at the door, please," she said. "He's waiting for an answer."

Nevada, who was whistling a Spanish waltz between her teeth, and watching the carriages and autos roll by in the street, took the envelope. She knew it was from

Gilbert, before she opened it, by the little gold palette in the upper left-hand corner.

After tearing it open she pored over the contents for a while, absorbedly. Then, with a serious face, she went and stood at her uncle's elbow.

"Uncle Jerome, Gilbert is a nice boy, isn't he?"

"Why, bless the child!" said old Jerome, crackling his paper loudly; "of course he is. I raised him myself."

"He wouldn't write anything to anybody that wasn't exactly—I mean that everybody couldn't know and read, would he?"

"I'd just like to see him try it," said uncle, tearing a handful from his newspaper. "Why, what—"

"Read this note he just sent me, uncle, and see if you think it's all right and proper. You see, I don't know much about city people and their ways."

Old Jerome threw his paper down and set both his feet upon it. He took Gilbert's note and fiercely perused it twice, and then a third time.

"Why, child," said he, "you had me almost excited, although I was sure of that boy. He's a duplicate of his father; and he was a gilt-edged diamond. He only asks if you and Barbara will be ready at four o'clock this afternoon for an automobile drive over to Long Island. I don't see anything to criticize in it except the stationery. I always did hate that shade of blue."

"Would it be all right to go?" asked Nevada eagerly.

"Yes, yes, yes, child; of course. Why not? Still, it pleases me to see you so careful and candid. Go, by all means."

"I didn't know," said Nevada demurely. "I thought I'd ask you. Couldn't you go with us, uncle?"

"I? No, no, no, no! I've ridden once in a car that boy was driving. Never again! But it's entirely proper for you and Barbara to go. Yes, yes. But I will not. No, no, no, no!"

Nevada flew to the door, and said to the maid:

"You bet we'll go. I'll answer for Miss Barbara. Tell the boy to say to Mr. Warren, 'You bet we'll go.'"

"Nevada," called old Jerome, "pardon me, my dear, but wouldn't it be as

well to send him a note in reply? Just a line would do."

"No, I won't bother about that," said Nevada gaily. "Gilbert will understand—he always does. I never rode in an automobile in my life; but I've paddled a canoe down Little Devil River through the Lost Horse Cañon, and if it's any livelier than that I'd like to know!"

III

Two months are supposed to have elapsed.

Barbara sat in the study of the hundred-thousand-dollar house. It was a good place for her. Many places are provided in the world where men and women may repair for the purpose of extricating themselves from divers difficulties. There are cloisters, wailing-places, watering-places, confessionals, hermitages, lawyers' offices, beauty-parlors, air-ships, and studies; and the greatest of these are studies.

It usually takes a hypotenuse a long time to discover that it is the longest side of a triangle. But it's a long line that has no turning.

Barbara was alone. Uncle Jerome and Nevada had gone to the theater. Barbara had not cared to go. She wanted to stay at home and study in the study. If you, miss, were a stunning New York girl, and saw every day that a brown, ingenuous Western witch was getting hobbles and a lasso on the young man you wanted for yourself, you, too, would lose taste for the oxidized-silver setting of a musical comedy.

Barbara sat by the quartered oak library table. Her right arm rested upon the table, and her dextral fingers nervously manipulated a sealed letter. The letter was addressed to Nevada Warren; and in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was Gilbert's little gold palette. It had been delivered at nine o'clock, after Nevada had left.

Barbara would have given her pearl necklace to know what the letter contained; but she could not open and read it by the aid of steam, or a pen-handle, or a hairpin, or any of the generally approved methods, because her position in society forbade such an act. She had tried to read some of the lines of the letter by holding the envelope up to

a strong light and pressing it hard against the paper, but Gilbert had too good a taste in stationery to make that possible.

At eleven-thirty the theatergoers returned. It was a delicious winter night. Even so far as from the cab to the door they were powdered thickly with the big flakes downpouring diagonally from the east. Old Jerome growled good-naturedly about villainous cab service and blockaded streets. Nevada, colored like a rose, with sapphire eyes, babbled of the stormy nights in the mountains around dad's cabin. During all these wintry apostrophes, Barbara, cold at heart, sawed wood—the only appropriate thing she could think of to do.

Old Jerome went immediately upstairs to hot-water-bottles and quinin. Nevada fluttered into the study, the only cheerfully lighted room, subsided into an armchair, and, while at the interminable task of unbuttoning her elbow gloves, gave oral testimony as to the demerits of the "show."

"Yes, I think Mr. Fields is really amusing—sometimes," said Barbara. "Here is a letter for you, dear, that came by special delivery just after you had gone."

"Who is it from?" asked Nevada, tugging at a button.

"Well, really," said Barbara, with a smile, "I can only guess. The envelope has that queer little thing in one corner that Gilbert calls a palette, but which looks to me rather like a gilt heart on a schoolgirl's valentine."

"I wonder what he's writing to me about!" remarked Nevada listlessly.

"We're all alike," said Barbara; "all women. We try to find out what is in a letter by studying the postmark. As a last resort we use scissors, and read it from the bottom upward. Here it is."

She made a motion as if to toss the letter across the table to Nevada.

"Great catamounts!" exclaimed Nevada. "These center-fire buttons are a nuisance. I'd rather wear buckskins. Oh, Barbara, please shuck the hide off that letter and read it. It'll be midnight before I get these gloves off!"

"Why, dear, you don't want me to open Gilbert's letter to you? It's for you, and you wouldn't wish any one else to read it, of course!"

Nevada raised her steady, calm, sapphire eyes from her gloves.

"Nobody writes me anything that everybody mightn't read," she said. "Go on, Barbara. Maybe Gilbert wants us to go out in his car again to-morrow."

Curiosity can do more things than kill a cat; and if emotions, well recognized as feminine, are inimical to feline life, then jealousy would soon leave the whole world catless. Barbara opened the letter, with an indulgent, slightly bored air.

"Well, dear," said she, "I'll read it if you want me to."

She slit the envelope, and read the missive with swift-traveling eyes; read it again, and cast a quick, shrewd glance at Nevada, who, for the time, seemed to consider gloves as the world of her interest, and letters from rising artists as no more than messages from Mars.

For a quarter of a minute Barbara looked at Nevada with a strange steadfastness; and then a smile so small that it widened her mouth only the sixteenth part of an inch, and narrowed her eyes no more than a twentieth, flashed like an inspired thought across her face.

Since the beginning no woman has been a mystery to another woman. Swift as light travels, each penetrates the heart and mind of another, sifts her sister's words of their cunningest disguises, reads her most hidden desires, and plucks the sophistry from her wiliest talk like hairs from a comb, twiddling them sardonically between her thumb and fingers before letting them float away on the breezes of fundamental doubt. Long ago Eve's son rang the door-bell of the family residence in Paradise Park, bearing a strange lady on his arm, whom he introduced. Eve took her daughter-in-law aside and lifted a classic eyebrow.

"The Land of Nod," said the bride, languidly flirting the leaf of a palm. "I suppose you've been there, of course?"

"Not lately," said Eve, absolutely unshuffled. "Don't you think the applesauce they serve over there is execrable? I rather like that mulberry-leaf tunic effect, dear; but, of course, the real fig goods are not to be had over there. Come over behind this lilac-bush while the gentlemen split a celery tonic. I think the caterpillar holes have made your dress open a little in the back."

So, then and there—according to the records—was the alliance formed by the only two who's-who ladies in the world. Then it was agreed that woman should forever remain as clear as a pane of glass—though glass was yet to be dis-

oughtn't to know, that is all the more reason why everybody should know it."

"Well," said Barbara, "this is what it says: 'Dearest Nevada, come to my studio at twelve o'clock to-night. Do not fail.'" Barbara rose and dropped



"WOULD IT BE ALL RIGHT TO GO?"

covered—to other women, and that she should palm herself off on man as a mystery.

Barbara seemed to hesitate.

"Really, Nevada," she said, with a little show of embarrassment, "you shouldn't have insisted on my opening this. I—I'm sure it wasn't meant for any one else to know."

Nevada forgot her gloves for a moment.

"Then, read it aloud," she said. "Since you've already read it, what's the difference? If Mr. Warren has written to me something that any one else

the note in Nevada's lap. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "that I knew. It isn't like Gilbert. There must be some mistake. Just consider that I am ignorant of it, will you, dear? I must go up-stairs now, I have such a headache. I'm sure I don't understand the note. Perhaps Gilbert has been dining too well, and will explain. Good night!"

IV

NEVADA tiptoed to the hall, and heard Barbara's door close up-stairs. The bronze clock in the study told that the hour of twelve was fifteen minutes away. She

ran swiftly to the front door, and let herself out into the snow-storm. Gilbert Warren's studio was six squares away.

By aerial ferry the white, silent forces of the storm attacked the city from beyond the sullen East River. Already the snow lay a foot deep on the pavements, the drifts heaping themselves like scaling-ladders against the walls of the besieged town. The avenue was as quiet as a street in Pompeii. Cabs now and then skimmed past like white-winged gulls over a moonlit ocean; and less frequent motor-cars—sustaining the comparison—hissed through the foaming waves like submarine boats on their jocund, perilous journeys.

Nevada plunged like a wind-driven storm-petrel on her way. She looked up at the ragged sierras of cloud-capped buildings that rose above the streets, shaded by the night lights and the congealed vapors to gray, drab, ashen, lavender, dun, and cerulean tints. They were so like the wintry mountains of her Western home that she felt a satisfaction such as the hundred-thousand-dollar house had seldom brought her.

A policeman caused her to waver on a corner, just by his eye and weight.

"Hallo, Mabel!" said he. "Kind of late for you to be out, ain't it?"

"I—I am just going to the drug-store," said Nevada, hurrying past him.

The excuse serves as a passport for the most sophisticated. Does it prove that woman never progresses, or that she sprang from Adam's rib, full-fledged in intellect and wiles?

Turning eastward, the direct blast cut down Nevada's speed one-half. She made zigzag tracks in the snow; but she was as tough as a piñon sapling, and bowed to it as gracefully. Suddenly the studio-building loomed before her, a familiar landmark, like a cliff above some well-remembered cañon. The haunt of busi-

ness and its hostile neighbor, art, was darkened and silent. The elevator stopped at ten.

Up eight flights of Stygian stairs Nevada climbed, and rapped firmly at the door numbered "89." She had been there many times before, with Barbara and Uncle Jerome.

Gilbert opened the door. He had a crayon pencil in one hand, a green shade over his eyes, and a pipe in his mouth. The pipe dropped to the floor.

"Am I late?" asked Nevada. "I came as quick as I could. Uncle and me were at the theater this evening. Here I am, Gilbert!"

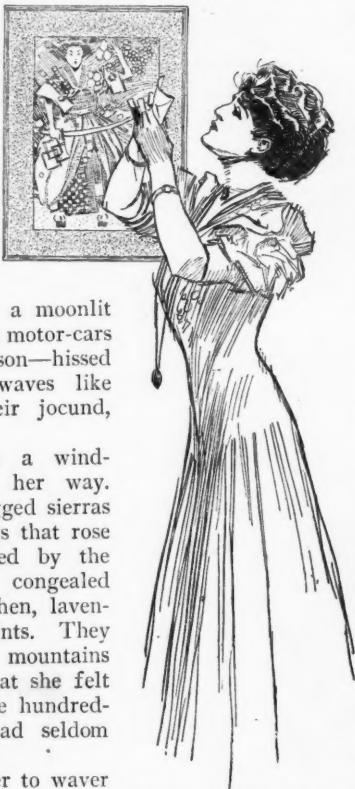
Gilbert did a Pygmalion and Galatea act. He changed from a statue of stupefaction to a young man with a problem to tackle. He admitted Nevada, got a whisk-broom, and began to brush the snow from her clothes. A great lamp, with a green shade, hung over an easel, where the artist had been sketching in crayon.

"You wanted me," said Nevada simply, "and I came. You said so in your letter. What did you send for?"

"You read my letter?" inquired Gilbert, sparring for wind.

"Barbara read it to me. I saw it afterward. It said: 'Come to my studio at twelve to-night, and do not fail.' I thought you were sick, of course, but you don't seem to be."

"Aha!" said Gilbert irrelevantly. "I'll tell you why I asked you to come, Nevada. I want you to marry me immediately—to-night. What's a little snow-storm? Will you do it?"



BARBARA WOULD HAVE GIVEN HER PEARL NECKLACE TO KNOW WHAT THE LETTER CONTAINED

"You might have noticed that I would, long ago," said Nevada. "And I'm rather stuck on the snow-storm idea, myself. I surely would hate one of these flowery church noon weddings. Gilbert, I didn't know you had grit enough to propose it this way. Let's shock 'em—it's our funeral, ain't it?"

"You bet!" said Gilbert. "Where did I hear that expression?" he added to himself. "Wait a minute, Nevada; I want to do a little 'phoning."

He shut himself in a little dressing-room, and called upon the lightnings of the heavens—condensed into unromantic numbers and districts.

"That you, Jack? You confounded sleepy-head! Yes, wake up; this is me—or I—oh, bother the difference in grammar! I'm going to be married right away. Yes! Wake up your sister—don't answer me back; bring her along, too—you *must*. Remind Agnes of the time I saved her from drowning in Lake Ronkonkoma—I know it's caddish to refer to it, but she *must* come with you. Yes! Nevada is here, waiting. We've been engaged quite a while. Some opposition among the relatives, you know, and we have to pull it off this way. We're waiting here for you. Don't let Agnes out-talk you—bring her! You will? Good old boy! I'll order a carriage to call for you, double-quick time. Confound you, Jack, you're all right!"

Gilbert returned to the room where Nevada waited.

"My old friend, Jack Peyton, and his sister were to have been here at a quarter to twelve," he explained; "but Jack is so confoundedly slow. I've just 'phoned them to hurry. They'll be here in a few minutes. I'm the happiest man in the world, Nevada! What did you do with the letter I sent you to-day?"

"I've got it cinched here," said Nevada, pulling it out from beneath her opera-cloak.

Gilbert drew the letter from the envelope and looked it over carefully. Then he looked at Nevada thoughtfully.

"Didn't you think it rather queer that I should ask you to come to my studio at midnight?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Nevada, rounding her eyes. "Not if you needed me. Out West, when a pal sends you a hurry call—

ain't that what you say here?—we get there first, and talk about it after the row is over. And it's usually snowing there, too, when things happen. So I didn't mind."

Gilbert rushed into another room, and came back burdened with overcoats warranted to turn wind, rain, or snow.

"Put this raincoat on," he said, holding it for her. "We have a quarter of a mile to go. Old Jack and his sister will be here in a few minutes." He began to struggle into a heavy coat. "Oh, Nevada," he said, "just look at the headlines on the front page of that evening paper on the table, will you? It's about your section of the West, and I know it will interest you."

He waited a full minute, pretending to find trouble in the getting on of his overcoat, and then turned. Nevada had not moved. She was looking at him with strange and pensive directness. Her cheeks had a flush on them beyond the color that had been contributed by the wind and snow; but her eyes were steady.



"AM I LATE? I CAME AS QUICK AS I COULD"

"I was going to tell you," she said, "anyhow, before you—before we—before—well, before anything. Dad never gave me a day of schooling. I never learned to read or write a darned word. Now, if—"

Pounding their uncertain way up-stairs, the feet of Jack, the somnolent, and Agnes, the grateful, were heard.

V

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Warren were spinning softly homeward in a

closed carriage, after the ceremony, Gilbert said:

"Nevada, would you really like to know what I wrote you in the letter that you received to-night?"

"Fire away!" said his bride.

"Word for word," said Gilbert, "it was this: 'My dear Miss Warren—you were right about the flower. It was a hydrangea, and not a lilac.'"

"All right," said Nevada. "But let's forget it. The joke's on Barbara, anyway!"

REUNION

BY FLORIDA P. SUMERWELL

AUTHOR OF "THE USURPER," ETC.

MRS. ALLING walked into Mrs. Tom Carrington's cozy sitting-room decidedly out of breath, explaining and untying her wraps as she came. Mrs. Carrington's greeting was as unaffectedly cordial as it had been every time these two women had met in the forty years through which their friendship had lived its sturdy, loyal, commonplace life. As tiny tots they had neighbored through the palings that divided their respective yards. It is still told that once, after a careful count of bruises on their fat, bare legs, one had offered to undergo an extra injury, so that they might have an equal number.

"Of course, you expected me sooner," said the newcomer, "but your 'phone was out of order, and I had promised to play bridge at the Ogdens'. I would break an engagement with the undertaker who was waiting to bury me, but I have not the courage to disarrange a bridge-table at that particular house. After seeing the morning paper, I couldn't think of anything but you. When Kate Hazelton asked what I discarded from, I answered, 'Aneurism of the heart.' She smiled and said she wasn't surprised. I don't think I shall be troubled with another invitation. I

revoked five times in three rubbers, which cost us fifteen tricks. If looks could kill, I should be in my burying-clothes. The women in our set were catty enough before they took up bridge; but now no man dares to throw a bootjack out of the back window at night for fear he might break up a bridge-party. Well, tell me all about it; I didn't mean to talk so long."

The hostess's hands shook as she poured the tea, but she began at once:

"I am so glad to have you to tell. Of course, there was Tom; but he always goes to sleep."

Mrs. Alling nodded.

"I met them—"

"Them?" asked her guest. "Were there two?"

"Yes, a man—"

"Go on, Jane; don't let me interrupt."

"They were at Minnewaska last June. I arrived late in the afternoon—too late to change my dress; so I tidied up a bit and went into dinner. Every time I go away I am possessed with the idea that some one is going to attempt familiarity. No one ever did, but I never get over the idea. That day I felt it to an unusual degree. There is a certain luxury in just letting oneself go, and loathing

the world at large. While I sat with my nose turned up, I saw Mrs. Lovell come in. The waiter bowed himself almost double and escorted her to my table. You know how stately she always looked. That night I thought her the most attractive woman I had ever seen. Her mourning was the simplest, but it gave her a distinction all her own.

"She took no notice of me, but as soon as she was seated I began to feel large and ordinary—so much so, in fact, that when the waiter asked if I had ordered cabbage, I denied it flatly. Isn't it queer that one would tell a falsehood just because a dainty stranger with beautiful hands sat opposite? It was absurd to keep looking at her, so I turned just as the ugliest man imaginable stood in the door; and for some unaccountable reason I wished he would sit with us."

"Why, Jane!" said Mrs. Alling.

"It's true—I did. And the funny thing is that he came. You know I always was a little conceited for my time of life, and I thought he had seen me looking at him; so when he sat down I felt positively embarrassed. He lounged listlessly into his chair, and his glance fell upon Mrs. Lovell. I never saw a face change as his did. Why, Sophie, if you had spread roses over an ugly marsh, it could not have made a greater transformation. He simply devoured her delicate loveliness. His eyes would have called the dead, and in a second she looked full at him.

"'Emil!' was all she said, but the cry seemed to burst from the depths of an overcharged heart. A life's tragedy was expressed in that one word. It was as if I had come suddenly into the presence of two naked souls, who, purged by some terrible grief, were reentering a lost paradise.

"I left them and came outside. Their meeting had impressed me so deeply that I wanted to be alone. After walking along the cliff for a time, I went down to my old retreat on the ledge beyond the second summer-house. No one in the place can see me out there, because of the bushes that grow close up to the railing; so I am always sure of solitude there. I sat and racked my brains for some solution of the scene at the table. The moon rose, and it was time to go in,

when the lady of my meditations came down the path and sat in the house behind me. She was ghastly white. Even in the moonlight you could see her agitation. She was twisting her hands and biting her lips, and before I could decide what to do she began to cry—not loudly, but so pitifully that, like a goose, I cried, too. Lovers always did affect me like peeling onions, and I felt reasonably sure of a romance when she began to cry. I was dabbing my eyes when that ugly, magnetic man arrived.

"'Harriet, Harriet, Harriet!' he said, over and over and over, and every repetition was a caress. His presence seemed to quiet her, and she hushed her sobbing. He did not touch her, but kept saying her name as if it was something holy. This must sound awfully silly, but if you had heard his wonderful voice it would have moved you as it did me. Sophie, it would have thrilled a mummy in its tomb. I did not wonder that her eyes never left his ugly, tender face."

"Jane," asked Mrs. Alling, "weren't you ashamed to be listening when they didn't know you were there?"

"Of course; but jumping over the cliff didn't appeal to me, and that was the only way of escape, unless I had gone prowling through their summer-house; so I had to sit and listen. After a while she asked if he had known she was at Minnewaska. He laughed a tender laugh, as one might laugh at a much-loved child, and said: 'Harriet, Harriet, how else would I, a busy judge, be here at the beginning of June?' He told her that the trip would probably cost him the nomination for Governor, but that nothing counted with him against the joy of being with her again.

"Those people of the soul-world get more out of this humdrum life than the rest of us. I can't express it, but they are of a more ethereal type. Just imagine Tom or Horace giving up a chance to become Governor of a big State for the sake of spending a week with us!

"She leaned her shapely head against the rough log behind her, and looked at him as if she never wanted to see any one else in this world. He turned away from her, and asked abruptly:

"'When did he die?'"

"'Six months ago,' she answered.

"Why did you marry him?' The pain in his voice made her wince, but she seemed eager to tell him.

"You never wrote, and you never came. Emil, Emil, I wanted you so! I would not be the first to break the silence. I missed you so! I missed you so!"

"Was that,' he asked, 'why you married Lovell?'

"It was just that. I was so lost without you, I knew that unless I took some definite action I should write, despite my pride. I hoped you would think I had forgotten. Did you, Emil, did you think I didn't care?'

"No,' he answered, and all the old magic was back in that wonderful voice. 'No, I knew.'

"She was as inconsistent as she was irresistible, and in an instant she flashed at him:

"If you knew, how could you let me do it—how could you, how could you? You knew that in the end I always did as you wished.'

"He seemed to grow old as she appealed to him, but he was as unyielding as she.

"I had no right to interfere. You threw my love away like a forgotten toy. I would never have written. You know I never did.'

"She turned to him with a little eager, tearful gesture, and, touching his dark cheek with her finger-tips, said:

"But you couldn't forget me, could you, Emil, any more than I could forget you?'

"He took her slender hand and put it against his lips. I never saw such changes sweep over a face. Sunshine after a storm could not have made a greater difference. His eyes were like fairy-lamps that lit up and glorified some waste place of nature. He did not even kiss her hand a second time, but seemed to find infinite content in possessing it. Presently he spoke again:

"I never forgot you, Harriet. When I have forgotten to live, I shall still remember you.'

"Then they went up the steps, and I could see that he had taken her arm and was helping her at every step. I was so stiff from sitting on the rock that I could hardly move. I was chattering cold,

and choky and homesick. When I hobbled up-stairs it seemed as though I'd attended my own funeral.

"The next day was cold and wet, so we three got to know one another quite well. They called each other by their front names, and I learned that they had gone to school together. None of us knew any one else, and we were a very contented trio.

"One evening, a week later, I saw them start for a walk after dinner, so I put out for my happy hunting-ground on the ledge. The moon flared in the sky like a crimson rose in full bloom, and I was enjoying the silence, when they came into the summer-house. He rolled his overcoat into a pillow to place behind her head, and leaned against the railing beside her. He did not speak for a while, but seemed trying to decide some serious question. Finally he lifted her chin until he could look into her eyes, told her that he would have to leave the next day, and asked her if she would marry him that night and go with him.

"She caught his big hand between hers and spoke, but she was so agitated that I could hardly hear what she said. In a minute I made out that she wanted him to wait till the year of her mourning was over. He begged her not to send him away again; told her how empty all the honors of his profession had been, because she had not shared them; how every night in the fourteen years since she had sent back his ring, her name had been the first in his prayers, her picture the last thing he had looked at. He took the miniature out of his pocket and showed her how worn the case had become. He said that she had been the mastering passion of his life since he had been in knickerbockers, and that without her his future stretched before him an absolute desert. I knew she was right in showing a proper respect to her husband's memory, but I couldn't see how she could resist, when he begged so earnestly in that beautiful voice of his. Why, if Tom had ever—"

"But he never did," interrupted Mrs. Alling, "and neither did Horace. Let's get on with the story. How did she get out of it?'"

"Why, she threw the whole thing upon his shoulders—said he had always

decided the right thing for her to do; and if he believed it would be honorable for her to marry only six months after her husband's death, she would do so.

"I have always thought that she really hoped he would take her, anyway, and let the conventions go hang; but he rose, like the man he was, and said he would wait, though the time seemed very long.

"If he had looked at her when he said it, I believe that even then he would have decided differently; but he was gazing out across the lake as if it stretched to eternity. He turned, and, bending over her, said:

"In six months, then, Harriet, I shall come."

"She put her slender, white arms around his neck and clung to him as if she could not let him go. He held her close to his broad breast and kissed her eyes, her hair, her lips, her brow, and her lips again. 'Harriet, Harriet, Harriet!' he murmured, and his voice would have reconciled a lost soul to purgatory. 'Wait for me, my own love—in six months I shall come back!'

"He went up the steps and left her sitting there alone. I couldn't stand it. I just walked into the summer-house and took her in my arms, and we cried together. I told her how I had heard, and she said she knew I wouldn't have listened on purpose.

"You know, she came home with me and took that furnished house around the corner. She has been in and out like one of the family, and I have loved her next to you. She wasn't much of a housekeeper, but the more helpless she seemed the harder her servants worked. I never knew any one so preeminently lovable. After knowing her, I could understand how a man could love her to the exclusion of everything else for fourteen years. She took it all as a matter of course, and I really don't think it ever occurred to her that every one was not equally fortunate.

"Yesterday I thought of her all day. She had not been over, and I couldn't get her out of my mind. It finally got on my nerves to such an extent that I left the pudding to Hannah to finish, and went around to see her. Her welcome always made me feel that I was the

one person on earth she really wanted to see, and yesterday she was unusually cordial. We drank tea in the library, and were as sociable as two tabbies. The clock had just struck five, and I got up to go. It was growing dark, and I was looking toward the window, when Harriet sprang out of her chair and called, 'Emil, Emil!' just as she had done that first day I saw her.

"For an instant a shadow seemed to flit across the light; but there was no one there, and Harriet fell where she stood—fell like a log. I ran to her, shrieking for help. The servants came and flooded the room with light. She was quite dead, but the radiance on her face was too beautiful for earth. The doctor called it 'aneurism of the heart.' I stayed as long as I was needed, and then came home. At my door a news-boy ran by, calling an extra. I bought one and read of that hideous accident near Chicago. Judge Harraden's name headed the list of the dead. He was killed at a quarter to five o'clock."

The two women looked at each other.

"What do you make of it?" asked Mrs. Alling.

"I don't know," replied her friend.

"He said that when he had forgotten to live he would still remember her."

"It seems a pity she did not marry him up there, although I suppose I should have been the first to censure her."

Mrs. Carrington wiped her eyes and answered:

"I can't decide whether I would have it otherwise. They weren't like the rest of us. I would have hated to see them grow into every-day, stupid married people. There is something very earthy about most married life. In nine cases out of every ten it's potatoes and chops and house-rent and babies. I want to believe that his soul came for her, and that out there, beyond the limits of our understanding, they are happy at last, forgetting all the suffering that spoiled their lives here."

"Why, Jane Carrington," returned Mrs. Alling, "how can you talk such nonsense? If a good husband and a nice home and half a dozen healthy children can't make a woman happy, there is something wrong with her. That's all I have to say!"

The New WEST POINT

by
COL. CHARLES W. LARNED
U. S. Military Academy

TECHNOLOGICAL schools, if efficient, are costly both to build and to operate. Scientific research and demonstration mean elaborate and delicate apparatus; buildings of special construction, complex plan, and expensive mechanical equipment; power-plants and operating-supplies. If to the general range of theoretic and applied science is added the military art, the cost is correspondingly increased and the necessary plant greatly enlarged, besides a considerable expansion of the personnel.

The first appropriation for the Military Academy appeared in the act of March 3, 1803, including also books and apparatus for the entire War Department, and amounted to two thousand dollars. This fell in 1804 to one thousand dollars, and in 1805 to five hundred. Special appropriations for the institution disappear from the statutes until 1812, and it was left to shift for itself, dragging along a very precarious existence up to the war with Great Britain. That event somewhat stimulated legislative interest in the military art, so that West Point was reorganized in its academic staff, its cadet personnel, and its plant—twenty-five thousand dollars being appropriated for buildings, apparatus, a library, and contingencies. For some years the pay of

the officers and cadets was carried in the appropriation for the army, and a separate item covered the expenses of the plant.

In 1816, \$115,800 was appropriated for buildings and \$22,171 for supplies. In 1834, for the first time, the appropriations for the Military Academy were embodied in a separate bill, carrying \$125,881.45 for running expenses, and \$14,000 for buildings. Considering the more primitive conditions and the greater purchasing power of money, this was a very liberal sum, and compares favorably with present allotments for normal expenses.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, the appropriation for pay, current and incidental expenses, is \$788,914.87; and for buildings and grounds, \$56,720—a total of \$845,634.87. Over and separate from this allowance for annual expenses is the special appropriation of June

28, 1902, "to increase the efficiency of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, and to provide for the enlargement of buildings and for other necessary works of improvement in connection therewith, and to provide for an increased water supply," which authorized a total expenditure of \$5,500,000—increased to \$7,200,000 by the act of June 28, 1906, besides a special appropriation of \$300,-

000 for the completion of the water supply. It is probable that, owing to the increased cost of material and labor during the past four years, the final cost of the completed scheme will exceed the official estimates.

When West Point was founded, the art of war had not been complicated by the vast mechanical and industrial development of the nineteenth century. Military technique was relatively simple, and the equipment of armies in arms, accouterment, and supplies involved a very small fraction of the appliances and elaboration demanded by modern conditions. Logistics, or the mobilization and movements of armies, was a comparatively slow matter of months and shoe-leather, wind and horses; instead of days, locomotors, steam, gas, electricity, compressed air, steamships, and balloons.

The only feature in which our ancestors vied with us in elaboration was that of war-paint and feathers, and the gorgeous panoply of slaughter—the saritorial element of fighting, which has always played so large a part in man's delight in the destruction of his brother. We no longer deck ourselves, for active service, in the incredible clothes which our great-grandfathers dragged over the battle-fields of Europe, and which make their endurance seem Titanic and their patience superhuman in comparison with our own. With our practical conceptions of war as a necessary evil for the adjustment of economic conditions and the delimitation of spheres of influence, we eliminate from the battle-field everything that does not contribute to the business result, and relegate to the parade-ground the decorative and alluring features of uncomfortable and picturesque attire.

THE RACE FOR MILITARY POWER

Since modern war is so costly, and is entered upon purely as a business proposition, it becomes important to minimize its duration, and to insure that definite results shall be secured with the least expenditure of time on the one hand, and, on the other, with the most destructive effect possible upon the enemy. To this end there is a constant and intense effort on the part of the

great competing powers to keep in advance in the utilization of every expedient that modern science and ingenuity can place at the disposition of the soldier. To be decisively ahead in equipment, and to possess exclusively, or to a very superior extent, an important engine of destruction, is almost sure to be the decisive factor in the quick campaigns of to-day. Our military machinery, from its complexity, is necessarily slow of construction, and requires costly and intricate plants for its manufacture; and there is not sufficient time, after the beginning of hostilities by an aggressive and well-equipped adversary, in which to remedy deficiencies, and to provide the enginery which, on his side, is already engaged in destroying our resources and demonstrating the justice of his cause.

In the great game of politics and industrial supremacy among nations there is no question of chivalry—no “Gentlemen of the guard, fire first.” The nation that cannot “make good” has nothing effective to say. There is too much human nature operative in public affairs to render international arbitration a recourse to which ambitious peoples are ready to submit issues of vital interest; and still less is this substitute for warfare a near contingency with the colossal specter of an awakening Orient looming before us. The most potent force urging to arbitration at present is efficient armament, and the price of peace is the cost of military preparation—which is simply a tax levied on human nature.

All this is apropos of military schools and their cost; and, more especially, of the reconstruction of our two national academies which is now in progress. The first question suggested to the lay mind is—“Is it worth while? What return do we get for the money?”—to which there is no satisfactory answer without a clear comprehension of the requirements of a military education.

Every civilian recognizes at once the special conditions that set apart the profession of a naval officer. A glance at a modern man-of-war is sufficient to show the absolute necessity of a naval school; but in regard to soldiering there is a different attitude. It is widely be-

lieved that pretty much all that is needed to be a military "macaroni" is to "stick a feather in your hat."

This idea is a survival of older days and simpler conditions, and even under those conditions it was not true. The Civil War was a convincing proof that the educated soldier had always an immense advantage over the novice, and that, in the long run, he would surely take the lead. At the end of that tremendous struggle, all the armies in the field on both sides were commanded by graduates of West Point; nearly all the army corps, and most of the divisions. Out of sixty of the greatest battles of the Civil War, in fifty-six the commanders on both sides were graduates; in the other four a graduate commanded on one side, and three of the four were won by the graduates. On the Confederate side, the tenure of the highest ranks by graduates was almost exclusive—eight generals, fifteen lieutenant-generals, and forty of their major-generals were from West Point. Although these facts have been often stated, they are so pertinent to the present discussion that they will bear repetition.

WHAT WEST POINT TRAINING MEANS

But the answer to the question as to the expediency of military education covers a much more extensive field than that of the demonstration of supremacy in military affairs. The general question can be resolved into several special ones. What does the military education stand for in the community? What has it accomplished in the civil life of the nation? What are the military requirements it meets? What are the demands made upon it by the exigencies of our political system? What has it cost?

What it stands for in the community, I have endeavored to show more fully elsewhere, and it is pertinent here to recapitulate only briefly its claims in this regard. It stands preeminently for that fuller education of the man which embraces not merely mental culture, but the equal and coordinate development of the character, the body, and the civic responsibilities—the discipline of all functions, moral, intellectual, and physical. It aims systematically and essentially to train the habits, and to crystal-

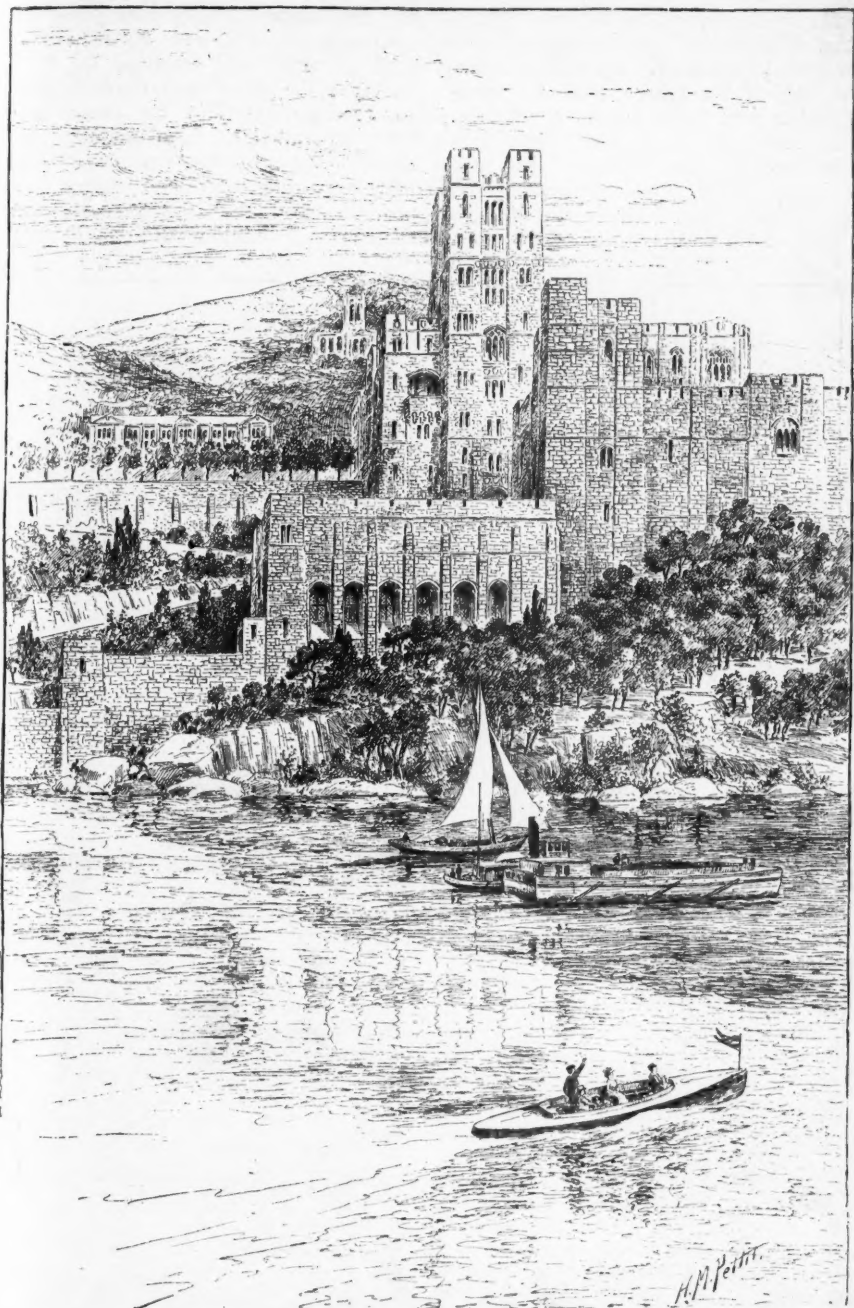
ize into practise the suspended conceptions of moral responsibility. It isolates its student body from the atmosphere of commercialism; it provides absorbing employment for both mental and physical activities; it surrounds them with exacting responsibilities, high standards, and uncompromising traditions of honor and integrity; and it demands a rigid accountability for every moment of their time and for every voluntary action. This standard in an educational system is alone of immense value to any community, independent of other considerations, as an object-lesson in the evolution of a fine type of man and citizen.

In the civil life of the community, its accomplishment began with the development of the nation. The regular army—officered up to 1861 almost wholly by graduates, and, since that period, largely by them—fought the pioneer war against the nomads of our ever-receding frontier. In over three hundred fights they have won and held the land for their brothers of the plow. Braving hardship and death; isolation, neglect, and poverty; growing gray in junior grades under slow promotion; forced to forego the advantages of education for their children, and of the amenities of life for themselves and their families, they were the guardians of a land of which they possessed nothing, and the promoters of a great development whose fruit fell to others.

WORK DONE BY WEST POINT MEN

As explorers, as early as 1820, Long's expedition, containing Bell, Graham, and Swift, explored as far as Pike's Peak, and first ascended it; Allen, in 1832, first traced the source of the Mississippi; and Bonneville's great exploration, in 1832-1834, penetrated Wyoming, Utah, California, and the Columbia and Yellowstone regions, and supplied the first hydrographic maps of the country.

For half a century West Point was the principal, and almost the only, school of science and technology in America. Its graduates not only furnished presidents and teachers of scientific institutions as these appeared, but were the pioneer engineers who laid out the trans-continental routes of the great Western

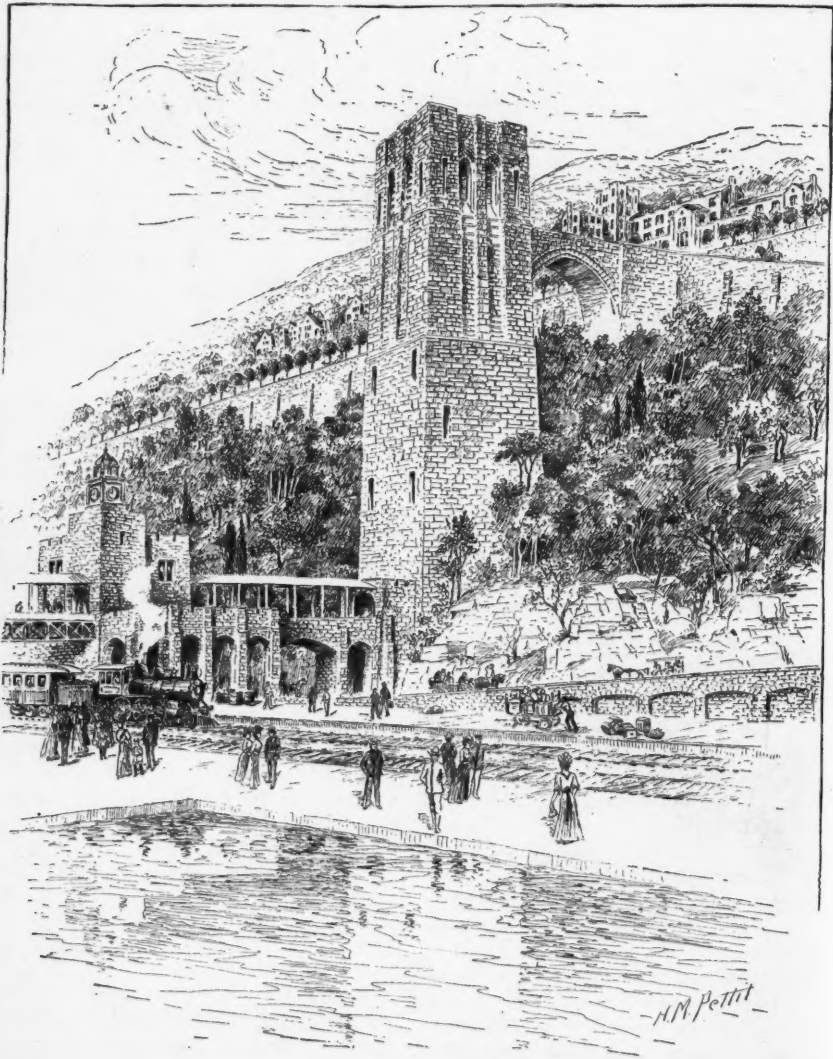


THE NEW WEST POINT—VIEW FROM THE HUDSON RIVER, SHOWING THE FIRST GREAT MASS OF BUILDINGS NORTH OF THE RAILROAD STATION, CONSISTING OF THE POWER-HOUSE, THE RIDING HALL, AND THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WITH THE CHAPEL ON THE HILL IN THE DISTANCE

railways, besides surveying and developing, as engineers and presidents, other systems in the East. In 1878 the chief of engineers reported that his corps, together with other officers of the line, had surveyed and mapped forty thousand square miles of area, and more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand miles of routes, lines, and marches.

This leads to that work of the Corps

of Engineers—wholly composed of graduates—which was entirely of a civil character, and embraces the Lake Surveys; the Coast and Geodetic Survey, reorganized, and for twenty-four years superintended, by a graduate; the Surveys West of the One Hundredth Meridian; the river and harbor improvements of the United States; the control and building of the Panama



THE WEST SHORE RAILROAD STATION AND THE ELEVATOR



THE MEMORIAL ARCH, SPANNING THE APPROACH TO THE PARADE-GROUND, AND CONNECTING THE OLD AND NEW ACADEMIC BUILDINGS

Canal; the superintendency and construction of public buildings in Washington, including the wings and dome of the Capitol, and the Congressional Library; the rectification and completion of the Washington Monument; the construction of lighthouses, including the remarkable one of Minot's Ledge; besides many other works of survey and construction, of which the Chicago Canal is one of the most important. The disbursements of public funds for river and harbor work alone approximate six hundred million dollars, and if other civil and military works are included, the grand total will be not far from one thousand millions.

Half of the graduates in the first century of the Academy's existence entered civil life, and in the civil career alone their record shows nineteen per cent of distinguished success—far in

excess of that of any other institution in the land. In this record are to be found, out of the small total—fourteen judges; sixty chancellors, regents, and presidents of universities and colleges; eighty-seven presidents of railroads and corporations; seventy-four chief engineers; eight bank presidents; besides many high government officials.

THE DUTIES OF OUR ARMY

In considering the military requirements of the professional soldier of America, it is to be borne in mind that they involve many civil duties and responsibilities demanded by the operation of our political system and our military organization. Let us take the different corps in order, beginning with the most scientific.

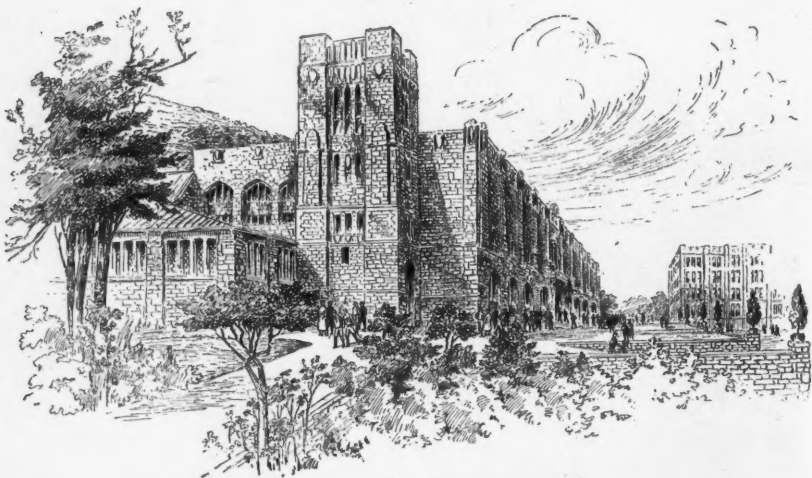
The Engineers.—The military functions of this corps include construction

of sea-coast and permanent fortifications; military docks and roads; construction and maintenance of railways for military purposes; bridges of all kinds; river and harbor engineering for war purposes; mines and countermines; siege works and approaches; field works; important military buildings; military surveys; water-supply.

tics; signaling; ordnance construction; ballistics; permanent fortification; submarine mines and electrics; elements of naval organization and armament.

Cavalry.—All of the foregoing for artillery, except explosives and the last five, plus practical military field engineering.

Infantry.—The same as cavalry, ex-



THE NEW GYMNASIUM

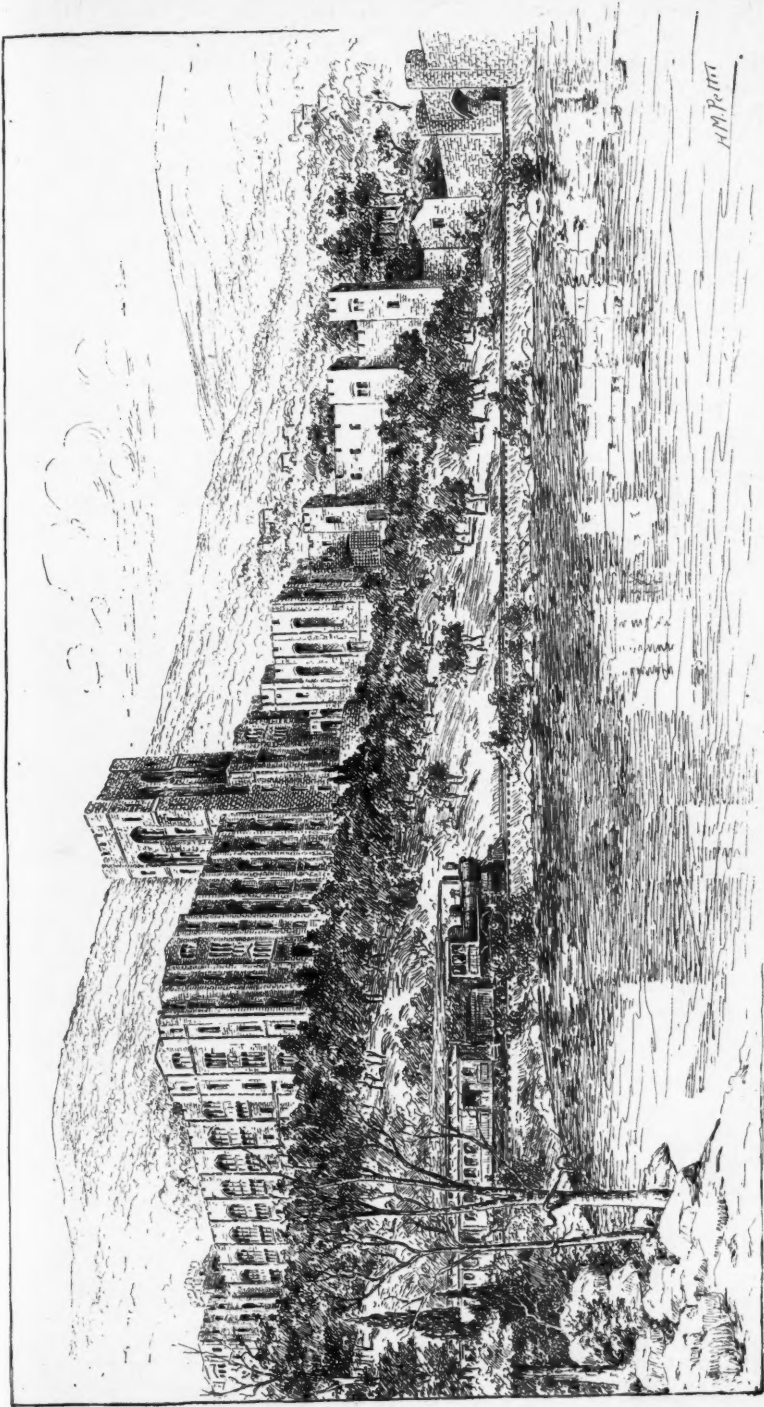
To the engineers also belong many branches of civil work incidental to military occupation, such as river and harbor construction; public buildings; sanitary engineering and drainage; railroads and highways; bridges; topographic surveys; lighthouses.

Ordnance Department.—The military functions of this corps include kinematics and mechanical engineering; ordnance construction; explosives and ballistics; theory of permanent and field fortifications; logistics; minor tactics; building construction.

Artillery Corps, Coast and Field.—Equitation; hippology; construction and use of small arms and horse-equipments; explosives; topographical reconnaissance; tactics of all arms; field fortification; military and constitutional law; military history and science of war; minor and grand tactics; logis-

cept equitation, hippology, and horse-equipments.

General Staff Corps.—Each of these demands special mental equipment of a varied character. The adjutant-general's and inspector-general's departments must know much concerning all corps of the army and their functions. The quartermaster's department is responsible for the manufacture of all kinds of military equipment; motor machinery; building construction; sanitary engineering; law of contracts; railway systems and their general management; steamships and transports; forage; clothing and its material. The commissary department is in charge of food-supply and associated matters. The signal corps must know electrics and telegraphy; mechanical construction; ballooning; military topography; and so forth.



THE QUARTERMASTER'S BUILDINGS—THESE ARE NEAR THE NORTHERN END OF THE RAILROAD TUNNEL, AND LOOK NORTHWARD UP THE HUDSON RIVER

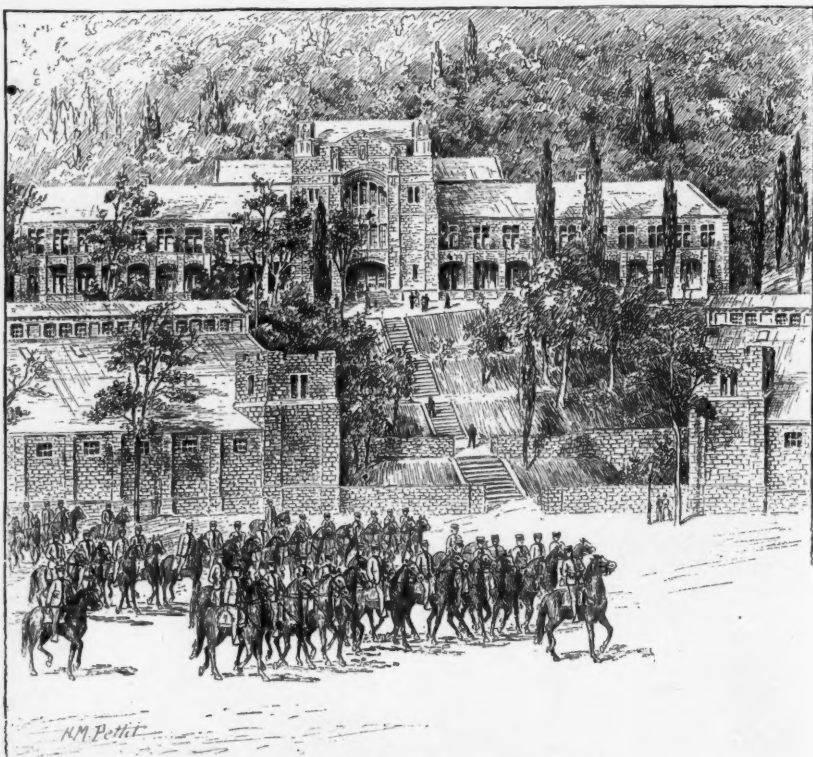
As in the case of the engineers, already cited, all corps have many and important civil functions incidental to their military duties. Our officers of the line and staff have been governors of provinces, mayors of cities, collectors of customs, school-commissioners, sanitary engineers, civil engineers, police commissioners, judges of courts, architects, superintendents of railroads, heads of departments of state, and even commanders of vessels.

So much for the duties of an educated soldier, for which the general military school at West Point must lay the foundation, leaving to the post-graduate schools of application the work of expert training in the details of practice. It needs no argument to show that the field for which the student must be prepared is wide and varied, and demands great application; and that the

institution that is to supply his instruction should be extensively equipped with the latest and best appliances.

THE COST OF WEST POINT

What has the Military Academy cost? For the first century of its life, a total of \$22,259,274—an average of \$222,592 annually, or \$5,401 per graduate. This sum of twenty-two millions was about the same as the cost of the army for one year before its enlargement after the Spanish War. For the six years ending June 30, 1908, the total for the regular expenses of the Academy was \$4,022,144, making the aggregate to that date \$26,281,418. Adding the total allotment for new buildings, and the special appropriation of \$300,000 for water-supply, the grand aggregate for one hundred and six years is \$33,781,418. This is about



THE ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY STABLES, WITH THE CAVALRY BARRACKS IN THE BACKGROUND—THESE BUILDINGS FACE THE ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY PLAIN, AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE WEST POINT RESERVATION

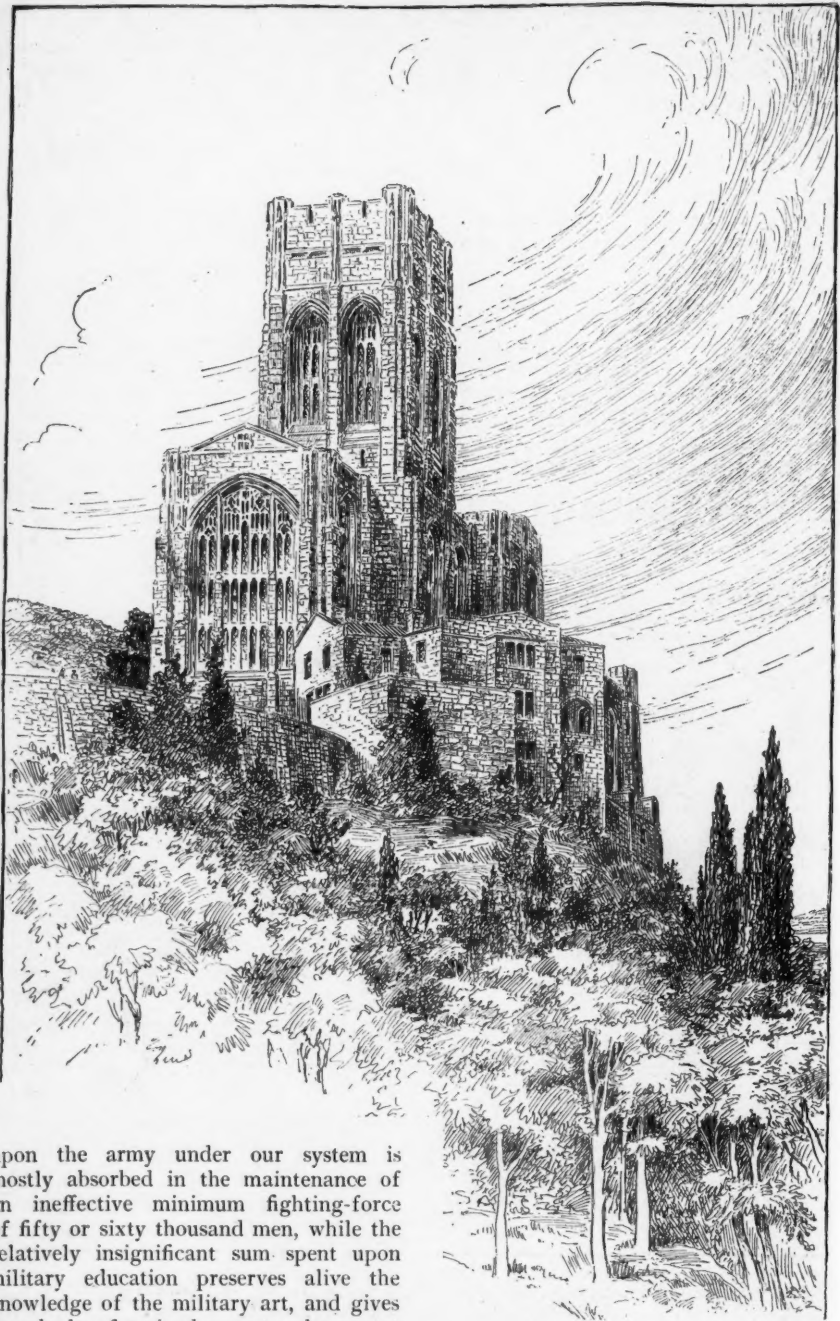


THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE ROADWAY THAT ASCENDS FROM THE RAILROAD STATION

one-third of the present annual cost of the regular army.

As regards the relative military value

of the expenditure in the two cases, it is to be observed that the outlay of hundreds and even thousands of millions



upon the army under our system is mostly absorbed in the maintenance of an ineffective minimum fighting-force of fifty or sixty thousand men, while the relatively insignificant sum spent upon military education preserves alive the knowledge of the military art, and gives us a body of trained experts who are at all times the organizers and directors of national defense. If it should be at any time a question as to which should be

THE CHAPEL, WHICH IS TO STAND HIGH ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE PARADE-GROUND

abolished—military education or a small standing army—there can be no doubt as to the survival of the former.

THE NEW WEST POINT

The improvements now in progress at the Military Academy were inaugurated

relative sentiment, and the enactment of appropriations. Then follow the architectural competition and selection, succeeded by an interval of study and preparation by the successful competitor. After this come the letting of contracts and the actual work of construction,



CADET HEADQUARTERS, WITH THE CHAPEL ON THE HILL IN THE DISTANCE

during the superintendency of Brigadier-General Albert L. Mills, and are being carried to completion by his successor, Colonel Hugh L. Scott. They include not only an architectural renewal, but a revision of the entire curriculum—both of which are undertakings of transcendent importance to the institution. The joint renovation involves infinite detail and immense labor. Since its inception, in 1899, it has covered a period of nine years of preparation and accomplishment, with an indefinite term of years remaining before completion.

Such a task is necessarily slow, for many reasons. There must first be the preliminary period of conception and study, involving the preparation of general plans and estimates. Next come the education of public and legis-

with the inevitable delays incident to failure of contracts, labor troubles, slow delivery of material, and so forth; together with the necessity of avoiding interference with the existing plant, which must be kept in full operation.

The first preliminary study, by direction of General Mills, was undertaken by me in 1899, on a basis of a minimum development. This was completed and soon discarded, and I was directed to prepare another report upon a scheme calculated to develop the plant to its maximum effective capacity. The plans and estimates of my second report called, under existing conditions in 1901, for an expenditure of six and a half millions of dollars. Through the active interest and cooperation of General Corbin, a delegation of the Military Committees of both houses was induced



LIEUTENANTS' QUARTERS—A ROW OF THESE BUILDINGS WILL STAND ON THE HILL ABOVE THE ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY PLAIN

to visit the Academy; and a demonstration of the scheme before this body resulted in a cordial acquiescence on the part of the legislators whose action was to be determinative.

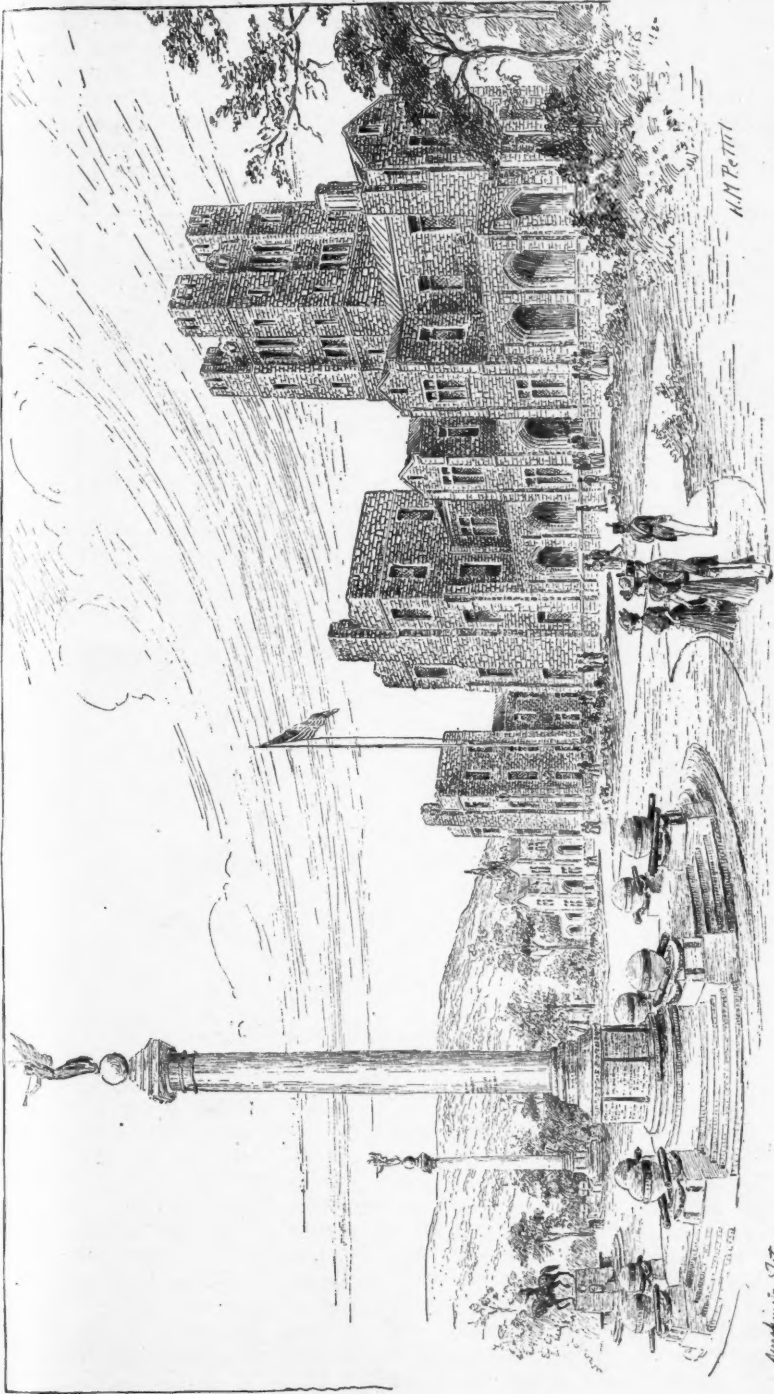
Later on, another demonstration before the Military Committee of the House of Representatives, backed by the unceasing activity of General Mills and the hearty cooperation of President Roosevelt and the Secretary of War, Mr. Root, secured that committee's unanimous approval. Congress, influenced by economic considerations, reduced the total by an arbitrary cut of a million dollars—which action it subsequently reversed by granting an ultimate increase, all told, of two millions.

The architectural competition included ten of the leading firms of America, and was won by Messrs. Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, of Boston, whose scheme—which in most essentials followed the general plan of the preliminary report—was based upon the English Tudor Gothic, already embodied in the principal buildings of the Academy. As soon as the acquiescence of Congress was secured, the superintendent, under the authority of

the Secretary of War, organized an advisory board composed of members of the academic board, to which have been referred, for criticism and report, the different plans and suggestions of the architects as they matured, as well as those of the engineer.

The administrative supervision of the building construction is in the hands of the quartermaster-general, while its executive control remains under the superintendent of the Academy; and the officer in charge of construction, representing both, is the quartermaster of the Academy, Major John M. Carson, who has shown marked intelligence and administrative ability in a position of much responsibility, difficulty, and labor.

It has been a difficult task to harmonize the various discordant buildings of other styles, which cannot be sacrificed, with the prevailing Tudor style; more especially as the topography of the site restricts the plan within confined limits. The architects have succeeded, however, in evolving a scheme which, when completed, will have both unity and coherence, and a picturesqueness unequalled on the continent. The

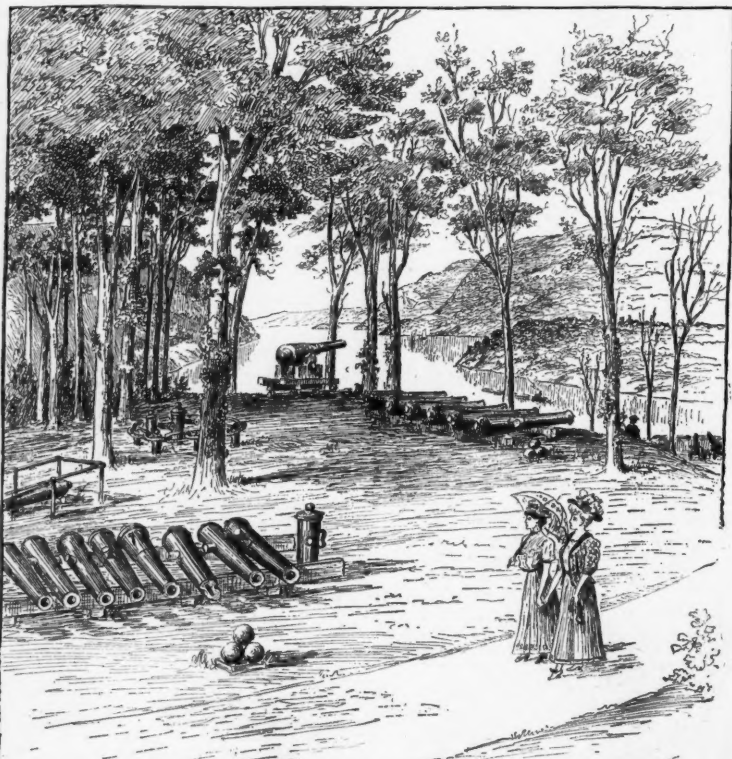


QUARTERS OF THE SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS STAFF, AND OF THE COMMANDANT OF CADETS—ON THE LEFT ARE THE WASHINGTON STATUE AND THE BATTLE MONUMENT

rugged, climbing masses of semi-medieval Gothic structures that scale the granite cliffs and rise in towering succession to their crowning feature, the cathedral-like chapel on Observatory Hill, will form a group of buildings in harmony with both their use and their environment, and worthy of the great institu-

are in, and the superstructure is in progress. The great Administration Building is well under way, as well as the new Bachelor Officers' Quarters. A great deal of grading has been done, and the new Cavalry and Artillery Plain will probably be ready for use this fall.

When the great work of renovation is



TROPHY POINT, LOOKING NORTHWARD UP THE HUDSON RIVER

tion they house. Although the topographical conditions, which afford only a narrow and irregular site, have presented a problem of great difficulty both in composition and structural handling, they offer a picturesqueness that compensates for all the trouble.

There are now completed the new Cadet Barracks, the Cavalry and Artillery Barracks, the Cavalry and Artillery Stables, the Power Plant for heat and light, and many sets of officers' quarters. The foundations of the new gymnasium

completed, the Military Academy of the United States will be by far the most splendidly equipped general military school in the world, as it is now the first in efficiency; and in the new Naval Academy the country already possesses the supremacy among naval schools. In these two institutions, together with the staff and service schools, the nation, under existing conditions, must find the chief sources of its military strength; for from them will come the men who "know how."



THE STORY OF THE BROKEN SARDONYX

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "THE ANGELS OF MESSER ERCOLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

THERE is a small coterie at "The Wayfarers," each man of which tries to "stay latest." On this particular evening some one had let drop the word "superstition," and Bourne had blown a cloud of smoke and said:

"Mighty useful term. If I made a dictionary I'd define it: 'The religion of the other fellow.'"

Farnham's guest, a tall, dark man who had listened most of the evening, smiled and took the pipe from his mouth.

"I wonder if an experience of mine would bore you," he said.

Naturally, there was a polite chorus of disclaimers.

"It's apropos, and it has meant a good deal to me. I take it none of you is interested in engraved gems?" and then, as we doubtless looked our ignorance, he went on: "Few are, in these days; in fact, it's rather surprising how many really cultured men hardly know that such things exist. To me they are the most absorbing branch of archeology. More than any other, they bring us close to the individual and his thoughts. Primarily the signets that every man with any property or interests had to have,

they represent, in miniature, all the art, the religion, the tastes, and the life of antiquity."

"But where do you get such things?" asked Perrine.

"Everywhere," said Scott. "Think how many there must have been, and how comparatively indestructible they are. Hundreds are dug up every year. Peasants find them. They get into the antiquity-shops in every foreign city, and more than you'd imagine find their way over here. So much for preface. Now for the story;" and this is what he told us in a New York club, in the twentieth century, while we sat back comfortably and smoked, and never a man smiled.

II

ABOUT five years ago I spent more or less of a week, here in New York, wandering around the different foreign quarters, and mousing in little jewelry-shops. One never knows what may be there, especially in the rubbish-tray, full of broken, base-metal ornaments, cheap stones, bits of glass, and the like, that a small jeweler generally keeps in the drawer of his work-table.



I GAVE A LITTLE GASP OF SURPRISE AND PLEASURE

This particular fellow happened to be a Sicilian, and his place isn't very far from Mulberry Bend. I drifted in, lounged across his old show-case, and started a conversation. There's no trouble about that with a Sicilian, even if you don't speak Italian very well. They're generally polite, and they'd all rather talk than eat—which is fortunate for them, when they're in Sicily. I suppose it's a case of evolution and the survival of the fittest.

Well, my Sicilian rattled along, and I threw in an occasional remark when I caught his drift, working round gradually to the rubbish-drawer. Out it came at last, with the usual apologies, both verbal and in pantomime. Then I gave a little gasp of surprise and pleasure; and yet I'm not at all sure it was just those alone. You may laugh, if you please, but the instant that drawer was pulled open, and before I saw a thing in it, a curious sense of exultation went through me. A few seconds later, when it lay on the show-case and I had glanced at its contents, the definite note of surprise and joy was struck.

Of course, there was the usual mess of hopeless vulgarities and broken odds and ends; but amid it all lay an object upon which I pounced with an unguarded eagerness that might have cost me many dollars had not my Sicilian

been a gentleman, with perhaps a strain of Saracen or Norman blood in his veins to redeem the degenerate Greek.

My find was a sardonyx scaraboid, a beautiful stone, but somewhat calcined by fire, and with the upper left-hand corner broken off. It was the peculiar quality of the workmanship on the intaglio, however, that had carried me away. The long yet broad and soft strokes of flat cutting instruments, handled with the perfection of technical skill; the lack of polish in the interior of the design; the simple grace of its composition, and the admirable drawing of the two figures—all these things convinced me that I had here a Greek gem of the best period, somewhere along the latter half of the fifth century before the Christian era.

"What do you want for this?" I asked, struggling hard to get the indifference of the bargainer into my voice.

The jeweler looked at me and smiled. Then he picked up the stone and examined it.

"It is good work," he said, "but broken. I have had it many years, and no one has wanted it. Therefore I shall not make you pay what I might. Is a dollar fair?"

"It is more than fair," I exclaimed. "I'll make it two, if only to show that I appreciate."

He bowed and laughed and threw out his hands; and so, a few minutes later, I went away with the broken sardonyx in my pocket.

Well, I don't know that I can make you men realize the delight of such an acquisition. All methods of conveyance seemed too slow to bring me to my

caduceus and a purse. The line of breakage ran diagonally, directly above his head and thence down, leaving only the lower half of the left-hand figure, a draped female. In the exergue, beneath the line on which they stood, were three Greek letters—a *gamma*, an *epsilon*, and a *lambda*, reversed so as to



I FOUND MYSELF CONFRONTED BY THREE ROUGH-LOOKING FELLOWS

hotel, where I could examine and study it. Once there, with the gem under my glass, every point added to an enthusiasm which I had never known before, and which even I found it hard to understand.

The design had consisted of two figures facing each other. One was complete—a Hermes, nude and posed with infinite grace, bearing his attributes, a

read correctly in an impression. These were evidently the first letters of the owner's name; and then I found a very small, sketchily cut *phi*, behind the draped figure and close to the break. Here was the beginning of the artist's signature running up the side, showing, from the mere fact of signature, that he was, as I had well divined, one of the masters of his craft. The rest was



CLASPING THE CASKET IN MY ARMS, I FAIRLY PLUNGED
DOWN INTO THE FIELD

gone—lost forever. Perhaps I might some day venture one of those guesses that add their charm to such studies; but to know positively—that is the summit of bliss, and alas, it could not well be hoped for.

I had the scaraboid set as a watch-fob, and from the moment I began to wear it I became conscious of a curious influence. Perhaps I should best define it as a sort of vague restlessness, asserting itself at all times when the stress of absorbing thought or occupation slackened enough to leave my mind in the least receptive. I laid it to physical causes, then, in so far as I laid it to anything; but that was only after its

continuance for a week or so had gradually forced the condition upon my notice.

At night, curiously enough, I slept dreamlessly and well, but for a long time it never occurred to me to connect this with the absence of the sardonix. It was only my days that were full of jumbled dreams.

If I had examined it once, I had done so a hundred times, and with magnifying glasses of varied powers. It was easy enough to imagine a completed design, but impossible to verify my imagination. The draped female figure might be any of half a dozen. The intaglio was of a period when the artistic spirit had begun to displace the more archaic tendency to fill the space with the picture at all costs; nevertheless, much of that spirit remained, and I felt sure that even the part of the stone that had been above the head of the Hermes could hardly have been empty.

One day, when I was in New York again, I went to my Sicilian in the little jewelry-shop and pleaded with him for any scrap of knowledge or remembrance he might have. Doubtless my tones expressed an agitation altogether out of keeping with the subject, for he eyed me curiously, and his low, broad brow wrinkled in deep, horizontal lines to his thick hair.

He had brought the stone with him twenty years ago, when he had come to America from Sciacca, in southwestern Sicily. It had been given him, as luck-bringing, by a man from Girgenti, to whom he had been of some slight service. The man said he had found it there. As for the luck—well, he had carried it for several years without any apparent effect—rather the reverse. Since then it had kicked about among his slender possessions, and my two dol-

lars was the only good fortune it had ever brought.

Ah, how he had longed for Sicily through those first years! He had dreamed of it each night—the broad plains of growing grain and grasses, always with a thick clump of carob-trees in the midst and a city perched on a rocky height. Now he had become reconciled; he was a good American who ate meat every day, and never thought of returning. For a visit? Why, were not his family here, and all his friends who had not died or forgotten him? And there was always the sickness of the sea!

It was not much knowledge that I went away with, you will say; and yet to me it seemed much. We are very imaginative, we who love archeology from its romantic side, as the drawings of the restorationists prove. It was probable—almost certain—that my gem had been found at or near Girgenti, the ancient Akragas, second richest and greatest city of Hellenic Sicily—a community worthy to have had among its citizens the owner of such a work of art. As for my Sicilian's homesickness, and the plains and the carobs and the city of which he had dreamed during the years when he wore the gem, the homesickness was natural enough, and the scene, doubtless, far from unique. Perhaps it was only some recollection that pictured it—you see, I am not above commonplace explanations of things; and then a thought flashed through my mind.

My broken scaraboid showed also, as I have said, the calcined appearance that fire gives the sardonyx. It was a work of the fifth century—probably of the latter half; and in the year 406 B.C. Akragas was taken and burned by Himilco with his Carthaginian hordes. What more likely than that he whose seal it was fell in the sack, and that the stone took its blemishes amid the crashing walls and the flames of the stricken city.

III

I CANNOT say exactly when the power that drew me toward Girgenti first made itself definite to my consciousness. It was all so gradual—or, at least, I think

it was; and then, too, Sicily had always been one of the spots I had wanted to visit. That Sicily, however, should come to mean to me Girgenti, and Girgenti alone, was a little curious. What I expected, what I could have expected, I do not know, but to go had become an overmastering necessity.

Fortune, if you please, favored me. Six months later began my Sabbatical year—perhaps you have not recognized me as a professor of Greek. I was free from the grind of the class-room. I expected to spend the time studiously, to be sure, but I was free! Ah, it would be studies of my own choosing that I would follow!

Less than three weeks had passed when the train from Palermo landed me in Girgenti, and my plump, good-natured host of the Pensione Belvedere ensconced me in a tile-floored room with its little balcony hanging over the plain that stretched away southward to the sea. There I sat and smoked far into the night, watching the starlight playing among the shadows below and flashing now and again from a wave-crest in the distance.

With morning, the panorama of what was once a city lay spread out before me. Could Himilco have desired more? Shrunken into the ancient citadel upon the hill, the Girgenti of to-day clustered above; but far down over all the plain, where once stood Akragas, the rich, the mighty, there now lay only pastures and corn-fields and olive-orchards, with here and there the peristyle of a ruined temple standing, ghost-like, amid the rural solitude. I pondered how Antisthenes, on the marriage of his daughter, had feasted all the citizens in the street where he lived—one of those streets now unmarked and silent save for the buzz of the locust. I thought of Gellias and his wine-cellars with their three hundred cisterns cut from the solid rock, each holding its hundred amphoras; Gellias—

Suddenly a wild fancy flashed upon me. There, on my scaraboid, were cut the first three letters of its owner's name—G, E, L. Could it be that I had the signet of the rich merchant, the witty politician—of that Gellias who had died in the temple of Athene on the night of

the Carthaginian massacre, twenty-three hundred years ago? It was worthy of his wealth and taste, the dates of the gem and of the man were as one, and those discolorations might well have been burned in when his body was consumed in the flames of the blazing temple.

I almost cried out as my dream gathered headway. Every point of evidence reached toward the same conclusion, and, above all, I *felt* its truth in the sense of repose that replaced my mental disturbance.

For a week or more I wandered about the country, sketching, measuring ruins, and taking notes of things archeological. Then I had an adventure, the bearing of which you shall judge.

I had strolled westward, across the dry bed of the ancient Hypsas—the stream that had once been bridged by the Ponte dei Morti—up the rising ground where had lain the necropolis of the city, and on into the country beyond. It was a lovely region with widely scattered farmhouses.

Suddenly, as if springing from the earth itself, I found myself confronted by three rough-looking fellows whose bold eyes, worn velvet jackets, and rakishly set skull-caps brought vividly to my mind old tales of Sicilian brigandage—tales which I had been led to believe were indeed of times past. Still, I could not but recall the Berber stock and the bad repute of the people of the district—the *mala gente* of Girgenti, as the Sicilians pun it—and I blamed myself, when too late, for my careless and solitary rambling.

Of their purpose I was not left long in doubt. The demand for money was couched in terms that were plainly threatening. There was nothing to do but to keep my nerve and my temper, and carry off the situation as well as might be. I pulled some coppers from my pocket—luckily all I had—and said, in such Italian as I could command:

"You're welcome to my money, if you want it; but I should think you gentlemen would know better than to ask such a thing from a poor foreign student. If you were sensible you would, instead, do me the honor of sharing my lunch."

As I spoke, I showed the package

which my host of the Belvedere had put up—bread, meat, cheese, hard-boiled eggs, and a bottle of red wine.

Well, my footpads looked surprised enough. They glanced at the coppers, at the package, and at my smiling face. Then the grace of manner that one finds in most Italians, even of the lowest class, showed itself. The traditions of gentlemanly brigandage triumphed in its degenerate scions. They laughed—a bit constrainedly, I thought—but they accepted my invitation politely, and, as we ate and drank together, good fellowship soon established itself.

I have seldom dined or lunched my most civilized friends with greater satisfaction. Fortunately, my *padrone* always persisted in giving me enough for four men, despite my repeated protests at the size and weight of his lunch packages. Now, I blessed him for his stubbornly generous estimate of my capacity. Black Italian cigars with straws through them, cut in lengths, by the yard or thereabouts, ended our feast; and at last my guests rose to go. We shook hands warmly. The question of the coppers was ignored all around; and then my eyes fell upon a small bit of colored stone that one of my new friends wore suspended from a string about his neck.

Why I had not noticed it before I cannot imagine, for it was plainly in view, as all such charms must be to avail against the evil eye. Perhaps my absorption in the situation and in the personality of urbane brigandage had been too complete, but now I saw, and, as if by intuition, I knew.

The quick eyes of the Sicilian had followed mine, and his brain divined some unusual interest. In an instant he had slipped the string from his neck and held it out to me.

"The *signor* is pleased with the stone?" he said, with a manner no drawing-room could duplicate. "It is of great age, and even the fragment of the picture it holds will keep evil from him. It is his!"

Mechanically, I took it. A single glance, and my mind had fitted every inequality of the breakage, every line of the striations, with those of my Hermes. And the upper part of the female figure! It was there indeed, a Victory,

bearing a palm-branch over her shoulder. Her right arm was raised and extended, and her hand held a chaplet, as if to place it upon the head of the god of commerce—a fitting subject for the signet of a successful merchant. That naught should be lacking, there, too, in minute Greek letters, along the side, was the rest of the artist's signature—"Phrygillos epoici"—"Phrygillos made me."

To say that I was dazed is to say nothing. I was conscious that the donor was looking at me with a little surprise to see how his trivial gift had overwhelmed the foreigner; but my explanation was ready. I drew my larger fragment from my pocket, fitted the two together, and held it out to him.

"See, now, what you have done for me!" I said.

One by one, with amazement deepening in their dark faces, the men examined the completed design.

"It is true," said my friend. "The *signor* is most happy, and I, to have brought him fortune. It is the Holy Virgin crowning the Lord Christ!"

I did not smile at this truly medieval interpretation of the picture, but I got my scattered senses together enough to thank him for his gift—thanks which he waved gravely aside.

"It is a pleasure," he said; and then, with awakening presence of mind, and almost trembling lest he should know nothing, I asked if he could tell me where his piece had been found.

Assuredly. Did the *signor* know the bases of ancient columns built into the wall of a low passage behind the church of Santa Maria dei Greci? The stone had been given him for a couple of soldi by a child, the daughter of a former custodian—for it was years ago. She had found it, she said, in the passage—had picked it out from between the stones of the flagging.

A wild exultation surged over me. My story was complete, as was my gem. I could only mumble repeated thanks. I never thought of offering to meet this gentleman again when I had money with me. Perhaps he would have taken it, perhaps he would have knifed me—I don't know; but, as it turned out, I'm glad I didn't. A moment later, they had

bade me adieu, and I saw them swing off and disappear over the hilltop.

IV

WHAT with all these happenings, the day had drifted on. You do not bother much about mere time, when you are in Sicily. The centuries behind are so stupendous and so full that the hour ahead seems as nothing; and so I lit my pipe and leaned back against some old bit of masonry, with my hands clasped behind my head. There I sat and smoked, dreaming, with a queer sense of peaceful exultation pervading my whole being. To you who are Americans, and in New York, "peaceful exultation" may be an odd combining of words; but somehow, with that gem in my pocket, my future seemed sure and fortunate. I had only to follow the inclination of each moment, the promptings of fate, and be happy.

At last I became conscious that the shadows were lengthening, the sun dropping fast toward the horizon. I rose, still dreaming, gloriously indifferent, and walked.

Were I to live a thousand years I might never be able to tell you why I did not walk toward Girgenti, where I could see the balcony of my room hanging out over the valley. Were we all living two thousand years ago, possibly I might. You may call it what you please. "Luck" is the readiest word, and, if you will pardon me, the most illogical.

I walked toward the plain of the ancient city, back by the Bridge of the Dead, and across the fields southward of the little Gothic church of San Nicolo and the absurdly named Oratory of Phalaris. Suddenly my feet grew heavy. They seemed rooted to the ground, like those of some fleeing nymph whom the protecting god would turn into a tree. I looked around me with a dull sense of wonder.

All about lay broad stretches of growing grain. Above sat Girgenti, perched upon the rocky heights of the old citadel. Straight before me was a thick clump of gnarled and twisted carob-trees that seemed to have their roots in the stylobate of some temple or the ruins of an ancient house. Then my feet felt loose again, and I went straight forward. I

clambered up the low mound, into the thicket of trunks—why? I cannot explain.

At last I stopped short, panting from the exertion, and my eyes fell to where the roots of the largest tree twined in and out among the stones, pushing them this way and that. One of these had been but recently forced from its place, and had rolled several feet down the declivity. The earth was freshly turned, and, thrusting up from it, I saw a sharp corner of bronze, green with oxidation.

In an instant I was on my knees, tearing away soil and roots like a dog; the next, I held in my hand a bronze casket, measuring perhaps twelve inches by eight by five, and very heavy.

I knew there was nothing more there. I never returned to the place, but I *knew*; and, clasping the casket in my arms, I fairly plunged down into the field and ran.

It was dark now, fortunately for me, and the goats and asses and painted carts had all been stabled. Otherwise I fear I should have met peasants, and a *forestiere* running madly up hill with a big bronze box would have excited more than attention and comment. As it was, I gained my hotel and my room, and threw myself, exhausted, upon the bed. Dinner-time was long past, but I wanted no food.

With returning strength and composure, I drew out my box from under the bed, where I had hastily thrust it. One more surprise was in store for me, if I can truly call any of these experiences surprises. A lump of some substance that looked like clay clung to the hasp; and, when I brought the lamp close, I saw the impression of that same signet whose broken fragments lay in my pocket.

Gentlemen, I am not a rich man, but I have enough to live on and to gratify a few archeological tastes that are not altogether inexpensive. That box was not a large one, but when I tell you that the Louvre paid me forty thousand francs for a small figure of Pallas in gold, and the Metropolitan Museum many times as much for a few pieces which, on the score of international complications, I shall not describe, you will understand that I had fallen upon the

choicest art treasures of a cultured and wealthy man of cultured times. It is pretty safe to say that few finds among the remains of antiquity have yielded in equal measure.

V

THE professor sat silent. So did we, viewing him, I imagine, with varied feelings, the expression of some of which politeness no doubt restrained. At last Perrine spoke—rather inconsequently, I thought.

"How about the Italian government? Didn't you have trouble getting the things out of the country?"

"No trouble, but some anxiety," said Scott. "The slender baggage of a man like me is not generally examined closely, and I did not even have to lie. Italy has taken so much out of Sicily from the days of Verres down that I felt few scruples; and then it seemed to me that my friend, Gellias, might have intended me to be his beneficiary. I don't know."

"Did you ever hear of your brigands again?" asked Bourne.

Professor Scott smoked a moment in silence.

"A few days later," he said, "I was fortunate enough to get the fellow who gave me the missing fragment out of the hands of the police. It did not cost much. If the *carabinieri* had got him, it might have been difficult. They don't bribe. I can't say what he'd done, but he was a gentleman, and I owed him something. He called on me last year, kissed my hand, and said he was doing very well, manufacturing spaghetti in Brooklyn."

"Do you mean to tell us," queried Farnham, after another pause, "that you really believe in the occult side of all this business?"

"Occult? No," said the professor slowly, "not as you mean it; but there may be a few natural laws that you and I and our contemporaries have not quite got to the bottom of yet. I've merely told you how Victory crowned Hermes, who, among his other provinces, as you may know, was the god of dreams and the patron of those who seek for hidden treasure; all of which may or may not be material."

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

BY WILLIAM HARD

THE American people are to-day witnessing the accomplishment of a national enterprise more difficult than the war with Spain, more important than the Panama Canal. They are standing on the very verge of the consummation of one of the most heroic and spectacular victories ever won by civilized man over the forces of nature.

In the course of a battle of sixty years, the Great American Desert, which once stretched its huge bulk all the way from Arkansas to Oregon and from southern California to North Dakota, has been attacked, defeated, routed, dispersed into fragments. It has become a myth. It has gone to the limbo of forgotten things, along with the sea-serpents which the old geographers used to depict sunning themselves on the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean. All that is left to-day of what our ancestors called the Great American Desert is a series of scattered pieces, widely distributed and widely separated, which show on the map like the severed limbs of a slain dragon.

It is difficult to-day to realize that when our ancestors looked west across the Mississippi and the Missouri, they thought they were looking at a desert. It is difficult to realize that where we see, on our present-day maps, such words as "Nebraska," "Oklahoma," "Denver," "Salt Lake City," "Spokane," and "Fargo," our ancestors saw, on their maps, in big forbidding type, the words "Great American Desert."

Seventeen million people live to-day in the nineteen States and Territories included wholly or partially in the Great American Desert of the early part of the last century. It is a population almost exactly equal to the total population of the United States in 1840. It is a

population almost half as large as that of contemporary France.

These nineteen States and Territories were conceded by many of our wisest ancestors to the dried prairie-grass, the thorny cactus, the gnarled mesquit, the broken rocks, and flying sands of the desert. To-day they contain four hundred million acres of enclosed farmland, which is almost half the total farm acreage of the United States.

These nineteen States and Territories were once given over to the buffalo and the antelope. They now feed seventy million domesticated animals.

When the schoolboy of the early years of the last century looked at the maps in his "geography-book," he saw the words "Great American Desert" staring him in the face and dissuading him from all thoughts of ever finding anything west of the Missouri except excitement and adventure. And when this schoolboy grew to be a man he carried his childhood recollections with him. He was inclined to feel as Senator McDuffie, of South Carolina, felt, just about sixty years ago, when he expressed his scorn for what are now the States of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, by saying: "I would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory."

This was, indeed, the general attitude, only sixty years ago, toward a land where, since that time, in place of the tracks of the buffalo and the antelope, we have constructed eighty thousand miles of steel tracks for the iron horse of modern industry.

THE CHANGES OF SIXTY YEARS

The magnitude of this miracle can be understood only by illustration and comparison. Suppose that this evening, after the children had gone to bed, you

were to pick up the school geography they had brought home with them. Suppose you were to turn the pages till you came to the map of Africa. Suppose, then, that on that map, in the part of it devoted to the Sahara Desert, in the very middle of that part, you were to discover a city entered by eight railroads, possessed of twenty-five miles of asphalted streets, producing manufactured products to the annual value of fifty million dollars, and boasting of a population of one hundred and fifty thousand people of European descent—not Africans or Arabs, but white men!

You would regard that city as a creation of magic. But in America that city is called Denver. Denver stands very near the middle of what our ancestors regarded as the irreclaimable expanse of the Great American Desert. And old Zebulon Pike, who toiled through Nebraska and Colorado a hundred years ago on his way to discover Pike's Peak, would look at the city in the Sahara with less surprise, perhaps, than he would evidence if he were permitted to see the Denver of to-day.

And Denver is only an illustration, an incident, a symbol.

In 1893 the Great American Desert, on behalf of that part of it which lies within the State of Idaho, came to the World's Fair at Chicago with twenty-four different varieties of apples. In 1900 desert lands in the San Bernardino Valley, in southern California, were bearing oranges. In 1870 they had been bearing sage-brush and mesquit. In 1900 they were selling at more than a thousand dollars an acre. In 1870 they had sold at perhaps seventy-five cents. Our most famous variety of potato, the Greeley potato, comes from what was part of the desert, in Colorado, only thirty years ago. Our most famous melon, the Rocky Ford melon, comes from a similar district in the same State. The most expensive agricultural land in the whole United States to-day must be credited to the Great American Desert.

How were such wonders accomplished? How was a desert taught to bear all manner of fruits, all manner of vegetables, all manner of grains? How was a desert transfixed with eighty thousand miles of steel rails? How was a desert

made the home of seventeen million people?

The answer to these questions forms a stirring drama, or, rather, a thrilling melodrama, every act of which is filled with scenes of adventure, of heroism, of blood, of tears, of devotion, of triumph. In this year 1908 it is instructive and inspiring to the American citizen to look back over such episodes, and to draw enthusiasm and confidence from them for the days that are yet to come. The conquest of the Great American Desert is perhaps the greatest achievement in American history, and the details of that conquest have an interest that is patriotic as well as picturesque.

SOME MISTAKEN PREDICTIONS

The curtain went up on the first act when, in 1803, President Jefferson, by purchasing the Louisiana Territory from Napoleon, stretched the Constitution of the United States till it cracked, and also stretched the United States itself from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. Jefferson then thought that he had gone far enough. He thought that the aridity of the desert and the altitude of the mountains of the West would furnish the United States with an excellent and a permanent western boundary. He thought that the Pacific Coast would some day be occupied and settled by white men, but he did not think that it would ever be part of the great republic of which he was the chief magistrate.

In a letter to John Jacob Astor, in 1812, the great Virginian looked forward to a time when on the Pacific Coast there would be a "free and independent America, unconnected with us except by ties of blood and interest, and employing, like us, the rights of self-government."

It was a curious sentiment, based entirely upon the fact that Jefferson thought he saw a mighty desert stretching between him and the Pacific Coast, and rendering the governmental union of the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans forever impossible.

Tracy, of New York, in the House of Representatives ten years later, still held to this point of view. "Nature," he said, "has fixed limits for our nation. She has kindly provided, as our western barrier, mountains almost inaccessible,

whose base she has skirted with irreclaimable deserts."

The great Senator Benton, of Missouri, though close to actual Western conditions, was equally under the spell of the desert. "This republic," he said, "should have limits. On the west, the ridge of the Rocky Mountains may be named without offense as presenting a convenient and natural everlasting boundary. Along this ridge the western limit of the republic should be drawn, and the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be erected on its highest peak, never to be overthrown."

But Jefferson, Tracy, and Benton were statesmen. They spent most of their time on platforms and in committee-rooms. Perhaps the travelers, adventurers, and explorers who went out into the Western country came to a different conclusion. We shall see.

There was plenty of traveling, adventuring, and exploring in those days, in that first act of the drama, in the years between the Louisiana Purchase and the Civil War. Real agricultural settlement on a large scale did not begin till after the war. The earlier period was devoted to other things.

Those were the days when our trappers and hunters used to fight the trappers and hunters of England out in the Oregon Territory, and when these sons of the desert used to foregather, from incredible distances, at Jackson's Hole in the Tetons in Wyoming, and at Ogden's Hole near the Great Salt Lake in Utah. Those were the days when Ashley dragged cannon with him to Utah to defend his post. Those were the days when men died because of too little water on the Santa Fé trail, and died because of too much snow on the Oregon trail. Those were the days when we went to California, not to found homes, but to discover gold.

It was a time of romance, of vague aspirations, of battles with Indians, of battles with Mexicans, of heart-breaking searches for gold, but not, generally speaking, of that settlement of farmers and their families on which alone a real State can be erected. And the reason can be read in the character given to the country at the time by competent men who had seen it with their own eyes.

When Zebulon Pike came back from discovering Pike's Peak, he expressed his opinion of the Western prairies as follows:

These vast plains may come in time to be as celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa. But there arises from them one advantage to the United States—namely, the restriction of our population to some certain limits, and thereby a continuance of the Union. Our citizens, though so prone to rambling and extending themselves on the frontier, will, of necessity, be constrained to limit their extension on the west to the boundaries of the Missouri and the Mississippi, while they leave the prairies, incapable of cultivation, to the wandering and uncivilized aborigines of the country.

Opinions of this kind, drawn from the early years of the nineteenth century, might be multiplied to the dimensions of a whole issue of this magazine.

Major Long, for instance, after exploring the Platte Valley, and after camping on the site of Denver, about the year 1820, said:

In regard to this extensive section of the country we do not hesitate to give the opinion that it is almost wholly unfit for cultivation, and, of course, uninhabitable by a people dependent upon agriculture for subsistence. This region, viewed as a frontier, however, may prove of infinite value to the United States, inasmuch as it is calculated to serve as a barrier to prevent too great an extension of our population, and to secure us from the machinations of an enemy who might otherwise be disposed to annoy us in this quarter.

No wise man who has read even a few pages of human history will ever make pessimistic prophecies as to the future accomplishments of the human race. It is much safer to be optimistic; and in particular it is a good rule to go even beyond what you think is possible when you are painting the future of the western part of the United States. If you are tempted to do otherwise, just reread the remarks of Zebulon Pike and of Major Long, and then remember that in the year 1905, in that small part of the Great American Desert which lies within the State of Nebraska, there were two and a half million acres of wheat and eight million acres of corn.

Nevertheless, in the period before the

Civil War, there was just one—only one—great agricultural feat performed in the region west of the Missouri River. And that feat must be credited to a religious sect which has been the cause of much worry to the other inhabitants of this country.

THE BEGINNING OF IRRIGATION

In the year 1847, the Mormon settlers of Utah, having wearily but heroically traversed the Great American Desert with seventy-two wagons, one hundred horses, fifty mules and oxen, nineteen cows, and a few chickens, turned the waters of City Creek from their original channel and diverted them in part to the thirsty, alkaline soil which they regarded as their "promised land." In doing this they introduced the art of irrigation to the English-speaking race. It was a historic moment.

The United States government is today working on twenty-five irrigation projects, on which the gigantic sum of sixty million dollars will be expended. Irrigation has become one of the vertebræ in the backbone of the prosperity of this country. But to the impoverished and harassed wanderers of the Mormon Church, under the leadership of that strange captain of industry, Brigham Young, will always belong the honor of having first brought the fertile soil of the desert into contact with the fertilizing waters of the desert streams.

It was a policy which more than repaid the people who adopted it. When Utah was admitted to the Union, in 1896, it had almost twenty thousand farms, and only about two thousand of these were encumbered with mortgages.

Most people, however, not being driven out into the desert by their religion, were not quite so enthusiastic about it. Farmers who had been accustomed to such outdoor prospects as those of Ohio took one look at the treeless plains beyond the Missouri and said:

"Land that won't grow trees won't grow anything."

That was an agricultural superstition that had to be overcome. And as for the greatest of the rivers of the desert, the common opinion was pretty well expressed by the river pilot who said:

"The Missouri is the last river in

God's creation. When the Almighty finished making all the other rivers, He took the slops and made the Missouri."

The Civil War was the intermission between the first and second acts of the conquest of the desert.

With the opening of the second act there came the real deluge of immigration. Within twenty years after the conclusion of the war, the population of Nebraska rose from twenty-eight thousand to half a million; the population of Kansas from one hundred thousand to a million; the population of the Dakotas from five thousand to one hundred and forty thousand.

THE RUSH FOR HOMESTEADS

Many of the heroes of the Civil War, released from their regiments, became heroes of the plains. They were looking not so much for gold, or for adventure, as for homes. Congress gave the railroads more than one hundred million acres of public land in order to encourage them to build the cars and locomotives and tracks that would carry the settlers to their homes. In 1869, near Ogden, Utah, within a short distance from the famous rendezvous of the early trappers, the last spikes were driven home in the ties of the railroad that linked the Missouri with San Francisco Bay. It was a time of big doings and of bigger imaginings. Every hamlet saw itself a metropolis.

"How can a town like this support four papers?" said a visitor.

"Why, stranger," replied a citizen, "it takes four papers to support the town!"

The modern American science of advertising owes something to the West. So does the modern American faculty for doing things fast.

In the space of thirty-seven years—from 1862 to 1899—the farmers of western America took up government land to the extent of one hundred and seventy million acres. This means nothing till it is translated; but being translated, it means an area of nearly two hundred and seventy thousand square miles—almost as much as Germany and Italy put together.

That was the pace. The Great American Desert was melting away like snow.

Large sections of it were found to be as fertile as Illinois. The sterility of these sections was a myth. They looked sterile; they deceived the explorer; but when they were questioned by the plow of the farmer they returned an answer in harvests that astonished the world.

The typical scene of this period took place on April 22, 1889. On that day, at the sound of the bugle, fifty thousand "boomers" sprinted across the Oklahoma line. Before night the town of Guthrie had a population of ten thousand souls.

During this period irrigation began in earnest. The eastern part of the Great American Desert needed only courage. The western part needed water; and in order to get water it was necessary to build ditches, flumes, dams, reservoirs. The settlers fought against the idea of irrigation as long as they could. They preferred to get water some other way. They thought they could precipitate rain from the sky by artificial means. The Agricultural Department spent several thousand dollars discharging powerful explosives at high elevations. The result was a big noise, but not much rain. One of the Western railways discovered a rain-wizard and carried him over its line in a special car, promising showers on regular schedule time. This plan, also, turned out to be only a big noise.

VAST MODERN IRRIGATION WORKS

At last it came to be perfectly clear that the only feasible way of getting water, in the contemporary state of scientific knowledge, was to take it from either the surface or the subsurface of the earth. The activity which followed on this conclusion was shown in 1899 by the fact that there were then more than seven million acres of irrigated land in the United States, while in 1870 there had been only twenty thousand such acres. And to-day the United States government irrigation-works alone have more than six million acres in prospect of reclamation. The irrigator is the last figure in the disappearance of the Great American Desert, just as the trapper was the first.

The desert, as a whole, has ceased to be an obstacle to civilization. It exists

to-day only in fragments. It has been pounded into pieces. If you look for it on the official maps of the United States, you will see one piece of it still recognized as the Salt Lake Desert, just south-west of the Great Salt Lake, and another piece still recognized as the Colorado and Mohave deserts in southern California. These are the two largest pieces on the maps of to-day; and, together, they do not cover one per cent of the area once labeled with the terrifying phrase, "Great American Desert."

Along with this penetration and dispersion of the desert there has come a totally new view of its soil and climate. There are many parts of it which, because of a lack of water, cannot to-day be cultivated; but there are very few parts which, in themselves, are sterile. The old explorers and statesmen expressed their opinions of the Western section of the United States in terms which we have quoted. They would think they were with *Alice* in Wonderland if they could read the statements made about that same region to-day.

Here is one such statement. It is from the pen of C. J. Blanchard, statistician of the United States Reclamation Service:

In the range of her resources, in the charm and healthfulness of her climate, and in the fertility of her soil, New Mexico typifies the arid region.

There you have the modern attitude toward the desert! This attitude, this state of mind, means more than any external, physical fact could possibly mean. They say out West that just as human civilization had its first weak beginning in the arid region of Egypt and Syria, so it is destined to have its grandest and strongest climax in the arid region of North America. And they venture to express this thought just sixty years after the Mormons drew the first drops of irrigating, fertilizing water from the bed of City Creek, in Utah.

It has been a wonderful sixty years. It has witnessed the dissipation of one of the great terrors of the world, the conquest of one of the great waste places of the world. But they say out West that the next sixty years will be more wonderful still.

THE SPELLBINDER

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

AUTHOR OF "ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS." ETC.

SIGNS of marked political activity could have been detected in Owasco County remarkably early in the year. Even before the ripe brown heads of the winter wheat had begun to fall beneath the clattering reapers, buggies driven by prominent citizens might have been observed following unusual courses through the county. With such a split in the party as was involved by a difference of opinion between Hiram Gage, the postmaster at Clover Hollow, and the Hon. Simon Clinch, at Lakeville, preparations and combinations were begun betimes.

The last week before "the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November" was a period of mounting interest, of culminating excitement. The fences of the entire countryside were covered with election placards in unprecedented profuseness. In Piedmont, the county seat, each shop-window was ornamented with the printed presentment of some affably smiling candidate. Across Main Street hung so many fluttering banners that driving a skittish colt beneath them was no easy task.

With Shattuck, though his name held no place on his party's ticket, interest in the contest was very direct. If Simon Clinch and his faction carried the day, if their unacknowledged union with the other side was successful, farewell to all chance of independent and competing railway connections for the town. As the largest stockholder of the Piedmont National Bank; as the person most interested in the destinies of the Piedmont Sash and Door Company; as the owner of many spreading acres of farmland, anything harmful to the community was financially injurious to Shattuck. Besides, he desired Jim Crossly to be elected. Crossly was his friend, and Crossly—little Mrs. Crossly would

require luxurious and costly care in the near future—needed the money he would receive as county treasurer.

"We might as well make up our minds here and now we're going to get licked," said Crossly with a brave pretense of taking it unconcernedly, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, gazing down listlessly through the open window of his office in the corner of the second story of the Shattuck Block.

He looked across the broad, unpaved Main Street, where the gold and vermeil of the scattered leaves shone brightly in the mild sunlight of the autumn afternoon. His eyes rested on the large red-lettered announcement headed "Mass Meeting" on the bill-board directly over the way.

"Don't give up the ship!" enjoined Shattuck heartily.

"The affair to-night is sure to be a failure," continued Crossly with deeper gloom; "and everything depends on it."

"Because Berwin—the Silver-Tongued, as they call him—has gone back on us. Well, he was our strong drawing-card, and things would have been different if he had been here. I suppose he thinks he's too big a gun to be willing to fire himself off in the backwoods—a speaker who fills Madison Square Garden so that they have to have a side-show outside for the overflow! However, I've not let his 'sudden indisposition' quite throw us down."

"What have you done?" Crossly asked, with some curiosity but little tone of hope.

"Glover, the secretary of the State committee, is an old pal of mine. When I found we were in a hole, I telegraphed to him at once to help us out. I wrote an eloquent appeal, describing our needs, and declaring that the entire business turned on our having some one here who

could hold the crowd to-night and send them back to their homes wiser and better men. I've only just got his answer."

Shattuck held out the crumpled yellow sheet of a telegram, which Crossly took, and from which he read slowly:

"Am sending John Darcy. Just what you want!

"Who in thunder is John Darcy?" he inquired.

"Search me," answered Shattuck. "I never heard of him. I suppose, though, he's some new and shining light who's sprung up suddenly."

"I don't know," Crossly replied, with but little assurance.

"Anyway," Shattuck continued decidedly, "Glover knows. I can trust him."

"The worst of it is," Crossly went on dolefully, "that the other side have fixed it up to make a regular rough-house of the hall. They're not going to let any one be heard if they can help it."

"Oh, yes, he'll need nerve as well as eloquence, whoever he is, for he'll be up against a tough proposition. Some of that crowd from down by the railway—and they'll be there by orders—don't mind anything. Well, here's hoping!" Shattuck said, as he opened his watch and shut it sharply. "There's just the one train on which our modern Demosthenes can arrive, and I must hurry on and meet him."

Shattuck ran down the office stairs and walked quickly through the quiet, elm-arched back ways along the wooden sidewalks before the white picket fences guarding the neat lawns of the comfortable houses. He thought with anxiety of Crossly, and of the pretty little honeymooning nest up on Cottage Street. If he were not elected, what was to become of that modest establishment so happily started?

Shattuck reflected that he might consider himself fortunate to be a bachelor without such responsibilities. To be sure, with the Shattuck National Bank, the Shattuck Block, and the Piedmont Door and Sash Company, not to speak of other sources of revenue, he need not have the same cares; but now he was absolutely free and independent. Still, as he remembered the cheerful little

home he sighed once or twice, most unaccountably, as he tramped along.

Taking the shorter cut, he reached the station within five minutes, and came out on the uncovered platform as a whistle sounded distantly and a puff of smoke showed about a clump of trees down the track. He had only time to make sure that the hack was in readiness before the short train rumbled up and came to a smoking and sizzling standstill. The conductor swung himself off slowly; the engineer, leaning from the cab-window, disposed himself for gossip with a friend. There was no nervous hurry or precipitate bustle about the branch road; neither did it carry many passengers. From the two day-cars descended an unquestionable drummer, an unmistakable minister, two neighboring farmers, Miss Sigsby of the Enterprise Millinery Store, a young woman with a suit-case, half a dozen Italian laborers—

"He—he hasn't come!" muttered Shattuck blankly.

In his surprise and consternation he continued staring helplessly down past the station doors through which the descending passengers were quickly departing. The porter piled up the unloaded trunks on his truck; the express agent, with a neat catch, received the only arriving parcel. The engine emitted a peremptory cough. The train slowly got in motion, and passed from sight around the curve.

The laborers were trudging up the road, chatting volubly. Miss Sigsby, met by her forewoman, walked away with busy directness. The farmers, the clergyman, and the drummer had squeezed themselves into the interior of the omnibus marked "Columbia House." The momentary animation of the scene subsided. Still, Shattuck stood in doubt and perplexity. The seriousness of the situation became more manifest the more he considered what was to be done next.

II

"PLEASE," said a low, almost shy, voice at Shattuck's elbow, "is the Columbia House the best hotel?"

He whirled swiftly about and looked down. The young woman with the suit-case—she was slight and small and girlish—stood before him.

"Yes—yes," he answered absently. "Oh, I beg your pardon—may I help you?"

He held out his hand in an offer to take the luggage she carried. With a nod and a quick little sigh of relief, she entrusted it to his care.

"This is the first time I have ever been here," she confided, as they moved toward the public conveyance. "I—I rather expected to be met by some one and told what to do. You see, I am going to make a speech to-night."

"What!" exclaimed Shattuck, as he took another grasp on the handle of the bag, which had suddenly slipped in his fingers, and which he had nearly allowed to fall to the ground.

"A political speech," she answered gravely; and then she went on with a smile, as if ready to share with him what she evidently felt he might consider the singularity of the situation. "I believe I am to have the honor of addressing the free and independent voters of Piedmont on the political crisis!"

"You!" Shattuck had not as yet gathered himself together sufficiently to be able to employ anything but exclamatory monosyllables.

"Why, yes," she replied almost apologetically, and yet with a certain mischievous amusement in her face.

"But— but Glover telegraphed me that John Darcy was coming."

"Yes," she replied quickly, "Joan Darcy. That's my name—Miss Joan Darcy. That's right. That's I."

"The operator must have mistaken the 'a' for an 'h.' One letter made all the difference," groaned Shattuck. "I never imagined—"

"I can easily understand that," said Miss Darcy readily. "People are often surprised."

"I certainly am," continued Shattuck, still gazing at her.

"Oh," she cried suddenly, "you are so—amusing!"

"Perhaps," he responded grimly. "I don't feel particularly funny, though. What's to be done?"

"Why, I suppose you will tell me where I can get something to eat, and then I'll go to the meeting and speak."

"Can you?" he gasped incredulously.

"I have before."

"You—a woman—a mere girl!"

"I'm glad that you didn't say a mere woman. Oh, there are several of us in the employ of the national and State committees. Indeed, I am considered rather good—something of an 'attraction,'" she continued easily. "My heart is in it, you see. I believe that this is a time when a great deal can be accomplished—ought to be accomplished. I wanted to advance the cause. Then I found that I could talk to people, and that my voice told for something in the fight for right and reason and humanity. Some women go into settlement work—others into the Salvation Army. Why can't a woman accomplish something in politics, and why hasn't she a place there?"

"She—she has," stammered Shattuck.

"I felt strongly about all that is under discussion in the country just now; and if I felt so strongly, I thought that I could make others feel as much," she concluded decidedly. "I consider it my duty as well as my ambition."

"All right," said Shattuck less hastily and more naturally. "Come along. I've got a hack here. I'll drive you to the Columbia House."

Inside the rattling spaciousness of the venerable vehicle, Miss Joan Darcy sank back on the faded cushions and eyed her companion. Then her particularly engaging laugh broke forth anew. Shattuck could not help meeting her merriment with a confused grin.

"And you thought I was a—man!"

"Naturally," he responded.

"Well," she said, "I wish I were. I could do so much more. No—no, I don't," she hastily added. "I mustn't be so ungrateful. For my work, of course, yes; but for fun—" Her dark, bright eyes finished the sentence with a scintillation of satisfaction. "This, though, is decidedly work," she concluded demurely.

"It is," Shattuck assented. "You don't know what you're in for!"

"Is the audience likely to be so very cold?"

"I shouldn't call it exactly that," he responded ominously.

"We'll just have to do the best we can," she said hopefully.

"You're certain you want to under-

take it?" he asked, inspecting her anxiously.

"Of course," she replied promptly; and her manner expressed such surprise that, with her evident absence of all idea of withdrawal, any further suggestion of such a course was impossible for him.

The hack rolled up to the Columbia House with a prodigious clatter. Shattuck thought that if they had reached the door in a coach and four, with outriders, their arrival could not have created more disturbance. With the eyes of all those usually gathered at that hour upon the piazza fixed upon him, he descended. She tripped out lightly after him, just touching with her finger-tips his upheld helping hand.

"Now," he said, when she had registered, and by his suggestion the clerk had assigned her to the state apartments of the hotel, or what the Columbia House regarded as its state apartments, "just a moment. I'll be back at once, and if you will dine with me here, we'll go over the ground."

She nodded an unhesitating acceptance. He dashed through the eager loiterers lying in wait for him without, and hurried down the street. He burst into Crossly's office, where the candidate sat moodily chewing an unlit cigar.

"Well!" Crossly said, looking up.

"It isn't that, I should say," Shattuck broke forth. "I've had surprises, but this time I've run up against a shock of such a voltage that I'm gasping yet. What do you suppose Glover's done? He sent us a woman—a girl!"

"You're crazy!" Crossly stuttered.

"No; he must be. She says she's come to make the speech—that she has made 'em, and can. What's next?"

"Nothing, I should say," returned Crossly. "The situation seems clear. There must be some way of informing her politely, but firmly—"

"I don't know," Shattuck spoke up. "We don't want to act too hastily."

"You can't mean," said Crossly, sitting erect, "that you for a moment contemplate the possibility of letting her—"

"You haven't seen her."

"Hallo, you evidently have!" Crossly remarked. "This, though, is war—or politics, which, after all, is the same thing. She is young and pretty—"

"How do you know?"

"In some way I inferred as much. I say, I can't stand for this!" he broke out suddenly.

"Why," said Shattuck, whose determination, or obstinacy, appeared to be strengthened as the other talked, "I have half an idea to try it. This is a time to take chances."

"Heavens, man! Think of what that meeting's going to be! The roughest element in the town—from all the county—gathered there on purpose to break it up. This is no child's play, nor woman's play."

"I understand," maintained Shattuck stoutly. "But—I'll be there. The first loafer," he declared savagely, "who tries anything—I'll break a chair over his head!"

"The evening promises to be eventful."

"I am chairman of the county committee. With me rests the decision. I say here and now that Joan Darcy is going to have the chance to be heard if she wants it."

"That's her name, is it? I see. Well, I wash my hands of the affair. I've given up all idea of the election, anyway."

"Nonsense!" said Shattuck more tractably. "It's the darkest hour before the dawn."

"Well, four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage is the hardest to screw up."

"It isn't four o'clock—it's the eleventh hour," Shattuck hurried on. "Something's got to be done. I must be off. I'll be at the Columbia House for dinner, and I must dress, in a way at least, first."

"Oh!" said Crossly significantly.

"Be there about seven, when the rest of the committee comes," Shattuck remarked severely, and with great dignity, as he left the room.

III

SHATTUCK approved highly of Miss Darcy, as she entered the long, bare, empty dining-room and approached the small table which he had ordered the proprietor to prepare with particular care and elaboration. She was simply clad in a severe black frock of masculine cut, with stiff, standing collar. The ex-

treme austerity of her garb, while undoubtedly adding dignity, helped still further to increase the youthfulness of her appearance. He rose as she advanced, and drew back her chair.

"Thank you," she said, sitting down. "Oh, how nice the country things look! I—oh, I'm glad to be out of the heat and noise of the city just for a few minutes even!"

"With your interest in politics, you would hardly care to live anywhere else."

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "You see, I've never been accustomed to anything except flagstones and asphalt. My father was a newspaper man."

"Not Darcy—I mean Mr. Darcy—of the *Daylight*? Why, in college I used to swear by his editorials—all of us did."

"Really?" she cried. "I'm so glad! When he died there was nothing else for me to do, and—now I'm a newspaper woman myself, when I'm not a political speaker."

"A spellbinder," suggested Shattuck.

"That remains to be seen," she replied quickly, a faint touch of color deepening the soft pallor of her small face as she caught Shattuck's last tone. "You really think it's a very funny, unfeminine occupation?"

"I don't know," Shattuck answered. "There was Jeanne d'Arc, and Miss Joan of Arc isn't so very different from Miss Joan Darcy."

"Yes, I suppose that one might call her political."

"Then there was the Duchess of Devonshire."

"Well," she laughed, "I don't have to kiss the butcher!"

A little later Shattuck sat with the speaker of the evening on the vine-covered side piazza of the hotel overlooking the straggling and neglected garden. In the hazy twilight of the warm autumn evening, the untidy ugliness of the spot was hidden, and in the magic of the hour the scene was peaceful and pleasant. By Shattuck's exertion, the Columbia House had been brought into sudden unwonted ways of elaboration and sophistication. Miss Darcy was sipping coffee from a small cup as, at her nod of assent, Shattuck lighted a cigarette.

From beyond the fence, and down the street, came suggestions of unusual disturbance. The village was unquestionably astir. A sound not unlike the murmurs of a stage mob before it rushes on to proclaim the victor, or depose the king, mounted hoarsely from the distance. The yellow glow from a great bonfire played down the road. The contrast between their retreat with its dual solitude and the indications of near and increasing commotion was more and more marked.

"I almost wish I didn't have to leave this—" she sighed, but broke off, and added hastily, "so soon for the meeting."

"I'd forgotten all about it!" exclaimed Shattuck in surprise. "This has been the evening of my life."

"And—and it is not over yet," she said.

"I can see you for a few minutes alone before I have to say good night?" he asked, eagerly leaning forward.

The sharp concussion from the discharge of a cannon shook the window-frames near them. The heavy detonation interrupted her answer, but she looked at him and smiled. At the same instant the clerk of the hotel appeared at the door.

"The other members of the committee are waiting, Mr. Shattuck," he announced.

"Hang it! So they are," Shattuck said, throwing away the cigarette.

When Shattuck entered the main office-room of the Columbia House, a goodly number of solid-appearing American citizens turned and inspected his companion with disguised curiosity. Crossly had manifestly given word of what was to be expected, and the apparition was one for which all were in a manner prepared, though one as to which they had not satisfactorily made up their minds.

"Miss Darcy," Shattuck said, "may I present to you Mr. Schobe?"

"Not Mr. Elmer J. Schobe?" she exclaimed enthusiastically, holding out her hand.

"Yes, yes," stammered that amazed individual.

"I saw your name over—your place of business," she continued eagerly. "How do you manage to make your

windows have that thoroughly metropolitan look?"

"Oh," exclaimed the delighted dry-goods merchant, aware of the attention of his fellow townsmen, "we're not entirely behind the times in Piedmont—at least, I ain't."

By the time the ceremony of presentation was finished, each official personage was engaged upon some service for Miss Darcy, or was desirous of such an occupation. One brought her a glass of water; another ran excitedly about in search of gloves alleged to have been lost. When all came out upon the street, the stranger was accompanied by a devoted, not to say obsequious, guard of honor.

"I say," whispered Elmer J. Schobe to Shattuck, "she's the goods!"

"Shut up!" Shattuck commanded impatiently, without regard to the other's age, financial rating, or political influence.

IV

A NEWISH moon—a bright, clear-cut, hopeful promise of a moon—hung exactly over the steeple of the First Church. The gentle luster, however, was lost in the refulgence of the electric light suspended across the road. Seated on the balcony formed by the roof of the piazza of the Columbia House, just outside the parlor windows, the heroine of the evening and Shattuck protected themselves as best they could from its searching brilliancy.

"I believe," he mused excitedly, "that you've changed the election here. This is a doubtful county, which will make a great difference; and the State, you know, is a pivotal one."

"Why," she cried, bunched down behind a post out of the disconcerting glare, "it's like the house that Jack built, but I'm so glad if—since it pleases you."

"This has been a wonderful night. You have carried all before you. There never was anything like it in Piedmont—or anywhere," he broke forth fervidly.

"And—and—" She began distinctly enough, but ceased to speak, as if she forgot to do so in the preoccupation of her thoughts.

"You *are* a spellbinder, as I told

you," he asserted as he bent toward her. "I feel the spell."

He looked up. The reddening leaves of the maples were suddenly further reddened by a quick flickering of ruddy light. At the same instant the strains of a band playing "Marching Through Georgia" broke on the quiet of the night. He stepped to the balustrade and peered along the street.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "Here come the Piedmont Knights in full campaign regalia—a torchlight procession! I believe they're going to serenade you."

"Oh," she cried, "don't let them! I don't want any more politics to-night. Can't we run away and hide?"

"It's the penalty of greatness," he answered, shaking his head regretfully. "There's no escaping it."

"I—I want to talk to you. I'm going early in the morning."

"Can't I see you again? Can't I see you in the city?" he demanded earnestly. "Where do you live?"

"I've an apartment with another girl in Thirty-Ninth Street," she answered, and added more formally: "I should be very glad indeed to have you come any day for tea at five o'clock."

"I'll be there," he replied promptly.

"When?" she asked a little wistfully. "Any day? After all, that's such a vague way of giving an invitation and—accepting one."

"The very next day after you get back to town," he replied decidedly.

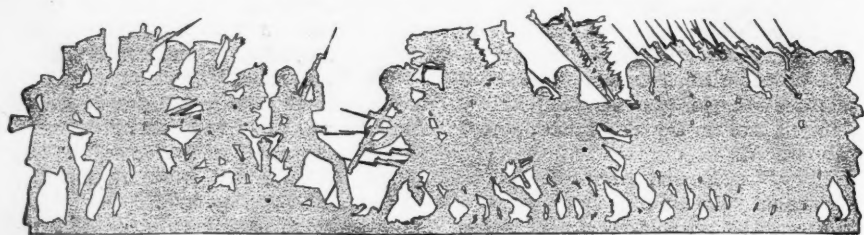
Down the street billowed a moving line of fire. The illumination of the swaying torches grew stronger. The crash of the instruments rolling out the marching war-song fell more heavily on their ears. She held out her hand, and at the same moment he put out his as if to receive it. At once he raised it to his lips, and held it pressed against them. Then, still clasping her fingers in his, he looked at her for an intense, questioning instant.

She gazed at him, and then dropped her eyes hastily. He took one step forward, and her light body seemed to sway toward him, then was arrested and drawn back. Her words were so low that, close as he was to her, he could hardly distinguish them.

"Oh, not—yet—quite—please!"

NAPOLEON, THE GREATEST MAN IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK



WHAT is the secret of that strange fascination which Napoleon the Great has exercised over men of every race since the moment

when, at Montenotte, he taught the world that there was something new in warfare? "My patent of nobility dates from Montenotte," he once said with frank haughtiness; and from the day of Montenotte until now, Napoleon Bonaparte has filled a larger space in the minds of human beings than any other man who ever lived. The very mention of his name kindles the duller imagination and makes it flash and flame with a thousand memories. His casual and familiar sayings, the time-worn anecdotes in which he figures, and the actual material relics of his great career belong to every one. They are not the possession of a single nation only, or of a small group of nations. Those whom he scourged yield to the spell as readily as the brilliant people whom he led so swiftly up the steps of glory.

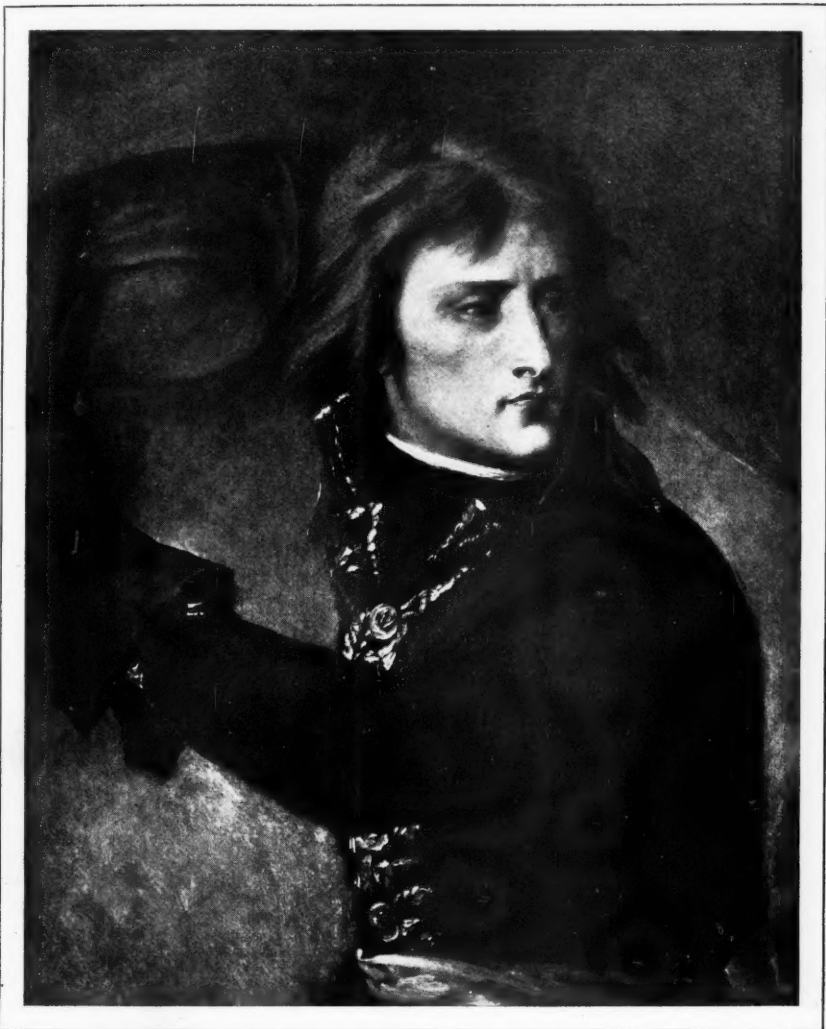
The records of this wonderful existence are gathered and preserved no more assiduously by the French than by Americans and English and Russians and Germans and Italians. The resources of genius in literature, as well as in the plastic and the graphic arts, have been

exhausted in order to give some adequate impression of this extraordinary man. Byron, for example, no less than Béranger, Lord Roberts and Professor Sloane no less than Thiers and Masson, Verestchagin and Crofts no less than Delaroche and Meissonier, have spread the Napoleonic legend; and even now this work of half-unconscious *pietas* seems but to have begun.

In considering the Napoleonic spell, there always rise two questions to confront us. First, why is the interest in Napoleon a world-wide interest? And again, what is the peculiar quality that makes it so unlike the feeling we have for other famous men? It is not sufficient to say that Napoleon died less than a hundred years ago, and that, in a large sense of the word, we are still his own contemporaries; that time has not yet done its work and blurred the outlines into dimness. There have arisen great men since Waterloo was fought—Lincoln, a noble figure in his humanity and patient wisdom; Bismarck, a giant in his daring statecraft; Moltke, wearing the laurel crown among successful soldiers—we think of these men, and yet not one of them, though they are nearer to us than Napoleon, looms up before the world with his magnificence and appealing power. They belong only to nations or to races. Napoleon belongs to all the world.

One reason for the tenacious hold with which the Corsican still grips us is this: his eagle vision flashed out over the entire earth. Every important part of the two hemispheres felt his

really sighed for new lands that he might conquer them, his wish to-day appears absurd and not magnificent, since in truth he did not even dominate the nations that he knew. He flung his



PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON FROM THE HISTORICAL PICTURE "BONAPARTE AT ARCOLE," PAINTED
 BY BARON GROS IN 1797, TO COMMEMORATE NAPOLEON'S VICTORY OVER THE
 AUSTRIANS IN NOVEMBER, 1796—FOR THIS PORTRAIT NAPOLEON
 POSED AT THE URGENT REQUEST OF JOSEPHINE

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., after the painting in the Louvre

influence. This is why the heroes of antiquity and those of later centuries now seem insignificant beside him—their worlds were limited. If Alexander

Macedonians eastward into India, but the rough Roman warriors of the republic west of him he never challenged, and therefore never conquered. Han-



"NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AS FIRST CONSUL," BY JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., after the painting in the collection of the Marquis de Las Cases

nibal hacked his bloody way through Spain and Gaul and Italy, and wrought wonders with his mercenary troops; but what a petty fraction of the world was this! Nor was Caesar's field of action measurably greater. A part of Europe, the rim of northern Africa, a slice of Asia, and certain islands of the sea, and that was all. To-day the empire which

he founded seems mighty only in its monstrous vices, and affecting only in its pitiful decline.

More modern conquerors—Charles XII of Sweden, Marlborough, Turenne, Eugène, Frederick of Prussia, Wellington, Moltke, Grant—these men fought in what seemed a vast amphitheater; yet already a sense of true perspective dwarfs them all, and makes the territories which their armies overran mere playgrounds for pygmy contests. It is Napoleon, alone of men, beneath whose banners whole nations proudly marched, and who in the plenitude of his power was suzerain of seven kingdoms and of thirty principalities.

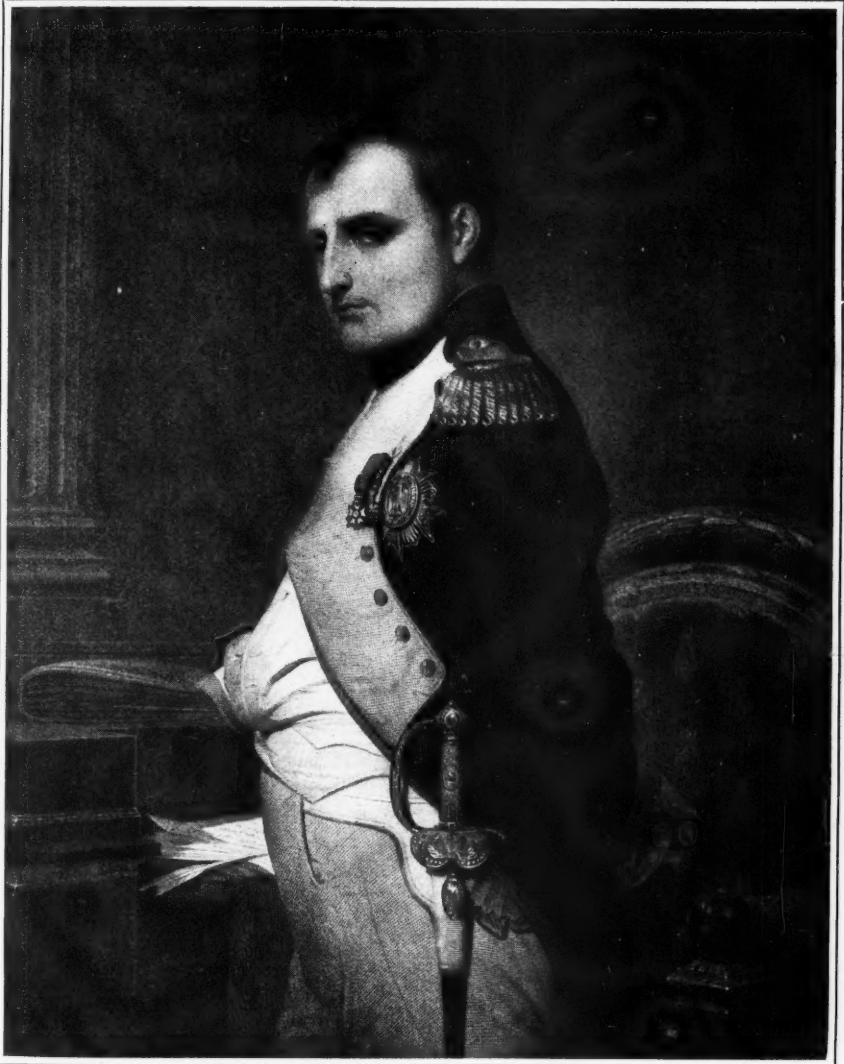
One's fancy is almost staggered at the omnipresent activity of this world-spirit, of this "lean and hungry conqueror" who, in Lord Rosebery's words, "swelled into the sovereign and then into the sovereign of sovereigns." It is not merely that he isolated England and bivouacked his troops in every continental capital, from cowed Madrid to

blazing Moscow; that he created an empire for himself and kingdoms for his brothers; that he threw provinces and dukedoms and cities and islands to such as pleased him, much as a feasting soldier might toss bones to a pack of fawning dogs whimpering beside his spurred jack-boots.

All this affected continental Europe.

But, at the same time, he had emissaries scattered through the British Isles. His engineers were active on the Dardanelles, and forced an English fleet to sail away from Turkish waters ingloriously and with blood-stained decks. His secret letters reached the Shah of Persia. He set his heel upon the sands of Egypt. His squadrons flew the tricolor in the Indian Ocean. At his word the fierce Mah-rattas of Scinde and Holkar, in the

heart of Hindustan, sprang at the throats of Englishmen. Australia, then unmapped and vaguely called New Holland, was charted at the command of this all-comprehending mind, and was renamed La Terre Napoléon. Because of his limitless ambition, the far-off shores of South America resounded to the clash of arms when Montevideo and Buenos Ayres were stormed and taken. Our own country was half ruined in its



PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON, PAINTED IN 1837 BY PAUL DELAROCHE, AND KNOWN AS "THE SNUFF-BOX PORTRAIT"

commerce by Napoleon's decrees which issued from Berlin and Milan; yet again, the territory of the United States was doubled when the emperor sold us Louisiana for a mere *pourboire*.

Thus, in part at least, we may explain why interest in Napoleon is universal,

his historical significance is needed to explain the character of the fascination which Napoleon continues to exert on us, and this explanation must be found somewhere in the nature of the man himself. Here, again, we must not be content with saying that it is the highly

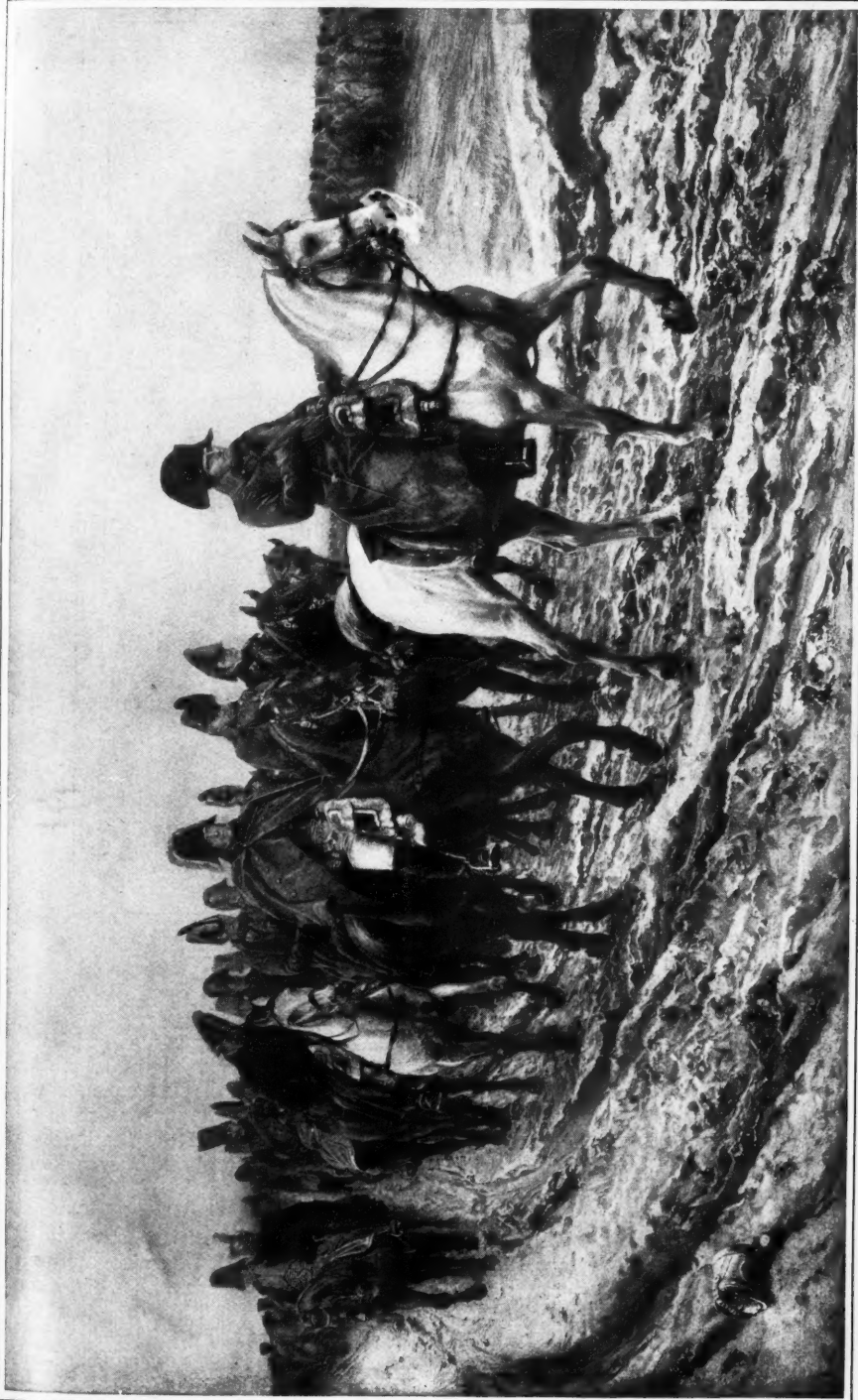


"NAPOLEON BEFORE MOSCOW"—VERESTCHAGIN'S PAINTING, SHOWING NAPOLEON'S FIRST VIEW OF THE ANCIENT RUSSIAN CAPITAL THROUGH THE DUST-CLOUD RAISED BY HIS MARCHING TROOPS (SEPTEMBER 2, 1812)

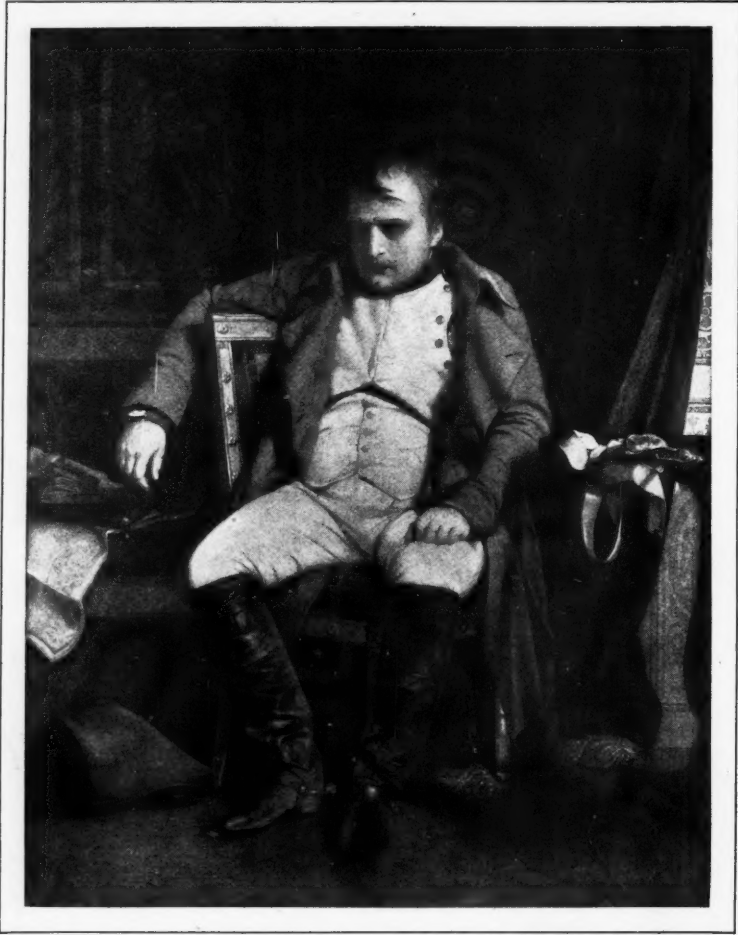
Copyright, 1897, by Photographische Gesellschaft—by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York

and not confined to any nation or continent, or even to a single hemisphere. He left no nation, no continent, no hemisphere untouched. Through all of them there thrilled the impulse which emanated like an electric current from his tireless brain. Nothing escaped his notice. For him there were no trifles, or rather, as he said, "Mankind is ruled by trifles." Yet something more than

romantic story of his rise and fall that has given him his hold on our imaginations. The story is, of course, almost beyond the flights of fiction. No book which tells it or any part of it, no matter how imperfectly, can ever be a dull book to the reader. The splendor of its brightest pages, the piquancy of its incessant contrasts, the great crash with which it ends, as though some flaming



"1814"—MEISSONIER'S PAINTING, SHOWING NAPOLEON DURING THE WINTER CAMPAIGN OF 1814, WHEN THE ALLIED ARMIES WERE CLOSING IN UPON PARIS



"NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU"—THIS PORTRAIT, PAINTED BY PAUL DELAROCHE IN 1847, SHOWS NAPOLEON ON THE DAY OF HIS FIRST ABDICATION (APRIL 11, 1814)

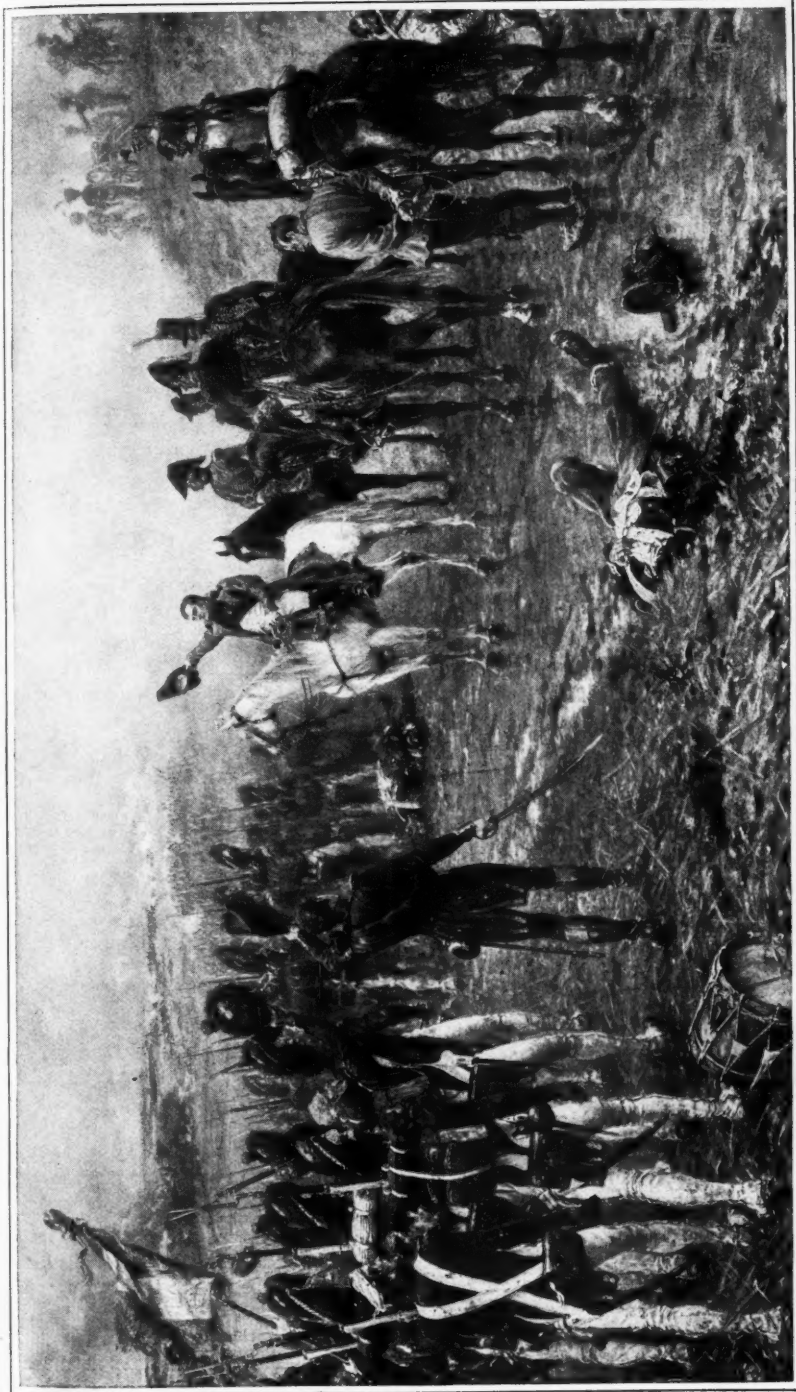
From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company, New York

planet were shattered and shivered amid unfathomed gloom, excite emotions that are not to be resisted.

THE NAPOLEONIC DRAMA

The Napoleonic drama might almost be displayed to us in a series of tableaux. First, there is the stripling of twenty-six, undersized, emaciated, with hollow cheeks and a shock of unkempt hair, set hastily in command of a broken, ragged, beaten army, holding its own with waning courage on the frontiers of Italy. Many a rough old revolutionary fighter, when he sees the puny figure

of his new commander, shrugs his shoulders in contempt and begins to mutter an imprecation in the language of the barrack-room; but the words freeze on his lips when he meets the flaming eyes of Bonaparte, before which even kings are afterward to quail. A few weeks pass, and then, in the three days' fight at Arcole, the Austrian strategy is blasted, the Austrian armies are sent flying, and Napoleon is master of Milan, of Venice, and of the richest part of Italy. He storms the Julian Alps and dictates peace within easy reach of the Hapsburg capital.

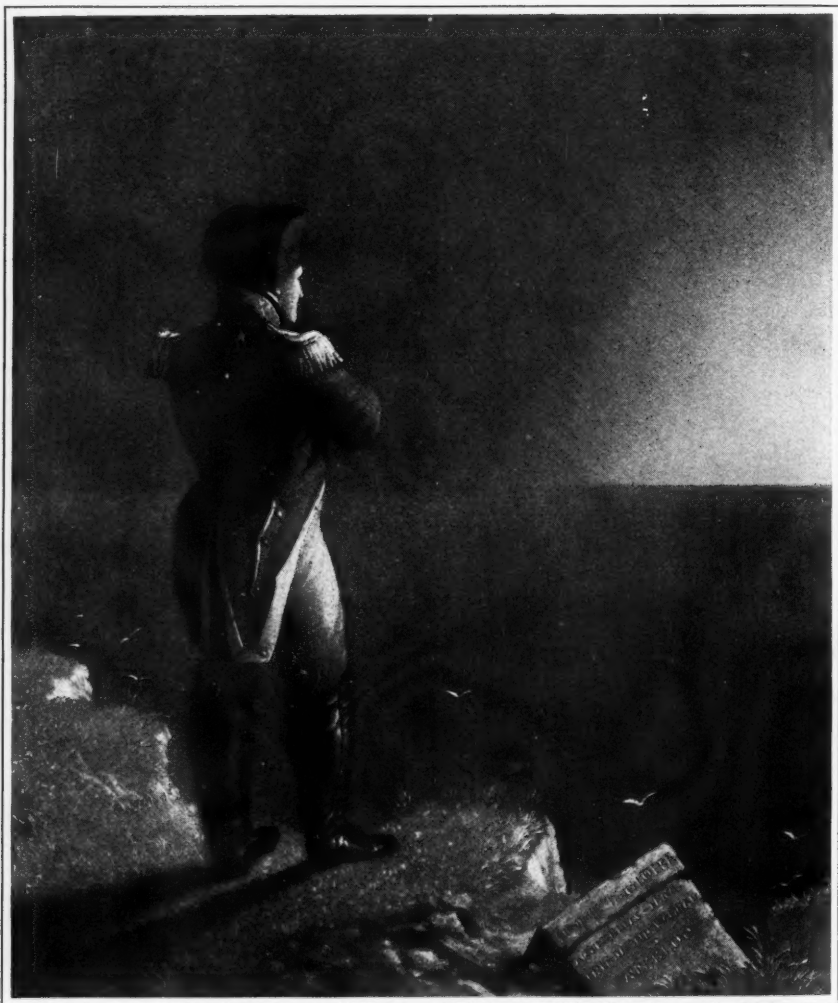


"NAPOLEON AND THE OLD GUARD AT WATERLOO"—THIS PICTURE, BY ERNEST CROFTS, SHOWS NAPOLEON SALUTING THE REGIMENTS OF THE GUARD AS THEY MOVED FORWARD TO MAKE THEIR GREAT FINAL CHARGE AGAINST WELLINGTON'S "THIN RED LINE."

Copyright, 1895, by Photographische Gesellschaft—by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York

Four years after this we behold another scene. The conqueror of Italy is now First Consul, and from the palace of the Tuileries he proclaims to a weary nation the grateful news: "The Revolution, having fulfilled its purposes, is

a regnant Cæsar, with a face in which a lurking sensuality is contradicted by the lines of power in the mouth and by the lambent fire of the eyes. The Roman pontiff anoints the emperor, but Napoleon takes the crown of France into his



"NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA," PAINTED BY B. R. HAYDON IN 1831

From an engraving by Sartain, after the painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

at an end." A little later and the First Consul proceeds to the stately cathedral of Notre Dame. Beside its ancient altar he stands, clad in purple and with the golden bees gleaming on the imperial mantle. The lean, gaunt soldier of Italy now wears the aspect of

own hands and sets it firmly on his head, as befits a monarch who is the son of his own great deeds.

The scene shifts once again, and we see the modern Charlemagne at the climax of his victories and on the brink of his impending downfall. Lord of

more than half a million soldiers, he has penetrated to the holy city of the Czars. As he sees the gilded roofs of the deserted Kremlin, he feels an indescribable premonition of disaster. Behind him are the desolate tracts of ravaged territory. The horror of a northern winter threatens him; yet he still looks impassively about him—a grandly haughty figure in the deepening gloom.

And now we have a glimpse of him in his palace at Fontainebleau. Even his transcendent genius and the prodigies which he has performed have failed to check the hosts which all Europe has poured across the Rhine and into Paris. Some of his marshals have betrayed him. A hundred thousand of his choicest troops have fallen in the last campaign. In the courtyard of the palace there are gathered only the fragments of his faithful Guard. Fate has turned against him. In a few hours he must abdicate. Even now, as he broods upon the future, he is still no common man. In defeat, as in victory, he remains Napoleon the Great.

The most thrilling picture of the whole Napoleonic cycle is that which shows the emperor at Waterloo as he sits his horse at the close of the long June day and watches his Guard sweep past him, launched under the very eye of the great captain against the British center. It is the last throw of the dice. The Prussians have united with Wellington. In another hour the allied armies will be one. Napoleon has rallied twelve battalions of his Guard—six thousand men in all—some of them veterans of many years, some of them soldiers whose first taste of warfare came to them at Dresden; while some are mere boys summoned hastily to the colors during the Hundred Days. But all of them are filled with the battle fury. Shall the emperor check their onset and, with the skill of which he is past master, maneuver them to cover a retreat on Paris? Or shall he fling them in a mass against the British lines? He makes the second choice; he gazes on one of the most superb battle-scenes of history; and then he speaks the fatal words: "All is lost. *Sauve qui peut!*"

Then there is the final scene on the lonely rock of St. Helena. One recalls

Juvenal's famous apostrophe to Hannibal after his downfall. But while Hannibal may have sat as a suppliant in the courtyard of the Bithynian king, an object of mingled pity and contempt, Napoleon, to the last, even in captivity, bears himself with all the outward dignity and self-control which befit his greatness. The march of his legions has forever ended. The stimulating impulse of his fifteen years of creative activity has just begun.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still—and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's mind than now!

THE NAPOLEONIC INFLUENCE

The story is romantic and dramatic to a high degree. Yet it is not the external achievements of Napoleon and the record of them that explain the fascination of the man. We must search deeper and consider something else. It is significant that his detractors, however skilfully they have written and however plausibly they may have marshaled what they call their "facts," have not been able to disturb the world's opinion of Napoleon, whose weaknesses have been exploited as fully as his genius. His vices have been magnified a thousand times. The petty men about him, viewing him with petty minds, tried unconsciously to make him seem as petty as themselves. Yet neither the puerilities of Gourgand, nor the mendacities of Barras, nor the trivialities of Las Cases, nor the spitefulness of Mme. de Rémusat, nor the hold-cheap tone of a thousand other scribblers have had the slightest influence. For political reasons, many of Napoleon's own countrymen have led the way in defaming him, just as accomplished gentlemen like Lord Rosebery have eulogized him with ulterior motives. But when all is said and done, Napoleon is a greater figure in our time than while he was still the master of all continental Europe and when he played to his *parterre* of kings. People of foreign nationality still experience some of that enthusiasm which inspired the men whom he hurled to death without a tremor.

And when we think of it, what was

the nature of the enthusiasm which his soldiers felt for him? Why did they beg him not to expose himself in battle? Why, on the horrible retreat from Russia, when six hundred thousand men, of whom but a bare third were Frenchmen, froze and starved or were cut down by the wolfish Cossacks—why was never a complaint uttered against the emperor who was responsible for their agonies? Men slew one another for a crust of bread amid the frenzy of famine. They fought like demons for sufficient fuel to keep them warm. Yet when Napoleon appeared, trudging through the snow beside them, these spectral bands still raised the cry, "*Vive l'empereur!*" and gladly offered him such food as they possessed and the few poor sticks of firewood which they had gathered. They loved him in the hour of defeat as they had loved him in the hour of triumph. They held their lives as nothing when he needed them.

THE MORAL ASPECT OF NAPOLEON

Surely no man ever inspired such passionate devotion or exercised so wide an influence unless there was in him something more than purely intellectual superiority. The one charge against Napoleon upon which most writers seem to agree is the charge that he was utterly devoid of moral greatness. They make of him a monster in the moral world. They point to his untruthfulness, his harshness to individuals, his contempt for women, his sexual looseness, the ingratitude which he appeared to show his bravest marshals, his jealousy of those whose exploits sometimes rivaled his. And therefore they conclude that Napoleon was profoundly unmoral. Taine, in his brilliant monograph, almost convinces us that in Napoleon one sees a type of the Italians of the Renaissance—crafty, unscrupulous, cruel, and sensual, though gifted with immense ability.

The thesis is an interesting one, and yet it does not wholly satisfy one's mind. The more we look into the facts of this wonderful man's career, and try to distinguish between his personal acts and the acts which belong to his public life, the more we shall probably become convinced that Napoleon in reality was

that most unfortunate being, an idealist disillusioned.

In his early years he was filled with a patriotic zeal which was surely genuine. Though his reason told him not to follow Paoli, his sympathies were none the less with that idealist. At the military school he had the courage to rebuke one of his instructors who spoke of Paoli with contempt. He longed to be a loyal officer of the King of France, but he was outraged by the treatment which he underwent at the hands of the young aristocrats at Brienne. Later, he was thrilled with the new spirit of the Revolution and its promise of equal rights for every man. But he soon shrank back from the excesses of its leaders, their injustice, their debaucheries, their love of bloodshed, and their incapacity. These things numbed his natural idealism, which finally received its death-blow at a woman's hands.

Had Josephine been what Napoleon thought her during their ten days' honeymoon, he might still have kept some of his old illusions. To him she seemed, of all women, the sweetest, the most beautiful, the most desirable. One cannot read without emotion his letters written to her by the light of his Italian camp-fires. In them he pours out all the ardor of the fiery soul which fancies for a time that it has found its mate. But this woman, already somewhat faded, *rusée*, languid, living in a tepid bath of sensuality, perfumed with subtle scents, uniting the manners of a kitten with the morals of a cat, crushed out Napoleon's idealism. It was when he heard, in Egypt, of her infidelity, and when, on his return, he found that the report was true, that he became the thorough-paced materialist of his later years.

Yet even so, one finds a vein of real nobility gleaming like a golden thread amid the darker fabric of his nature. His devotion to his mother was among the finest of his traits. He suffered much from others of his household, and he forgave much whereof the world takes little heed. His profound grief at the death of his old officer and comrade, Duroc, came from the very bottom of his heart. As a ruler, he was often merciless to individuals; yet his severest critics know

how much he did for France in the days of his first consulate. If, afterward, he plunged into impossible schemes of conquest, it was, so he believed, because these schemes were forced upon him.

NAPOLEON THE OVER-MAN

It is the idealism and the human touch discernible in Napoleon's nature which in reality explain his hold upon the minds of his contemporaries and upon our own. Without them he would have been inhuman. With them he is just sufficiently human to reach our sympathies, while at the same time his overwhelming genius dazzles and amazes us. We see in him, as in no other figure, the heights to which man can ascend. In the sphere of his genius he is a type of Nietzsche's "over-man." Each mental faculty seemed to work at a pitch unequalled in other men. His prodigious memory, his passion for details, his power of combination, the lightning-like rapidity with which his thought could leap, as it were, from peak to peak, illumining or blasting as it chose—surely here is reason for illimitable wonder. And when this wonder is joined to a knowledge of his human side, his gentler, finer instincts, then the Napoleonic fascination is explained.

One should read Sir Conan Doyle's most interesting chapter on Boulogne in his historical romance entitled "Uncle Bernac." The picture of Napoleon given there conveys at least a dim impression of what this multifarious genius was like: and yet the image is faint compared with the reality. That Napoleon could remain continuously in the saddle for twenty-four hours, without food or rest, rearranging his strategic combinations as each new report was brought to him; that he could simultaneously attend to the civil business of his empire while despatching regiments and brigades in all directions; that at the same time he could tire out secretary after secretary, remembering with accuracy each detail down to the number of guns in every arsenal, and that he could talk acutely of philosophy and poetry in the intervals of his superhuman activity—all this beggars description.

The truth is that Napoleon was not

one man, but many men in one. Lord Cromer has won fame for his regeneration of Egypt. This was his life-work; yet Napoleon planned and partly executed many of Cromer's reforms as a mere incident in his Egyptian expedition. When recent military writers, following Clausewitz, compare him now with Alexander and Hannibal, and now with Cæsar and Frederick the Great, they forget that Napoleon alone matched the exploits of every one of them. In Egypt, he rivaled Alexander in India. In Italy and Austria he accomplished more than Cæsar ever dreamed of doing. Against Russia and Prussia he made Hannibal's fame grow dim. His single fierce campaign of 1814 was far more brilliant than anything that can be ascribed to Frederick.

Add to his fame as a soldier his almost greater fame as a civil administrator, as a legislator, as a jurist, and as a patron of science and the arts, and still one has not reached the full significance of his career. We may set aside entirely the objects which he sought and failed to reach. We can ignore all that is purely personal in his life and actions. We can think of him as we should think in nature of an elemental force—cataclysmic, recreative. After his time, absolutism in western Europe was possible no more.

Many will remember that strange painting of the Belgian artist, Antoine Wiertz, entitled "Napoleon in Hell." The great soldier stands impassive amid misty flames, while about him there press the wives and mothers of the men whom his ambition sent to death. With curses on their lips, they thrust into his face the mangled limbs which they have gathered from a score of battle-fields. This was the old conception of Napoleon. We now see clearly that all the thousands who fell because of him were really martyrs, dying for a future in which at last all privilege and caste and arbitrary rule should be no more.

In his own time, Napoleon seemed to an affrighted world a blood-red meteor streaming through an ebon sky, wherein it was to be extinguished. To-day, his name in history is a fixed and radiant star, whose light shines clearly down the centuries forever.

A TRANSACTION IN BONDS

BY MONTAGUE GLASS

AUTHOR OF "THE CENTER OF POPULATION," "MR. BLISS AND THE HIGHWAYMAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. S. TOUSEY

IT was a beautiful autumn morning. A soft breeze from the river stole through Mr. Goodel's office window, and eddied so gently around his bald head that, instead of sneezing, he sighed. Thence it ambled into the outer office and tugged at every button in the garments of Jimmie Brennan, the office-boy.

"At Fulton Market dock," it whispered, "there's good swimming."

"G'wan, what yer tryin' ter do—kid me?" Jimmie's subconsciousness jeered, while its owner industriously continued to index the letter-book. "It'd freeze de insides out'n yer!"

So back it flew to Mr. Goodel.

"I ask you in all seriousness," it almost hissed, "shall commercial paper and investment securities prevail over golf?"

And Mr. Goodel, being of weaker stuff than Jimmie, closed his roll-top desk with a bang and seized his hat and cane.

"I'm going up-town on a very important matter," he said.

Jimmie looked at him mournfully, This cutting business an hour before noon was becoming too frequent of late.

"What will I tell Mr. Luddington?" he asked.

For a man of fifty-five Mr. Goodel blushed rather easily. The operation, however, might be termed painting the lily, for normally this gentleman's face was of a hue to pale the flamingo's wing.

"Why, tell him I've gone up-town on a very important matter, of course," he declared.

Jimmie glanced at Mr. Goodel, and,

dropping his eyes, snorted eloquently. Luddington was Goodel's brother-in-law, and the roseate hue of Goodel's countenance was largely due to his example and encouragement. Despite Luddington's convivial habits, however, Jimmie knew that he held a business engagement sacred; and on the previous day he had distinctly heard Goodel make an appointment with his brother-in-law for the purchase of some bonds. The securities were to be delivered in person by Luddington at a quarter to one o'clock that afternoon.

"How about dem bonds, Mr. Goodel?" he said.

"Oh, yes—about those bonds," Goodel replied. "When Mr. Luddington brings them here, put them in the small safe."

He went back to his room and unlocked the safe in question.

"Be careful to see that you lock it again, after you've put the bonds in," he admonished Jimmie, "and you can go home at four."

"Where will I 'phone you if anyt'ing turns up, Mr. Goodel?" Jimmie inquired artfully.

Goodel cleared his throat and looked serious. Even trivial lies have a hardy growth, and they travel so fast that no one, least of all the liar himself, can predict their ultimate size or destination.

"I shall be—er—in several places," he stammered. The small railroad folder in his breast pocket felt like an unabridged dictionary. "You'd better not attempt to reach me up-town." He paused with his hand on the door-knob. "Don't forget to lock the safe after you

put the bonds in," he concluded, and passed out, whistling.

Goodel conducted his business correspondence with his own hand, and contrived to make it as brief as possible. Jimmie's task of indexing the copying-book was light in proportion, and ten minutes after his employer had left he was midway in the perusal of a tattered dime novel.

tle safe. For almost two hours he revolved the knob of the combination in every conceivable manner. In vain he listened with strained attention; not the faintest click rewarded his efforts.

As he reseated himself at his desk, Luddington entered.

"H'lo, Jimmie!" he cried in his usual jovial fashion. "Where's the boss?"

"Now he's gone up-town, Mr. Lud-



"HERE THEY ARE, AND BE SURE TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM."

Its cover displayed, in yellow and red, a most spirited representation of the burglar-hero opening a huge bank-vault, an incident which was elaborated in the text. The author described how the "yeggman" solved the combination lock by tentatively revolving the knob and noting the almost inaudible clicks that betrayed the correct numbers.

So convincing was the language employed that it fired Jimmie's imagination. He rose from his desk, and, entering Mr. Goodel's room, closed and locked the lit-

tington," Jimmie replied, "on an important matter."

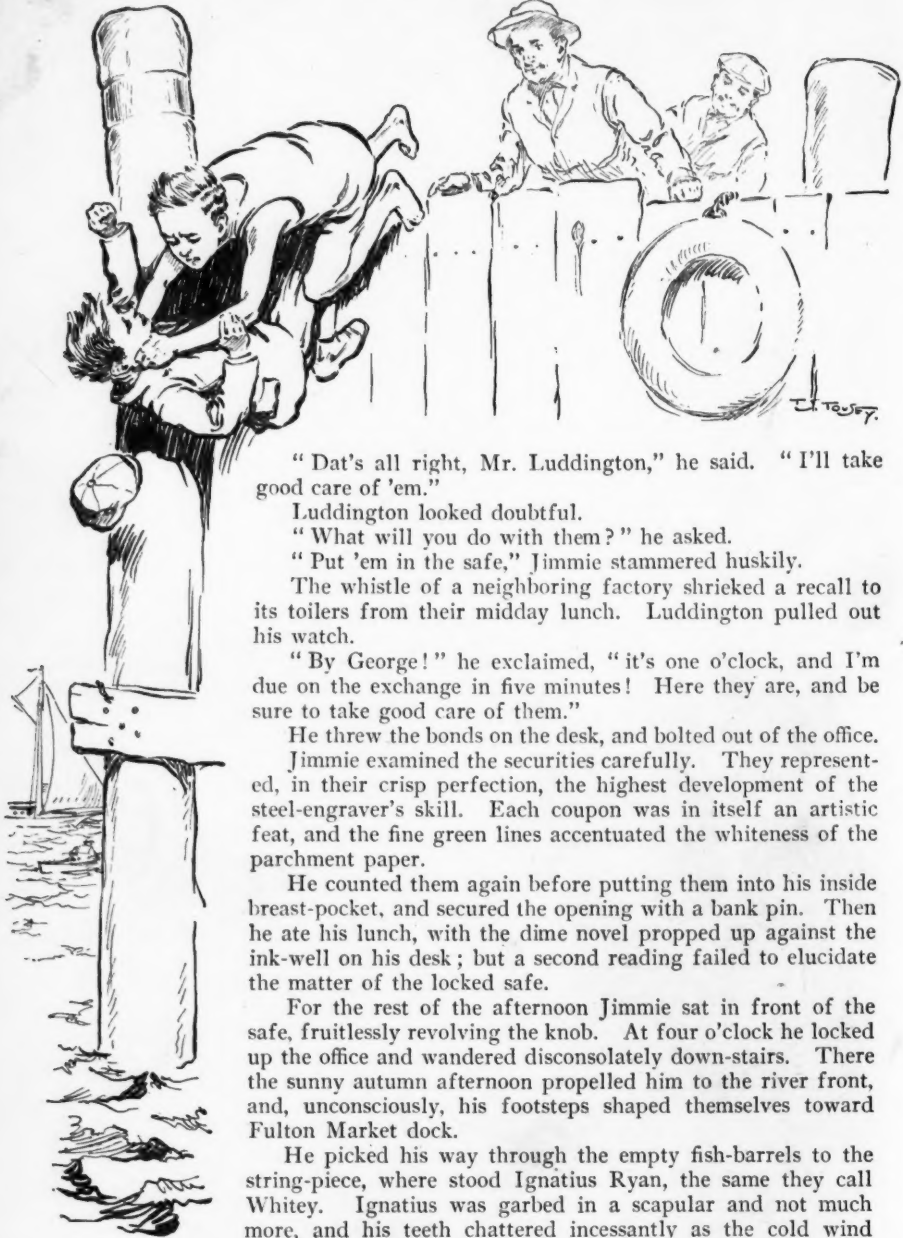
Luddington clucked impatiently.

"That's too bad," he said. "I have some bonds for him."

"I know ut," Jimmie answered. "He says fer you to leave 'em wit' me."

"Oh, he did, did he?" Luddington cried testily. "Why, there are ten of them, at a thousand apiece, with the coupons attached."

Jimmie's face fell as he proffered Luddington an assurance he didn't feel.



"Dat's all right, Mr. Luddington," he said. "I'll take good care of 'em."

Luddington looked doubtful.

"What will you do with them?" he asked.

"Put 'em in the safe," Jimmie stammered huskily.

The whistle of a neighboring factory shrieked a recall to its toilers from their midday lunch. Luddington pulled out his watch.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "it's one o'clock, and I'm due on the exchange in five minutes! Here they are, and be sure to take good care of them."

He threw the bonds on the desk, and bolted out of the office.

Jimmie examined the securities carefully. They represented, in their crisp perfection, the highest development of the steel-engraver's skill. Each coupon was in itself an artistic feat, and the fine green lines accentuated the whiteness of the parchment paper.

He counted them again before putting them into his inside breast-pocket, and secured the opening with a bank pin. Then he ate his lunch, with the dime novel propped up against the ink-well on his desk; but a second reading failed to elucidate the matter of the locked safe.

For the rest of the afternoon Jimmie sat in front of the safe, fruitlessly revolving the knob. At four o'clock he locked up the office and wandered disconsolately down-stairs. There the sunny autumn afternoon propelled him to the river front, and, unconsciously, his footsteps shaped themselves toward Fulton Market dock.

He picked his way through the empty fish-barrels to the string-piece, where stood Ignatius Ryan, the same they call Whitey. Ignatius was garbed in a scapular and not much more, and his teeth chattered incessantly as the cold wind smote his naked shins.

"Why don't you jump in, Whitey?" said Jimmie, seating himself on the edge of the wharf.

Whitey struggled with a temporary ataxia of speech.

"Aw, w-w-w-hy d-d-d-on't y-y-y-er j-j-j-j-ump in y-y-y-yers-s-s-s-clf?" he barely managed to enunciate.

IGNATIUS MADE A DASH
FOR HIS TOR-
MENTOR

By way of reply Jimmie emitted a succession of jeering guffaws which seemed to infuriate the shivering Whitey. Ignatius made a dash for his tormentor, and a moment later the two of them were struggling in a strong flood tide.

When Jimmie rose to the surface, half a dozen ropes were within easy reach. He was speedily hauled back upon the dock, shrieking lurid threats at Ignatius, whose repartee, revived by the sudden plunge, grew no less profane.

"Wait till I get yer wanst!" Jimmie shouted. "I'll lift de face off yer, dat's all!" And there followed a wealth of bitter anathema that might have enriched the vocabulary of a truckman.

Jimmie proceeded up the wharf and along South Street, dripping a track of muddy water behind him. A salt stream ran down his face from his hair, and mingled with the tears which came with a realization of his predicament. His cap was lost, and his only suit of clothes was dirty beyond description.

In the excitement of the past half-hour he had entirely forgotten the bonds. At the remembrance of them, his hand sought his breast-pocket. With shaking fingers he removed the pin and drew out a bundle of papers whose stained and soggy condition bore no semblance whatever to the crisp beauty of Mr. Luddington's bonds.

All that evening he sat in a flannel nightgown, busily plying a rubber eraser,

but without avail, for as fast as he removed the spots, his falling tears stained the wrinkled paper anew. His mother, meanwhile, stood at the wash-tub and renovated his muddy clothing with a vigor that testified eloquently to the thoroughness of his chastisement.

There was little sleep for Jimmie that night, and next morning, as he trudged, hollow-eyed, to his work, he turned over in his mind every justification he might proffer Mr. Goodel for his disobedience. He arrived down-town without having formulated any excuse, and a quarter of an hour late to boot. So preoccupied was he, as he mounted the steps, that he failed to observe two policemen who blocked the doorway, and plunged blindly into them.

"Where are you bound for?" one of them asked.

"Aw, leave me go!" said Jimmie. "I work here."

"Oh, you do, do you?" the policeman ejaculated, and grabbed him by the shoulder. "What's yer name?"

"Jimmie Brennan," the boy replied.

"Come on, you," his captor said, and dragged the struggling Jimmie up-stairs.

Luddington and Goodel stood in the outer office as Jimmie and the policeman entered. Goodel's ruddy complexion had faded to a dingy shade of purple, and the corners of Luddington's mouth turned downward in a most unaccustomed fashion.



AS FAST AS HE REMOVED THE SPOTS, HIS FALLING TEARS STAINED THE WRINKLED PAPER ANEW



"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?"

"Here he is!" the officer announced.

"Well, don't strangle him," said Luddington, with his hand on the door-knob of Goodel's office. He turned to Jimmie. "Do you know anything about this?" he asked, and threw wide the door.

Jimmie gasped in convincing astonishment. The little safe stood doorless on its side, in the middle of the room, surrounded by a pile of torn and scattered papers. Its iron door rested on Goodel's desk, while the doors of the big safe in the corner swung ajar, one of them supported by only the bottom hinge.

"He doesn't know," Goodel muttered.

"What time did you leave here yesterday?" Luddington asked.

"Four o'clock," Jimmie murmured in tear-choked accents.

Here the policeman took a hand.

"What time did you get home?" he persisted.

Jimmie sobbed convulsively.

"Six o'clock," he croaked.

"And where was you between times?" his inquisitor bellowed.

This was too much for Jimmie. He sank down with his head on the desk, and wept unaffectedly.

"Now look here," Goodell protested, "I won't have the little chap bullied any more." He laid a comforting hand on Jimmie's shoulder. "It's all my fault, Luddington," he continued. "If I hadn't been an ass and gone off to play golf, I might have put the bonds in my safe-deposit box instead of the safe, and they wouldn't have been stolen."

Jimmie lifted his head from the desk. "Dey wuzn't in de safe," he said.

"What?" gasped Luddington, Goodel, and the policeman in concert.

"'N' it ain't up ter me, neider," he sobbed. "Whitey pushed me in."

"What d'ye mean?" Luddington shrieked.

For answer, Jimmie unpinned his pocket and handed the soiled bonds to Goodel. They were as limp as Japanese napkins.

"I cleaned 'em as good as I could," Jimmie continued.

Then, piecemeal, they drew from him a disconnected but comprehensive account of the day's adventures. It omitted nothing, not even the dime novel.

"Jimmie, you young dog," said Goodel, after he had regained his composure, "I forbade you ever to read dime novels in this office, and no sooner was my back turned than you did."

Jimmie hung his head.

"That's all right, Goodel," Ludding-

ton broke in. "You told him to put the bonds in the safe and he didn't. I guess that makes it square, and you'd better forgive him."

A broad grin spread itself over Goodel's face.

"He gets one more chance," he said, pressing a bill into the boy's fist, "and twenty dollars to buy a new suit of clothes with. Now get out of here, Jimmie—you smell like a fish-market!"

THE LION AND THE LAMB

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "A PRIVATE CHIVALRY," "THE GRAFTERS," ETC.

XVI

THE event of the day for Coalville—the arrival of the afternoon passenger-train from Chattanooga—was in the near prospect when the red car rushed down the last of the grades in the mountain road, and swept a wide circle around the coke-ovens and past the railway-station to reach the Ocoee office-building.

The train-time signs were always unmistakable. A little while before the hour, and always as if warned by some signal inaudible to alien ears, the loungers under Tait's porch rose, shook their legs to settle wrinkled trousers, and filed slowly over to the railroad-station to swell the ranks of the regular train-hour habitués.

Tregarvon's motor-car, no longer a nine-days' wonder to the Coalville army of leisure, was slowing to cross the rails of the long-disused Ocoee siding when the station-agent ran out of his office to wave the motorists down with a telegram. It was for Carfax, and the agent explained that it had been delayed in transmission by some trouble with the wire on the branch line.

While Carfax was pulling off his driving-gauntlets and opening the yellow envelope, Tregarvon thoughtfully got out and went around to see if the rear

wheels were running cool. Therefore, he did not hear Carfax's "Ye gods and little fishes!" as he glanced at the written lines of the telegram.

"Vance!" called the afflicted one, turning in the driving-seat to see what had become of his accomplice.

But Tregarvon did not hear. He was otherwise engaged. A canopy-topped surrey, considerably the worse for age, and drawn by a great-boned dapple-gray horse, was just turning out of the mountain road to cross the tracks to the station. It was Richardia Birrell who was driving; and in the seat beside her was the apotheosis of all the old-time Southern gentlemen, white-haired, ruddy-faced, handsome as an ancestral portrait.

"So that's her father!" said Tregarvon, under his breath. "Well, if looks count for anything, he's worthy of her; and that's more than I'd say for any other Tennessean I've ever looked upon."

Then Carfax's anxious call was repeated, and this time it was heeded.

"Not lost, only gone behind," Tregarvon answered; and then: "Why, Poictiers! Who's dead?"

Carfax was standing up in his place, clinging to the steering-wheel with one hand and waving the telegram like a flag of distress in the other.

"Read that!" he said tragically, when the inspector of rear-wheel bearings came within passing reach.

Tregarvon read the message, and became, in his turn, a man stricken down without warning. The telegram was dated at Chattanooga, and it had been filed for sending at nine o'clock in the morning. It was addressed to Carfax, and it read:

Here with papa and mama, and the Pennsylvania battle monument dedicators. If I should run over to Coalville with Clotilde this afternoon, will you and Vance put me up at the hotel and show me your mine? But of course you will.

ELIZABETH.

"Heavens!" ejaculated the master of the Ocoee, when the paralyzing effect of the announcement gave place to the panic of dismay. "E-Elizabeth and her maid? Coming here?"

"Yes," Carfax laughed rather wildly; "coming here, to stop at the—the hotel!"

"Oh, good Lord!" groaned Tregarvon. "And she says, 'this afternoon.' That means to-day—now! She's on this train! Poitiers, if you're any friend of mine, take that cranking-handle and put me out of misery!"

Carfax stopped laughing suddenly, shut off the motor, and climbed down from the driving-seat.

"It's no joke!" he said almost fiercely. "It's up to us, you wild ass of the desert—do you hear? Stop braying, and listen to me. We've got to meet her over there on that platform as if we'd been watching every train for a week. There's the whistle; come along, and you'll have to invent your fairy-tale on the run!"

They did not crowd too eagerly to the front when the three-car train drew up to the station-platform. There were little fictions to be fabricated at lightning speed; fictions upon which there must be some hurried treaty of agreement to make them seem even passably credible.

Thus it happened that a handsome young woman in a close-fitting toque and brown traveling-coat, and followed by a French maid bearing *impedimenta*, was helped down from the car-step by the brakeman.

"Charge!" commanded Carfax in a hoarse whisper; but before they could do it, Miss Birrell slipped through the tide of platform drift, put her arms about the handsome young woman, and kissed her, with: "Oh, you dear thing!" to go with the affectionate welcome.

Tregarvon saw, gasped, swallowed hard, and his smile was a grin that was almost sickly.

"Get out in the road there and chunk me!" he said to Carfax. "Poitiers, I'm a ruined man. They were together in the Boston music-factory! Elizabeth's told me a hundred times of the charming little Tennessean, without naming any names! And I've written her— Oh, I tell you, I'm a dead man! Go and get a wreath to lay on my coffin."

"You'll be needing a coffin, if you don't buck up and catch the step!" hissed Carfax. Wherewith he dragged his companion masterfully into the circle of welcomes.

The golden youth neither gave nor received the kiss of greeting; and he pointedly looked another way when Miss Wardwell turned her cheek for Tregarvon's cousinly salute. A moment later, however, he found himself shaking hands with a tall, picturesque old man; realized vaguely that Miss Birrell was introducing him to her father, and that Miss Wardwell was rallying Tregarvon gaily on his discomfiture by means of the jesting telegram.

"Surely it didn't mislead you, too, did it, Mr. Carfax?" she protested laughingly. "Vance says you took it harder than he did—which was quite needless." Then she explained to Judge Birrell: "I sent a wire to these two from Chattanooga, asking them if they could put me and Clotilde up at the Coalville hotel — by the way, Vance, where is the hotel?—I guessed from Richardia's letter that they didn't know I was invited to Westwood. Fancy it, Judge Birrell! They got the message only a few moments before the train arrived!"

Tregarvon backed out of the little group and fanned himself with his hat. There were still traces of the sickly grin to temper the mask of torment that was slowly displacing it. Everything he had

ever written to Elizabeth about Richardia—everything he had ever told Richardia about Elizabeth—clamored for instant recollection and revision in the light of the astounding discovery that the two of them were here, together, as friends.

The train had moved on, the loungers were dispersing, and Richardia was leading the way to the old-fashioned surrey drawn by the dapple-gray horse of mammoth size.

"I think you'll be quite sure to drive up to Westwood to-morrow, now," she said, when Tregarvon had flogged himself into some livelier sense of the requirements of the moment. Then she added: "You may come as early as you please."

"I think I shall be very ill to-morrow," he said gravely, as he handed her into the carriage. "These sudden shocks are very bad—for the heart, you know." And then, while Carfax was putting Elizabeth on the front seat with the judge: "I didn't think you could be so wicked!"

But Miss Birrell was not willing to be dragged even into the vicinity of things confidential.

"Hear him!" she said to Miss Wardwell. "Mr. Tregarvon is intimating that we have made him ill, between us." Then she spoke to her father. "Judge Birrell, you will please command these two young gentlemen to report to you to-morrow at Westwood House; do you hear?"

The judge gave the invitation in due and courteous form, and Carfax accepted promptly for himself and for Tregarvon. After which the big dapple-gray, being unhaltered by Tregarvon and mildly urged by his master, began to jog up and down, and the age-worn surrey, with its full complement of passengers, crept out of sight around the coke-ovens.

"We might have offered to take them up in the chug-wagon," said Carfax, when the afterthought had been given time to come to the surface.

"You might have," said Tregarvon moodily. "I wouldn't trust myself to run a wheelbarrow, right now."

"Don't want to ride?" asked Carfax, who was preparing to crank the

motor-car for the two-hundred-yard run over to the office-building.

"No," was the reply. "We'll let Rucker come over and get the wagon." And they walked.

It was perhaps quite natural that the campaign of obstruction, Thaxter's tender of his friendly offices in the matter of bargain and sale, and Hartridge's apparently sincere attempt to block whatever game the coal trust was trying to play, should be temporarily lost sight of by the two young men after the episode at the Coalville station.

Tregarvon went to his room in the old office-building immediately after he had told Rucker to house the car, and was visible no more until Uncle William called him to dinner. At table he ate like an ogre—a sure sign of disturbance—and refused to rise to any of the little baits flung out by Carfax. Afterward, however, over the tobacco-jar, he was tempted to ease the nausea of his soul—and did it.

"Poitiers, I believe I'll write my will to-night, and let you witness it," he began, when the chairs were drawn up before the smoldering fire on the hearth, and the long-stemmed pipe was in action. "The only decent thing I can do now is to go and offer myself to the chief of the Bureau of Tests as a candidate for the poison squad."

Carfax took him seriously—a thing he had been refusing to do for the past hour.

"Is it as bad as that, Vance? Tell it out in open meeting, and let's weigh and measure it. Perhaps there may be a drop or two left in the balm of Gilead bottle."

"I've simply made a bally ass of myself in the usual way," was the sober rejoinder. "As I've told you, I've been writing Elizabeth all about Richardia, and telling Richardia all about Elizabeth; two harmless ingredients, you may say, but when they're combined, nitroglycerin isn't in it with them. They'll compare notes; they are both women, and they can't help themselves. And I can see that what the comparisons will leave of me won't be fit to fling to a starved puppy!"

Carfax smoked in silence for a long minute before he said:

"How they may stick pins in you, to your face or behind your back, seems a very inconsiderable factor in the problem to me, Vance. The deadly part of it is that you are in love—or you think you are—with Richardia, and you are going to marry Elizabeth."

"No," objected Tregarvon, staring fixedly into the fire; "that isn't the worst of it, either. There is a still deeper depth—I can't help doing either one or both of these things."

Carfax showed signs of becoming restive.

"If Elizabeth didn't care so much for you, there would be— But you've got to tell her, Vance; you've got to tell her all of it!"

"Oh, I shall!" said the dejected one. "I'll tell her I've robbed her, deliberately robbed her, of the Uncle Byrd money—for that is exactly what it comes to. You needn't think Elizabeth is going to sit down meekly and say, 'All right, Vance, dear! never mind,' when I tell her about Richardia. She has spirit, plenty of it; she can fairly set you afire with those brown eyes of hers when war is declared."

"Still you don't see the tragic part of it!" Carfax gritted. "Great Heavens, man! Can you turn the love of a woman like Elizabeth Wardwell down without a grain of compunction—ignore that phase of it completely?"

Tregarvon looked up in mild surprise.

"You're warm, Poitiers; you're positively sweating for my sins. But that isn't one of them, you know. Elizabeth isn't in love with me—that way. I think I told you once that we had thrashed all that out long ago. She has talked to me like a sister. The most I could ever get her to say was that she thought more of me than she did of any other fellow, and she tagged even that with a threat to tell me if the more lovable fellow ever turned up."

"Did she say that?" demanded Carfax eagerly.

"She did, for a fact; and she meant it, too."

"Well, even if she did, you've got to do her right, and do it like a man. And I'll help it along. You've considered yourself and your own feelings good and plenty, Vance; and now it's Eliza-

beth. You do the absolutely square thing to-morrow, or I'll—"

"What will you do?" asked the penitent.

"I'll make love to Richardia Birrell myself, by Jove! You sha'n't play fast and loose with two good women—not while I'm on earth to prevent it." And after another long minute of silence, Carfax rose, flung his half-smoked cigar into the embers, and said: "I'm going to bed"—a threat which he immediately put into execution.

Tregarvon sat smoking and staring at the dying fire for an hour longer. He was still staring when Rucker came to the door of the dining-room to say that he was about to walk up the mountain to relieve the watchman whom Tryon had left on duty at the drilling-plant.

"That's all right, Billy," said Tregarvon, half absently. Then he remembered. "You don't carry a gun, do you?"

"No; a two-pound shop-hammer is good enough for me, if I've got room to swing it in."

"All right, again; only don't swing it too hard, unless the man you're aiming at happens to be wearing a bandage around his head. In that case, I don't care if you make him wear two bandages, or even three. Good night!"

XVII

THE Indian summer Sunday afternoon was the flawless half of a day hollowed out of the golden heart of the season of fruition. On the broad veranda of the venerable manor-house of Westwood, the conversation, which had been desultory at best, languished in sympathy with the reposeful spell of time and place and the peaceful encompassments.

With a gently worded phrase of apology to his daughter's guest, the judge had pleaded an old man's privilege, dragging his chair to the farther end of the veranda and lighting his corn-cob pipe in courteous isolation. Tregarvon marked the bit of old-fashioned chivalric deference to Elizabeth, and wondered how many men of the younger generation would be as considerate.

The thought was one of a series emphasizing the gross incredibility of his

theory involving Richardia's father in the conspiracy against the Ocoee. That the white-haired, ruddy-faced Chesterfield of Westwood House might challenge an antagonist, give him the choice of weapons, and afterward kill him unflinchingly, was easily conceivable; but that he would descend to the methods of the dynamiter or the midnight assassin was momentarily growing more and more unbelievable.

But with Elizabeth for his *vis-à-vis* in the broad-armed veranda chair, Tregarvon was finding it increasingly difficult to fix his mind upon the Ocoean mysteries. For some reason—the unfamiliar surroundings, the gap of absence so suddenly and unexpectedly bridged, or because there was some subtle change in her—his cousin was singularly reticent. At times, she seemed almost embarrassed.

Since the guilty will flee when no one pursues, Tregarvon thought he need be at no loss to account for Miss Wardwell's attitude. She and Richardia had merely compared notes; nothing further was necessary. He could feel the presence of the Damoclean sword suspended above his head, and was looking forward unjoyously to the moment when chance, or design on the part of the other two, would give Elizabeth her reproachful opportunity.

The dreaded moment came when Richardia, who had been talking flowers with Carfax, asked the golden youth if he would like to see her chrysanthemums in the old-fashioned posy-patch at the rear of the manor-house. When they were gone, Tregarvon was left alone with Elizabeth and his responsibilities.

It was Miss Wardwell who began it, and her manner was that of one marching reluctantly up to the mouths of loaded cannon.

"Were you shocked almost to death when you learned, yesterday, that I was coming?" she asked.

"N-no; certainly not," he made haste to say. "It was a complete surprise, though, as you probably intended it to be."

"It wasn't very deeply premeditated," she rejoined. "Pennsylvania has been building some monuments on the old battle-fields, and papa is one of the

commissioners. He and mama didn't want to be bothered with me, but I had to come. Have you guessed why, Vance?"

Tregarvon thought he knew the con-straining reason very well indeed, but he was not quite brave enough to say so. Instead, he temporized, as a man will, postponing the instant when the hair-hung sword should fall.

"I'm the poorest of mind-readers," he protested. "Can't even read my own, sometimes."

"I wish I could read it now—this moment—Cousin Vance," she said, trying to look him fairly in the eyes, and not succeeding very well.

"Read *my* mind? Heaven forbid!" he gasped. Then he came to his senses and tried to repair the terrible misstep. "I'm afraid that a man's mind is never fit for a—*a* good woman to look into, Elizabeth."

"Yours is, Cousin Vance," she said loyally, and he winced as if she had struck him a blow. "I haven't known you all my life for nothing. And it is because I have known you as no other woman ever will that I was willing to try to make you happy."

He was wondering dumbly how much of this he could stand when she went on, quite steadily, though the brown eyes were looking past him.

"But I had to come. There is a crisis, and with your letters before me, I couldn't write. We agreed once, you remember, to go around the sentimental field instead of through it, but you haven't lived up to that agreement in your letters."

Tregarvon found his handkerchief, and mopped his face. The matchless October afternoon had grown suddenly and oppressively sweltering.

"I'm a brute, Elizabeth," he asserted; "I—"

"Please don't make it any harder for me than it has to be," she pleaded. "If you stop me now, I shall never be able to go on. I came all the way down here to say something to you—something that I couldn't write, and that every added letter of yours was making more difficult to say. But one word from you now will make it easier—if it's the right one. Tell me, Vance, hasn't this separa-

tion proved to you that we couldn't—that cousins ought not to marry?"

Slowly it ground its way into his brain that the worst had befallen; that Elizabeth, really and truly in love, now, had guessed, either from his letters or from Richardia's, the true state of affairs; and that womanly pride and affection had brought her to the scene of action to commit martyrdom.

"Oh, by Jove, you mustn't, Elizabeth!" he broke out in a sudden access of contrition. "I can't allow you to outdo me that way. And, besides, there is Uncle Byrd's money."

"I have thought of that, too," she said; "and, Vance, dear, we must just rise superior to all the mere money considerations. Richardia has been telling me about your prospects here—your mine—and your brave fight to make something out of nothing. You will need Uncle Byrd's money; you do need it, now. And I—if we—well, I sha'n't need it, anyhow," she ended rather incoherently.

"Lord help me, Elizabeth!" he groaned, quite ignoring the gray-haired, white-mustached figure smoking peacefully at the farther end of the veranda. "I don't deserve—"

"I know you don't," she agreed instantly; "you deserve—well, something quite different. But, whatever happens, I must do what I came here to do; there is no other way. I—I have made a discovery, Cousin Vance."

"Of course you have," he said desperately. "I knew you would, sooner or later, though I have tried awfully hard to make myself believe there wasn't any discovery to be made."

"But, seriously, Vance—deep down in your heart—you don't really care, do you?"

"Why, Elizabeth! Of course I care. And I've blamed myself straight through from the first."

"Oh, but you mustn't do that, on any account!" she protested quickly. "It's all my fault, or my—no, I *won't* call it a misfortune."

"Your fault?" he stammered. "You mean, because you didn't suspect it and choke it off right at the first? But I didn't give you a chance to do that, did I?"

"I didn't suspect it," she said mu-

singly; "I didn't begin to suspect it. It came all at once, like a blow, you know; and then it was too late to 'choke it off,' as you say."

The man, the true man, in him rose up in its might to buffet him into the path of uprightness and straightforwardness.

"No; it is not too late, Elizabeth," he said gravely.

"Oh, but it is!" she objected earnestly.

"No," he insisted; "we must still make good. Do you know what people at home will say if the engagement is broken now? They will say that I made it impossible for you to carry out Uncle Byrd's wishes; and that I did it deliberately, to get the money for myself."

"But you haven't!" she protested in wide-eyed astonishment. "I am the guilty one."

"You?"

"Yes; that is what I came all the way from Philadelphia to say to you, Vance. Do you remember, one time while we were trying to—I think your word was 'galvanize' ourselves into the sentimental ecstasy supposed to be the normal condition of engaged people, I told you jestingly that if I should ever find anybody I could really lo—like better—"

"Elizabeth!"

She looked away from him and nodded soberly.

"Yes; it's true, and I had to come and tell you. You may despise me; it's your privilege."

Tregarvon got stiffly out of his chair and took the necessary step to the veranda edge that gave him the view into the rearward flower-garden. They were there—Carfax and Richardia—bending together over the chrysanthemums. When he turned back to his cousin he was smiling grimly.

"As your brother Jack would say, you mustn't rawhide yourself too severely. Leaving the dollars out of it—and I'll find a way to leave them out, if I have to throw them at the birds—I'm getting about what I deserve—which is the glad hand all around the block, Elizabeth."

"You are bitter, and I can't blame

you," she said, with something like a sob at the catching of her breath. "But really, at the very bottom of it all, you don't care, Vance?"

"Don't I, indeed? I should be superhuman if I didn't. Who is this man who, coming after me, is preferred before me?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Why can't you, I'd like to know?"

"Because—oh, you are perfectly savage with me!—because he has had no right to speak, nor I to listen. He hasn't spoken; he may never speak. But that doesn't make any difference."

"No," said Tregarvon wearily; "nothing makes any difference, now. But I told you a moment ago not to reproach yourself. Don't! I am in precisely the same kind of a boat myself, Elizabeth—without your good hope of getting ashore."

"Vance!"

The grim smile came again, and he said—though rather in shame than in malice:

"It hurts a little, when it's the other way about, doesn't it? Since yesterday I've been thinking you knew. I thought that Richardia had probably written you. That is why I was so slow in catching on. I was looking for you to dagger me the other way, you know."

Miss Wardwell was no longer embarrassed; but she was well-nigh tearful.

"I suppose it's one of those horridly pretty Southern girls in the school," she said, half spitefully. "Have you—?"

"No; I've been as decent as the other fellow—the fellow you won't name for me. I haven't been making love to her."

"And she?"

"She is going to marry a man old enough to be her father—if she doesn't reconsider and marry a young donkey of a millionaire."

Rucker, following his orders, was tooling the red car up the weed-grown driveway, coming to take the two young men back to Coalville. Also, Carfax and Miss Birrell were approaching, on their return from the posy-beds. Miss Wardwell stood up and put both her hands in Tregarvon's, whether he would or not.

"I'm sorry, *sorry*," she said earnestly. "You must come again. I shall be here

for a few days. Papa and mama are going over to the Shiloh battle-field, and I can stay till they come back to Chattanooga. You'll promise to come, won't you?"

He smiled down into the brown eyes of beseeching. The vanity pain was passing.

"Certainly I shall come as often as you can get me an invitation. I don't propose to lose my best cousin, just because I happen to have lost a lot of other things."

VIII

THIS was the keynote of the cheerful tone which Tregarvon managed to preserve through the leave-takings; but once in the car, with Westwood House left behind, he became silent almost to gruffness, keeping it up all the way to the foot of the mountain.

Later in the evening, over the tobacco-jar in the office dining-room, he thawed out enough to go into the business affair with Carfax, though the golden youth himself did not seem to care much about talking.

"Thaxter will be down here with his offer in black on white to-morrow. I suppose," said Carfax, when the subject was started. "You'll tell him no?"

"I have already told him. I sent Tryon up with a note this morning, telling him not to go to the trouble of consulting his New York people."

"Good. Did Rucker tell you of his two little discoveries to-day?"

"No. What were they?"

"He saw Morgan McNabb, who is still wearing a bandage under his hat. That was number one."

"And the other?"

"I don't like to say it, Vance—with the perfume of the Westwood flowers still in my nostrils; but you'll take it for what it's worth. The judge was the man who was with Miss Richardia the other night—who stood in the moonlight and shook his fist at your drill-derrick. Rucker says he'll swear to it."

"I don't care."

Carfax was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"What's the matter with you to-night, Vance?"

Tregarvon looked up with a scowl.

"You may as well know one time as another, I suppose. I've been touched, Poitiers; in a man's tenderest spot—which is his vanity, I guess. Elizabeth has turned me down."

Carfax's bound out of his chair was like the effect of an electrifying shock of many volts.

"My Heavens!" he ejaculated. "But why—why, Vance? Has she heard—does she know about your asinine foolery at Highmount?"

Tregarvon's grin returned.

"Oh, yes; she knows about that. But I was fired for a much better reason, and one which grinds me considerably finer. She has found out that she can think more of some other fellow, if she tries right hard—and I think she is going to try."

"Did she—did she tell you the name of—of the other fellow?" demanded Carfax, grasping his chair as if he were about to hurl it at Tregarvon.

"No. It seems that he's been decent—just about as decent as I've been. He hasn't tried to break in yet; he merely wants to."

Carfax's "Good night" was almost explosive, and before Tregarvon could even wonder what he had said to stir his friend's abruptnesses so, the door slammed behind the golden youth and he was gone.

It may have been about five minutes afterward that Tregarvon, still sitting before the bit of fire on the hearth, heard the purring of the touring-car's motor. Going quickly to the door, he had a vanishing glimpse of the car's tail-light whisking at speed around the end of the coke-oven embankment, and a moment later came the roar of the motor-engines as Carfax, hitting the grade of the mountain road, cut his muffler out.

The man in the doorway laughed bitterly.

"That is what friendship amounts to when a woman comes between!" he girded. "He knows I'm free now, and he's going to make sure of Richardia while I'm too new a widower to turn a wheel. If I had anything on top of earth to chase him with—"

Once in a cycle or so—perhaps once in a man's life—the sword of oppor-

tunity drops handle foremost from the sky and fits itself to the grasp of the spent fighter. A low drumming on the still air of the evening, a sweeping flash of white light around the corner of the office-building, and a smart, high-power runabout, with Wilmerding behind the steering-wheel, drew up at the step of the side door.

"Good man!" said the Whitby superintendent. "You heard me coming, didn't you? You gave me the fever, flaunting that big red devil of yours in my face, and I had to buy. Isn't she a little daisy? Just got her limbered up about an hour ago, and I had to chase down here and show her off. Come out for a little spin; I can take you one at a time."

Tregarvon said just one word, "Wait," and the echo of it still hung in the air when he came out, struggling into his overcoat. "Don't mind where you go, do you?" he asked; and, taking the answer for granted: "Chuck her at the mountain road; that will warm her up and let you see what she can do. I shouldn't wonder if you could beat my record. Give it a try—I'll time you."

Eight minutes was the time to the gates of the college; and Tregarvon called it a beat, though he had never timed his own car up the mountain. But it was necessary to keep Wilmerding keyed to the proper pitch.

"Now try her on the level," he suggested. "Straight ahead across the mountain; bully sand road all the way; let her out!"

Wilmerding did all the things he was told to do, and at the intersection of the cross-mountain road with the west-brow pike, reached a few minutes later, he asked for further sailing-orders.

"Let me take her for a little while—want to see how she handles," said Tregarvon; and the exchange of seats was made.

Two minutes beyond this he was steering the runabout skilfully between the big portal pillars of Westwood.

"Here, man—this is no roadhouse!" protested Wilmerding. "Do you know where you're going?"

"Don't I? And I'm asking you just one question—shall I have to introduce you to Judge Birrell and his daughter?"

"Well, hardly; not at this late day," I should hope. I've known them ever since— Why, hallo, here's your car! How did it get here?"

"On its own power," said Tregarvon briefly.

Then he placed the runabout deftly at the corner of the steps, stopped the motor, and, with Wilmerding at his elbow, set the old-fashioned knocker of the great door clanging a drum-beat through the echoing interior.

XIX

WHEN Aunt Phyllis, the white-coifed housekeeper who had grown old in the Birrell service, opened the door of the Westwood drawing-room for the two rather late Sunday evening callers, Richardia was at the piano in the alcove, the judge was listening luxuriously in his big Morris chair, and Carfax, who was sitting beside Miss Wardwell in the deep baywindow-seat, was the only one who seemed impatient of the additions to the circle.

It was Wilmerding who made his own and Tregarvon's apologies when the judge rose up out of his lounging-chair to welcome the newcomers.

"We were taking a moonlight spin in my new runabout," he explained, "and, of course, we couldn't pass your hospitable door, Judge Birrell, even if it was a bit late."

"No, suh; of cou'se you couldn't," was the warm-hearted response. "The doahs of old Westwood House may creak a little on thei-uh hinges, suh, but they still swing wide enough fo' the guest. Find youh places, gentlemen; my daughteh was giving us a little music."

Miss Wardwell had risen, with Carfax backgrounding her because he had to, and Tregarvon introduced Wilmerding as a fellow Pennsylvanian from the Pittsburgh end of the State. Elizabeth was sweetly gracious to the young superintendent, seeming to welcome him in some sort as an opportune saver of situations. Tregarvon observed her heightened color, and saw her swift signal to Carfax. Also, he noted that the effect of the signal was to make Carfax give up his place in the window-seat to Wilmerding.

In the general readjustment that followed, the judge relapsed into his easy chair, Carfax wandered to a window with his hands in his pockets, and Tregarvon boldly took his place beside Richardia at the piano.

"I want my nocturne, and this time I mean to have it," he whispered, as he bent over her; and as if his masterful mood were not to be denied, her fingers obediently found the opening tones of the Chopin masterpiece.

This was the beginning of what gradually began to impress Tregarvon as an interval of suspended possibilities—of electrically surcharged possibilities. Almost at once he realized that Richardia was playing only from her fingers outward—faultlessly, but almost mechanically; that Carfax was wandering in aimless impatience from window to window; that Elizabeth was feverishly talking commonplaces, like an escaped schoolgirl, with Wilmerding. Later, when Carfax dragged a chair into the baywindow recess and deliberately broke in upon Elizabeth and her companion, the spirit of unrest seemed to seize the judge, too. He wheeled his Morris chair to face the others and broke all the musical traditions of Westwood House by joining in the low-toned baywindow conversation.

All these things, Tregarvon thought, were so many indications pointing to the break in the sentimental harmonies caused by his own untimely intrusion; and when Richardia, at his request to play another of his favorites, turned upon him with her eyes suffused and a faint wave of color mounting to neck and cheek, and said, "No, please don't ask me; I—I really can't play any more to-night," the suspicion was confirmed.

"Why?" he demanded quickly; and the piano alcove being at a safe distance from the quartet in the window recess: "Tell me—is it anything I have done? Shouldn't I have come back here this evening?"

"No, you should not have come," she said quite decisively. "It was altogether manlike, but very, very ungenerous."

"Ungenerous! Do you know what Poictiers did to me?"

"Of course not; how should I know?"

"Then I'll tell you. He jumped right up in the midst of things—we were smoking a quiet pipe together after dinner, you know—slipped out, stole my car, and ran away without giving me the faintest ghost of a show."

Richardia's cheek dimpled, but the smile grew to nothing more encouraging.

"You immediately found means to follow him, it seems," she said accusingly.

"Certainly I did! I should have come afoot if Wilmerding hadn't turned up to play the 'god in the machine' for me. And in the foot-race I should probably have been too late—as perhaps I am, anyway."

"Yes; I think you are."

"Don't say that, Richardia!" he begged.

"Perhaps I ought not to say it; perhaps I should let Mr. Carfax say it. But, really, you ought to be ashamed. I wouldn't be a dog in the manger, if I were you, Mr. Vance."

"A—what?" he exploded.

"A dog in the manger. It is a crude old figure of speech, to be sure, but it is very expressive. You know the dog couldn't eat the hay himself, and he wouldn't let the horse eat it."

"My soul!" murmured Tregarvon in an ecstasy of despair. "If this isn't a day when all the planets have gone whirling out of their natural orbits! What have I done? Or what do you think I've done?"

Miss Birrell's reply, if she made any, was lost in a rattling clamor of the door-knocker, and Aunt Phyllis put her head into the drawing-room to say, with her fat chin in the air and fine scorn in her tone:

"Po' white man at de front do', come to see Mistoo Tregarbon."

Tregarvon left the piano alcove reluctantly, and found Jeff Tryon, who had gone earlier in the evening to the drilling-plant to share the night watch with Rucker, waiting for him at the door. The former section-boss was out of breath, as if he had been running.

"Rucker allows you'd better come over—you and Mr. Carfax," he said hurriedly. "We've done caught the feller what put the dinnamite in the ingine b'iler. He was aimin' to try the

trick ag'in, I reckon, an' we grabbed hold of him."

"Good for you, Tryon! Who is it?"

The man nodded his head mysteriously.

"Hit's the same feller that I've been suspectin' all along. You'll see, when you git thar."

"All right. Wait a minute and we'll take you back in the car. How did you know where to find us?"

"Rucker and me both heard the auty-mobel a chasin' acrost the mountain a little spell ago—seemed like they was two of 'em—and we allowed maybe you was here at the judge's place."

Tregarvon went back to the drawing-room, meaning to get Carfax, if possible, without giving a general alarm. But Wilmerding overheard his whispered explanation to the young millionaire, and so did Miss Wardwell; whereupon he changed his mind suddenly and briefed the story of the Ocoee troubles, with its latest sequel, looking straight at Judge Birrell while he did it.

The effect upon the old man to whom his theory had assigned the place of the arch-conspirator was not, in the light of later conclusions, wholly unexpected; indeed, he felt that it was quite what one would naturally expect from Richardia's father.

"What's that, suh? Trying to dynamite your machinery while you and Mistuh Carfax are makin' us a friendly visit heah at Westwood House?" he demanded, his deep voice rumbling in its most militant underdepth. "Richardia, daughteh, get me my coat and hat; I'm going oveh with these young gentlemen. No, Mistuh Tregarvon; don't deny me that privilege, suh. Youh being undeh ouh roof at the moment makes youh quarrel my quarrel. You'll give me a seat in that thah steam-wagon of youhs, and— Daughteh, my coat and hat; and fetch me the old shotgun, too, if you please, my deah."

By this time Wilmerding was on his feet, declaring that he must not be left out; and in the confusion of tongues Tregarvon got Richardia's ear for a word unheeded by the others.

"You'll be left here alone with Elizabeth—without men-people; shall you be afraid?" he asked.

Her answer, given while she was holding the overcoat for the sleeves of which her father was hastily fumbling, was reassuring; but it, too, partook of the maddening contradictions of this day of planetary eccentricities.

"I am too happy and glad and thankful to be afraid of anything," was what she said; and Tregarvon, more than ever perplexed, was still figuratively beating his breast and crying out that his reason was tottering when the descent upon the vehicles was made.

XX

FOR the means of transportation they chose the touring-car, because it was capacious enough to hold them all; and Carfax drove it, with Tryon clutching for handholds in the mechanician's seat beside him.

That left three for the back seat; and the judge, with his shotgun between his knees, placed himself in the middle, with Tregarvon and Wilmerding to take the side shocks.

All the way across to Highmount the deep-voiced judge was calling down anathemas upon the heads of those who would put obstacles in the way of progress, who would disfigure the fair fame of the Southland by resorting to the lawless methods of the assassin and the anarchist.

"Who are these scoundrels, Mistuh Tregarvon?" he inquired. "Just name me thei-uh names, suh!" And then, with charming inconsistency: "This is a law-abiding community, suh, and you've wronged us by keeping silence so long. But this is ouh chance for vindication. A little taste of a rope and a tree-limb for this grand rascal youh men have caught will make him tell us who his confederates are; and then, by the Lord Harry, suh, we'll run these heah law-breakers down with the dogs, and hang them higheh than Haman!"

If Tregarvon had not taken Judge Birrell out of his theory of the conspiracy before, this outburst of evidently sincere indignation would have cleared the air at once and for all. But with the judge out of it, the burden of suspicion fell unrelieved upon William Wilberforce Hartridge.

There was now no other peg upon

which to hang Richardia's anxiety. Tregarvon was sorry for Carfax, and still sorrier for himself. In the field of Miss Birrell's affections the mild-eyed, spectacled professor of mathematics, criminal though he might be, had evidently outdistanced both of them.

None the less, the master of the Ocoee rose promptly and generously to the demands of lover-like loyalty. This dynamiter whom Tryon and Rucker had captured—by all the laws of probability Hartridge's hired accomplice—must not be tortured into making a confession which would involve his principal, as the judge had just suggested. On the contrary, and at all hazards, his lips must be sealed in the judge's presence. Richardia's father must not learn in any such abrupt fashion what manner of man it was that his daughter was going to marry.

Tregarvon was setting his teeth upon this generous resolve when the motor-car skidded and slewed around the turn from the mountain pike into the narrow wood road. Despite the promise given by the perfect day and a measurably cloudless evening, the night had suddenly thickened, with cloud-wracks flying low over the mountain-top to wrap the forest in dense mantlings of fleecy vapor, silver-shot by the light of the moon, but opposing a wall of blank opacity to the head-lamps of the car.

"Easy, Poictiers! You'll scrap us if you don't look out," cautioned Tregarvon, leaning forward to warn Carfax, who was boring into the fog-bank on the second speed.

The words were scarcely uttered before there came a crunching of dry branches under the wheels, a hiss of escaping air, and a jolting stoppage of the automobile as the reckless driver threw himself upon the brakes.

"Punctured us, by Jove!" exclaimed Tregarvon; and they all got out to investigate cause and consequences.

The obstruction proved to be the dry limb of a thorny locust lying across the roadway, and the result was a flat tire.

"It's a dead limb, and it may have fallen from this tree overhead of its own accord; or it may mean that your dynamiter has friends who would like to stop us," said Wilmerding. "On the

bare chance, it occurs to me that we'd better sprint along and not wait to get the car in commission. Your man Rucker may easily be having the time of his life trying to hold onto his prisoner."

They sprinted accordingly, the judge taking the dog-trot as actively as his younger pace-setters, and stubbornly refusing to let Tregarvon relieve him of the burden of the heavy deer-gun.

So, running, they came in a few minutes to the glade of the drilling-plant, and to the door of the tool-shanty. Rucker admitted them at Tregarvon's knock and call, and his report was brief and unenlightening.

"No; nothin' doin' since we took him in; and the cuss won't talk. But maybe you can make him open up."

The captive, wrist-bound with a turn or two of rope, was sitting hunched upon the edge of Rucker's cot. It was Carfax who picked up the lantern and flashed its light into the man's face.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "Morgan McNabb!" and Rucker nodded.

Judge Birrell sat down upon a coil of rope and wiped his face with his handkerchief. He was breathing hard, but the smart run from the disabled automobile might have accounted for that. When he spoke to the prisoner his voice was sternly accusing.

"So it's you, is it, Mo'gan McNabb?—turning youh teeth on the hand that fed you. By the Lord Harry, suh, you make me mighty sorry that I saved you from goin' to the penitentiary—you do, for a fact, suh. Now, then, open youh mouth and tell these gentlemen why you come heah dynamiting thei-uh machinery."

The mountaineer's lips were drawn back in a dog-like snarl when he looked up.

"I'll see 'em burned befo' I'll open my haid to 'em now, Judge Birrell! Lookee at this," and he wrenched his fettered hands around so that the judge might see.

"Don't like the rope?" said the judge evenly. "Listen to me, Mo'gan; you've lived on Westwood land, father and son, for fo' generations, and you'll open youh head to me, suh. You've got a quarrel, or you think you have, with

the owneh of the Ocoee proppetty. Did you come heah to-night thinkin' to square that account? Anseh me, if you don't want anotheh tu'n o' that rope taken around youh neck, suh."

"No, I didn't," was the sullen reply.

"Ve'y good. Then you must have been running errands for somebody else. Is that the fact, Mo'gan?"

The mountaineer nodded.

"That's what I tried to tell that—" his characterization of Rucker was lurid and picturesque—"but he wouldn't listen at me."

"Now we are coming down to the facts, gentlemen," said the judge to the group of silent onlookers. And then again to McNabb: "Who sent you heah, suh?"

Tregarvon had no doubt whom the mountaineer's next word was likely to incriminate. For Richardia's sake, he cut in quickly.

"Pardon me, Judge Birrell, but we must give this man as good a chance as he would have in a court of law. We mustn't make him put his own neck into the halter."

The judge waved the objection aside.

"I am a justice of the peace in and for this county, Mistuh Tregarvon, and we'll call this the preliminary examination of the prisoneh, suh." Then once more to the man on the bed's edge: "Mo'gan McNabb, by the right of the authority in me vested, I demand to know who sent you heah."

McNabb looked up doggedly, and pronounced the name that Tregarvon was expecting to hear.

"Hit was Dr. Ha'tridge, over yonder at the college. He was—"

The interruption was fairly cataclysmal. Without a sound or a word of warning to preface it, the crash of a mighty explosion rent the night silences, the concussion of it shattering the glass in the little square window and rocking the lightly built tool-shanty like the heaving of an earthquake. The judge, sitting on his coil of rope, was not thrown down; but the five men who were standing were piled in a heap on the floor.

Tregarvon was the first to reach the door, which had been blown from its hinges. The cloud-bank had lifted for

the moment, but the air was full of gray dust and acrid with the fumes of the explosive. Where the engine and derrick had stood, there was nothing but a tangle of twisted and shattered iron and timber, and the glade looked as if it had been swept by a tornado.

The rush of his companions for the open air was just behind Tregarvon when he caught a glimpse of something moving on the farther edge of the glade. While he stared, the moving object erected itself into the stature of a man.

One glance at the tall, frock-coated figure was enough. With a yell of rage Tregarvon dashed across the open space, slipping the ornamental house-pistol from his pocket, and calling to the frock-coated figure to hold up its hands. There was a pause, seemingly of indecision; then the figure turned and ran, and at the same instant another flying cloud came across the mountain-top to bury forest and glade, tangled wreck, and the two gasping runners in its fleecy depths.

Tregarvon raced on for a breath-cutting minute or two, guided solely by the crashing of the fugitive through the brier-patches and over the dry leaf-beds. Then he began to get his second

wind—enough of it to spare a little for a shouted command to the other to halt. Since this seemed only to hasten the flying footsteps on ahead, he fired a shot from the revolver, high in the air, as he thought and intended, but not high enough, as the dreadful consequence plainly proved. For, almost coincident with the report of the pistol, there was an agonized cry, the crash of a falling body, and silence.

Tregarvon came down from the transporting heights of rage with a shock that was sickening.

"Good Heavens!" he gasped. "I've killed him!"

He flung the offending weapon afar, and hurried forward to confirm the horrifying conclusion.

He was still running in the direction from which the cry had sounded, stumbling recklessly on in blind gropings through the thick white darkness, when the end came. As if the solid earth had been suddenly whisked away from beneath his feet, he felt himself whirling into space—falling through unfathomable depths of it, it seemed, before he collided with that other world—a world of shocks and coruscating pains, of beatings and bruising, and presently of forgetfulness.

(To be concluded)

ADVENTURERS

You who have trackless deserts ranged,
And Freedom's chalice set to lip,
At heart we cannot be estranged,
For I am of your fellowship!

The tended close, the furrowed garth,
The highways where men ride at ease,
The sheltered seat beside the hearth—
Life's magic dwelleth not in these!

But lurks within the hurrying storm
That with the woodland hath its will,
And with the wonder-mantled form
That hides behind each beckoning hill;

With the wide sunlight on the waste,
And the mysterious whisperings
That may, by ears attuned, be traced
To the great heart of primal things!

Ever the new adventure waits—
Happy the day when forth we hie!—
Beyond the dawn's unmeasured gates
The venturesome, discovering eye.

Clinton Scollard



THE MAN WITH THE PLAID ULSTER WAS TALKING TO THE CLERK AT THE DESK

A LETTER FROM HOME

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE EMPIRE AND MAGGIE HOGAN," "THE SHADOW," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. D. FANCHER

ON the threshold of the sitting-room, Amory turned, with the same odd hesitancy which had already disquieted his wife; for Ruth felt the well-bred woman's aversion to a theatrical scene.

"I may be late—at the office—this evening," he said. "There is much work to be done."

"The timber-land case, isn't it?" asked Ruth. "Your case against the Zerkel companies, isn't it?"

She smiled faintly. It had been a long time since she had volunteered interest in his profession. But Amory merely scowled at the bundle of legal documents under his arm.

"Why, yes," said he slowly. "The government's cases against the Zerkel people begin next week. I wish they were over!" He snapped a rubber-band. "I'll have good news for you then, I hope. I may—I may have it before. I wish they were over!"

He went out with the unsatisfied air of one who has not been able to finish what he wished to say. Ruth breathed a tired sigh of relief. Amory's prosecution of the government's cases against the timber-land thieves accounted, of course, for his curious anxiety. It was not due, after all, to any suspicion, mysteriously gathered, of her great resolve.

Their sitting-room in the hotel was a converted bedchamber. An unfaded portion of the carpet indicated where a bed had stood; and mournful furniture of imitation black walnut and red plush was distributed mathematically. Amory and Ruth had spent in hotels most of the six years of their married life. At first, he had rented a flat; but the neighborhood had not pleased Ruth. He could not afford to build or rent a suitable house, although they had to provide for no children.

Ruth looked out of the window at the street of the raw little Western city. Now that her resolution was real, she was astonished at its feasible simplicity. She need explain nothing to Amory beyond the fact that she was going to visit her family in New York. It would be unnecessary at present for her to add that she should never willingly return. She could write that to him—could write that their marriage was a sorry error, and that she could sustain the pretense of wifehood no longer. It would be easier for both of them if she wrote that in a letter.

She was reminded of the letter which, only that morning, had so suddenly clinched her determination; and she took the gray envelope from the mantel and sat down in a rocking-chair by the window. Her idle attention was arrested by two men across the street. One of them wore a plaid ulster, which would have arrested attention anywhere except on a Scottish moor. Ruth could not see his face; but the face of the other man was hatefully familiar. It was that of a disreputable local banker, named Bentley. Ruth's husband had once been carried to her from Bentley's bachelor quarters, delirious and nearly dead, after days of drinking.

She learned indirectly that Amory might have made a plausible plea of an

inherited curse. But he never did so. He never spoke of it at all to her. He fought it sternly and alone; and his cold silence froze what sympathy there was for him in her weary heart. She believed that he fought victoriously, although she was not sure. When he told her stolidly of his appointment as a United States district attorney, she fancied that there was a tiny gleam of victory in his eye; and, to her own surprise no less than to his, she kissed him.

Ruth spread the sheets of the letter on her lap. It was from her sister, Gertrude, who had recently come back to New York after several years' absence in Europe; and it overflowed with the girlish joy of home. Between the lines Ruth could almost see pictures of the sunny avenue and the green park, gay theaters, hospitable drawing-rooms. While she read her sister's happy gossip of the town, she seemed to hear the greetings of her friends, with their musical, aristocratic voices; and she had a mental glimpse of them in their perfect gowns, leaning cozily over a pretty teatray in the dim lamplight of late afternoon. And then she looked around her dismal walls.

"You must remember that horrid Moses Clutton," wrote Gertrude in one of her numerous postscripts. "He's just become engaged to Ida Zerkel—you know, the timber king's daughter. She had the refusal of two dukes; but old Zerkel was for Clutton, and has taken him into partnership. The men tell dreadful stories about him—business stories, I mean. When are you coming East?"

When? Ruth sprang up and clasped her hands behind her resolutely. She would go East to-morrow; she would go to-morrow, for good and all.

II

RUTH put on her hat and gloves, and descended the stairs. In the office of the hotel she encountered Mrs. Platt, the proprietor's wife.

"Oh, Mis' Amory!" cried her landlady shrilly. "Step right in the parlor, won't you? I want to ask advice 'bout the cut of my kimoner. You bein' from New York, I just thought I'd ask you. Step right in here."

Seated in the gaudy parlor next to the office, Ruth was mildly amused by Mrs. Platt's conversation. The commonplace society into which she had drifted bored and disgusted her, as a rule; but to-day, when she was certain of an escape from it, she could smile at its vulgarities.

"And I s'pose you're real proud of your husband," Mrs. Platt rambled on. "I don't blame you. Everybody says that the prosecution of these timber robbers will make him an awful big man in politics. 'Honest Jack Amory,' folks call him. There's a paper has nominated him for Governor already; and there ain't a pile of papers in the State, yet."

Ruth glanced indifferently into the corridor. The man with the plaid ulster was talking to the clerk at the desk. Ruth recognized him as Moses Clutton, of whom she had just been reading in her sister's letter; and the coincidence visibly startled her. Mrs. Platt followed her glance.

"Ain't he swell?" she whispered excitedly. "Name of French, from Chicago."

"French?" said Ruth. "Are you positive? Because I thought—"

"That's his name, all right," insisted Mrs. Platt. "I was there when he registered. He's got some sort of a deal on with Bentley. At least, he hired a rig to drive him out to Bentley's to-night, and then countermanded it, and allowed he'd go in Bentley's auto. French, from Chicago."

"Oh!" murmured Ruth. "I dare say I was mistaken."

But she knew that she was not mistaken. French of Chicago was Moses Clutton of New York, prospective son-in-law of the timber-land magnate.

When he had disappeared from the hotel lobby, Ruth went to the street. It was growing dusk. The ugly buildings and unclean sidewalks looked their worst in the pitiless glare of the electric lamps; and crude masses of clashing colors made the shop-windows brilliantly ridiculous.

Ruth stopped at a drug-store to buy a few trifles for her journey. She asked to have them charged; then she recollected herself and asked for her bill,

instead. It was the beginning of her actual preparation; and she rejoined the offensive crowd on the narrow pavement with some contentment of spirit. She imagined the stately shops of Broadway, the well-dressed throng, the line of liveries on the curb—"Home, Peter;" and the door of her coupé clicked. Home!

She turned the corner of a cross street. Here it was darker and quieter. Her imagination worked more briskly as she hurried on, with unseeing eyes fixed on the rude planks of the sidewalk. Now Peter had left her at the house, and she was sitting with her mother at the library fire—her widowed mother, who had ever protested, in her sweet, calm way, against her handsome daughter's impulsive marriage to the unknown lawyer. The fire burned low; it was time to dress for dinner and the opera. Outside, over the asphalt of the avenue, countless cabs and automobiles rumbled on their errands of pleasure. Ruth lifted her eyes, and her fancies fled.

A touring-car was grinding swiftly by her, through the mud of the street. Ruth identified the car; it was Bentley's, the only one of the kind in town. On the rear seat were Moses Clutton and her husband.

The automobile passed from the blue glow of an electric-light into the blackness beyond. Ruth retraced her steps. She walked with eyes intently fixed on the planks. But she was not dreaming now of her mother by the library fire; she was wondering why Zerkel's partner, disguised by a false name, should be in secret consultation with the sworn assailant of Zerkel's illegal enterprise.

III

THE dreary environment of the hotel and her lonely, ill-served supper restored Ruth's thoughts to their former business. She determined to inform Amory at once of her pretended visit. She rehearsed the way in which she should inform him; she had not the slightest doubt that he would acquiesce in half a dozen chilly words.

It was nearly midnight when Ruth heard his heavy, energetic footsteps in the corridor. She picked up a magazine.

"The office kept you late," she said. "It is late," said Amory.

Something in his voice made her observe him sharply. He had flung his hat and overcoat on the lounge, and was pulling forward a chair. He sat down on the edge of it, with his broad shoulders thrown back and a fist clenched on either knee. Amory's opponents in the court-room had learned to understand the meaning of the pose.

"Maybe it's too late to talk," he resumed, "but I want this done with, Ruth, right off. I can't wait."

Ruth's hand wavered as she laid the magazine on the table. Had her rehearsals, then, been wasted?

"I told you, this noon, I'd have news for you some day," said Amory. "I've got it now. We're going East to live."

"You—I—to live?"

"Yes. Back to New York."

She dropped her hand into her lap and stared at him. Amory leaned forward earnestly.

"I'll take you out of this place," he pursued. "I'll take you where you'll live well, as you used to—as you ought to—as it's my duty to have you live." He evaded Ruth's bewildered glance, and sought evidently for lighter phrases. "No more seedy hotels!" he said with a strained gaiety. "No more Mrs. Platts and progressive euchre! No more—no more homesick misery for you!" It was no use; his feeling mastered him. "Haven't I seen?" he sobbed brokenly. "Good God! haven't I seen? My poor, poor wife!"

He walked to the window, and clumsily hid his face. His weak sob echoed strangely in Ruth's heart, like a supernatural sound; the primal quality of his nature she had always judged to be a fighting and emotionless strength. Amory's figure, now dimly outlined against the dark glass of the window, seemed to her to be solitary, vaguely desolate, almost pitiful. Heretofore, Ruth had looked upon him with the various eyes of love, of shame, and of unconcern; but never with the eyes of pity.

"John!" she said very softly.

He moved toward her, having quite recovered himself.

"Forgive me, Ruth, for acting like

a child. But this thing—this great piece of luck for you—has come so suddenly that it's rather knocked me out. When a man's wife is rescued from a desert island, he is bound to act foolish, I suppose. And you are rescued, Ruth!"

"Tell me," she asked.

"Shall I?" said Amory. "Is there any need? Don't we both realize the desert island without my telling you?"

"I wish you'd tell me," she repeated under her breath.

Amory touched her hair awkwardly, but she did not stir or meet his gaze.

"Well," said he, "there's one devil



"GEE—HONEYMOONIN'!"



THE FRAGMENTS OF HER SISTER'S LETTER FELL HARMLESSLY
TO THE FLOOR

I've been chained here by that I guess you haven't known about. I mean the devil of debt—debts left behind by my father. The last one I paid off a month ago. The other devil you have known, Heaven help you! But I'm free from him, too, Ruth—free forever. I've had that devil beaten to a standstill for over two years; so, when this great chance showed up, I was ready."

"If only you had spoken like this before!" she faltered.

"I couldn't," he said simply. "What was to be gained by speaking? Until now, I had no escape to offer you from your unhappiness."

"But, John, if you go to the East, you must give up the rewards of your work here—your reputation—"

"My reputation!" broke in Amory. "What is all that against your contentment?"

He returned, with a disdainful ges-

ture, to the window; and Ruth involuntarily arose and went to him. She peered across the shadowy street to the spot where she had first seen Moses Clutton that afternoon. A sickening fear stole upon her—a sickening explanation of Clutton's errand to her husband. In a torture of dread, she lost sight of everything except the honor of this man to whom she had given herself. She pressed her timid fingers on Amory's arm.

"What sort of a great chance have you found, John?"

"Why, a job with a New York trust company—a big salary."

"But, of course," she said with a brave effort to steady her voice—"but of course, you will stay

here until you have won the Zerkel cases?"

His arm quivered.

"I can't win all the time," he parried sullenly. "People mustn't expect too much of me."

"Do you know what they do expect of you, John?" said Ruth. "Do you know what they call you? They call you 'Honest Jack Amory.'"

The sonorous bell of a church rang in a new day with twelve deliberate strokes; and, as if by a common instinct, Amory and his wife were silent until the echoes died. But, plainer than speech, his white and suspicious face told Ruth the story of how he had planned to sell his soul's honor to Zerkel to buy comfort for her. Ruth's fingers slipped around his hand—not timid fingers, now; their grasp was the powerful protection of a guide.

"You love me more than I deserve,"

she said, "when you make such a sacrifice for me."

"A sacrifice of what?" he blurted hoarsely. "What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking," lied Ruth, "of your political future in the West."

Amory's countenance cleared, and he withdrew his hand. "Oh, that!" he exclaimed. "Think of our financial future in New York!"

"If I wanted to live there, John. But I don't."

"Ruth!" gasped Amory. "Is that true? I thought—I was sure—"

"I don't want to live in New York," she said stoutly. "I want to live here, where I can be proud of you, and of your work, and of the name you have earned. New York has never entered my mind. I've never wished for it. I wouldn't go back there for anything, unless you send me."

"Unless I send you! But I was convinced that you were heart-sick for your old life. And you have been—you have been lonely—unhappy."

"If I have been, it was because I was silly, John; because I would not let myself be taught, until this morning, how much I loved you, or how much you loved me."

His voice sank reverently, like a priest's at the altar. "I love you," he said, "more than—"

"I know," said Ruth.

IV

A HALL-BOY knocked for the second time on the door of the sitting-room. There was no response. He stooped to the keyhole, and greeted with a sar-

castic grin the gentle sound which issued therefrom. "Gee—honeymoon-in!" he chuckled; and knocked again.

"Well?" called Amory.

"Mr. French—party in two eleven," said the boy, "wants to see you up there—forgot something."

"Tell Mr. French I don't— No, tell him I'll be there right away," replied the lawyer.

"At this hour?" objected Ruth.

"Yes, at this very minute," said Amory, smiling eagerly. "It's a fellow from the East, who—who came to me about that trust company position. Ruth, are you positive—are you quite certain of yourself?"

"More certain of myself, John, than ever in my life, I think."

"It won't take me long," he said. "I'll tell him my wife positively declines to return to New York." The smile faded, and he tightened his lips. "It won't take me long now," declared Amory, "to say 'No' to the kind offers of Mr. French."

He closed the door. Ruth leaned her elbow on the mantel, but not for support; her attitude was one of pride and strength. For it had been given to her at last to prove herself a helpmate. She had saved from stain the man who would have endured stain for her sake. The shabby sitting-room seemed to be glorified into a golden temple by the light of her rediscovered love.

Her hand chanced upon a gray envelope, lying on the mantel. Decisively, she tore it in two; and the fragments of her sister's letter fell harmlessly to the floor.

A DREAM

ALL through the day I dreamed of thee;
But in the stillness of the night
A shrouded presence came to me
And wrought temptation's potent might.
Ambition sighed; then heaven was rent,
The mountain cleft, the ocean bent.

Another presence filled the air,
One word was taken from thy soul—
'Twas love! Ah, what a change was there!
The wild rose budded, bloomed; the whole
Rondure of God with anthems rang;
Life's harp was struck, and angels sang!

Kenneth Bruce

WHY DO FRENCHMEN RETAIN THEIR YOUTHFULNESS LONGER THAN AMERICANS ?

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

AUTHOR OF "PARIS AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION." ETC.

AUBER, the famous French composer, once said: "If a man is not an imbecile, he can always keep in a little corner of his heart the feeling or the fancy that he is only twenty." As far as his own countrymen are concerned, he would have been within the truth if he had said "fifteen," or "ten," or even "five," instead of "twenty." The Frenchman does not cast away his childhood and youth when he attains his majority. He does not cease to wonder and enjoy at twenty-one. All his life the feeling, or the fancy, that he is a boy is strong within him; all his life he retains the ability to throw himself unreservedly into the experience of the moment—which is the essence of keen enjoyment.

It is not only that the elders join in the sports of the children with a frequency and a heartiness that establish a strong and fine *camaraderie* between them, but that the elders, of and by and for themselves, frolic like children on the slightest provocation. Mature men and women find diversion in throwing food to the ducks and pigeons of the Luxembourg Gardens, in watching the animals at the Jardin des Plantes and the Jardin d'Acclimatation. They hang as breathlessly as the children on the stereotyped railleries of the marionettes, and discuss as seriously, and await as impatiently, the promised arrival of a *carrousel* of flying horses in their quarter. They throng windows and balconies for a glimpse of the pettiest happening in the street, and block a sidewalk merely to see a dog tree a cat.

In the court of a building which I once inhabited, a mock battle took place daily between two characters, thoroughly

French in their capacity for drollery, who were in reality the best of friends—St. Pierre, a venerable rooster, the property of the *concierge* of the court, and Robespierre, a vigorous bull-pup belonging to one of the tenants. St. Pierre, always the aggressor, would make fierce feints at pecking and striking, from every one of which Robespierre, who considerably attempted no other defense than barking and growling, would spring back as if for his very life. The affair invariably ended in a disorderly retreat on the part of Robespierre and a tremendous crowd of triking, from every one of which Robespierre, who considerably attempted no court as intent upon this contest, the outcome of which it knew perfectly well, and as wildly hilarious over it as if it had never occurred before and never would occur again.

"A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY"

The bud is not more eager to blossom than the gaiety of the French is to emerge. A trifle, a very nothing, may provoke it—the acquisition of a new piece of furniture, a new dress, a new hat; the gift of a ribbon, a cigar, a bunch of flowers, a cornucopia of bonbons. A bunch of asparagus, a box of biscuits, a gill of choice liqueur, a plate of peaches, a bottle of good wine to replace or supplement the *ordinaire*—any one of these is enough to metamorphose an every-day meal into a banquet.

French gaiety, while thus easily roused, is not easily dashed or dispelled. It is no less tenacious than it is ready. Unpropitious circumstances have little power over it. The Paris populace dance on asphalt or wooden or cobble-

stone pavements indifferently. When they go picnicking, an accordion, harmonica, or tin trumpet serves them as well as an orchestra for greensward dancing; in an emergency they can even make merry shift with their own humming or whistling. If they chance to be ignorant of dance steps, their volatile spirits are as happily displayed in running, skipping, and whirling evolutions.

I have known losers at the races to be jubilant, the immediate shock of disappointment passed, over the fine things they would have purchased with the money they would have won if they had bet on some other horse. And, while they regard wine as indispensable to a meal, to say nothing of a banquet, Frenchmen can be fairly hilarious on insipid *eau rougie* or *eau sucrée*, when the money for the wine is lacking.

Under the hardships of his years of enforced military service, with its paltry sou per day of recompense, the French soldier does not sulk or whine; he laughs. He beats out the dusty kilometers of his marches with whistle, chaff, and *chanson*. To judge by his flippant jauntiness at the annual *grandes manœuvres*, even under a killing sun, one would say that he was indulging in a lark instead of performing a hard duty. The grim surroundings of actual battle only serve to heighten his gaiety. He goes to death blithe and debonair, as he goes to meet his mistress—with a spring in his step, laughter in his eyes, and a jest or a song on his lips.

PASTIMES OF FAMOUS FRENCHMEN

According to credible traditions, Charcot, the great nerve specialist, was one of the most exuberant dancers at the students' balls of the Quartier Latin until well on in middle life. Dumas père amused himself endlessly with cooking; Georges Sand directed a marionette theater in her country home; Bourdaloue, one of France's three great religious orators, was in the habit of playing "a merry jig-tune on a fiddle" and dancing to the accompaniment thereof just before he entered his pulpit; Balzac, one of the most tremendous workers of his age or any other age, let himself go so completely when he dropped his pen that it was impossible not to be merry in

his company. Even if these traditions are apocryphal, they typify the need of recreation felt by the French *littérateur*, divine, and scientist, and the tendency of all true Frenchmen to play as heartily as they work.

The French brain-worker is equally capable of intense intellectual concentration and of capering about in boyish abandon; and he makes the transition from the one occupation to the other with a rapidity nothing short of stupefying to less mobile temperaments. The child-spirit, which never dies within him, awaits only a twirl of the finger, so to speak, to pop up, like a freed jack-in-the-box, all grinnings and grimaces.

Furthermore, the Frenchman, whatever his class or station, is as little ashamed to have it known that he frolics as he is to frolic. He plays as openly as he plays heartily.

"We were children, we were conscious of it, and we rejoiced in it, knowing it to be a good thing," says an adult character of one of Gustave Droz's dainty domestic sketches.

"Think you," protested Henry of Navarre to his officers, after having beguiled an exhausted army into marching by leading them in a *chanson*, "that my soldiers, because they have heard me singing buffooneries, are going to look on me with a less favorable eye? They will love me the more for it, believe me. Dignity is the daughter of pride and *ennui!*"

"Dignity is the daughter of pride and *ennui!*" "We were children, knowing it to be a good thing!" In these two phrases is reflected the past, the present, the perpetual, the unchanging French mental attitude toward gaiety. To be merry is a part of the Frenchman's temperament; to be publicly, unblushingly merry is a part of his philosophy.

TYPICAL INCIDENTS OF PARIS LIFE

A grotesque, wretched old dame is dancing before a Paris café terrace to the music of a tin whistle played by an equally old, wretched, and grotesque companion. A certain faultlessly dressed man, prominent in Paris society, suddenly quits his place in the café, walks up to the woman, salutes her, takes her by the hand, whispers a word in her ear,

and executes a number of fantastic dance-steps with her. Then he passes his hat to the laughing spectators, pours the collection into his partner's apron, and, saluting once more, modestly resumes his seat.

The day after last year's Grand Prix, two men well known in academic circles amused themselves—and others—mightily on a boulevard sidewalk, racing some tiny toy horses which they propelled by means of rubber pneumatic tubes.

Venerable university graduates have recently been charging the French students of to-day with being overserious, preternaturally solemn—"old young men," to employ their favorite expression—and the students, sorely hurt by the charge, have issued a sort of public manifesto to prove that they are not less prompt and vigorous in revelry than their forebears were. In America, on the other hand, the students—God bless them for their absurd antics and the note of mirth they introduce into our life!—are continually being accused by the hoary alumni with not being sufficiently serious, and are continually assuring their accusers and the world at large that the charge is untrue, and that they do nothing worth mentioning but study. Could anything be more eloquent of the vital difference between the French and the American appreciation of larks?

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN"

We human beings are all—even the sternest and most stoical of us, I fancy—more or less children in our heart of hearts, and would enjoy beyond measure being children freely and frankly, if we only dared. Indeed, some of those who are the last to confess to such child-like lapses are very much children in their own homes, at times, when they are sure that the shutters are closed and the curtains drawn.

The good deacon, more moral coward than hypocrite, who announced with a

long-drawn sigh that he felt it his duty to go to the circus—for which his mouth had been watering for weeks—in order that Tommy might improve his mind by observing the animals, is no fiction. It is not always the deacon, and not always the circus. It may be "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," and the Christmas-tree, the Fourth-of-July fireworks, the military parade; but whoever the individual and whatever the occasion, the unbending is almost sure to be "for the sake of the youngsters"—condescending, skulking, or apologetic. Less children by nature than the French, and ashamed to let it appear that we are as juvenile as we are, we have schooled ourselves so long in the hiding of child-like impulses, as being inconsistent with dignity and decorum, that the wonder is not that we are preponderantly solemn, but that we have a spark of artless, spontaneous gaiety left.

The excellent advice of the poet Béranger to Rouget de Lisle—"Live backward, and make a springtime of the winter which comes"—is followed by the entire French people. On one of his visits to Paris, Colonel Higginson was much impressed by a fact which many others have observed: "Old Frenchmen," he wrote, "have usually such unabated fire in their eyes, set off by gray hair, and often black eyebrows, that they make Anglo-Saxons of the same age look heavy and dull in comparison."

The reasons for the "unabated fire" are, in part at least, the ability to "carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood," and the absence of that false pride which forbids a letting down of the bars. It is because they respect youthfulness and covet it that Frenchmen continue youthful so long. For, however it may be about "the longing to be so" helping to "make the soul immortal," the longing to stay young, if it is inspired by the right spirit, and is a hopeful and not a fretful longing, undoubtedly helps to preserve youth.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN

"Life's short!" weak souls have sighed since time began;
And yet how oft an hour has served to prove the man!

Richard Kirk

LIGHT VERSE

FLEURETTE IN TEARS

FLEURETTE in tears! Ah no, ah no!
 Hers should be but a rose's wo—
 A wistfulness when day is through,
 Between the shadow and the dew,
 Before the white moon lifts her bow.

Small wonder that it hurts one so;
 Hers were such laughing eyes and blue
 That even sorrow turned to sue—
 Fleurette in tears!

A trampled blossom lying low,
 A song-bird shattered by a blow
 In very singing—who may wish
 These things unmoved to know them true?
 So frail, so pitiful! But oh,
 Fleurette in tears!

Theodosia Garrison

BREAK

BREAK! Break! Break!
 They have broken us up, you see—
 Cups and saucers and plates,
 And the lives of you and me.

And the stately maids sail on
 To their havens new and strange;
 And oh, for the sight of a rangeless cook,
 Instead of a cookless range!

Ada Foster Murray

AS TO "POP"

I HEARD their mother tell the boys she
 thought they ought to stop
 When speaking of their father—me—ad-
 dressing him as "pop";
 But I don't know. I sort of feel, all rever-
 ence apart,
 That "pop" 's a sort of title that's con-
 nected with the heart.

I've never known a boy who "popped"
 when talking of his pa
 Who had about him any trace of things
 peculiar,
 Nor any pop who'd made himself a true pop
 sure enough
 Who, when it came to cases, wasn't quite
 the proper stuff.

And speaking of those cases, why, I rather
 like to see
 A laddie and his daddy on a plane of
 sympathy
 That makes them kind of chummy—and it
 makes me very sad
 To see a boy who dassen't get familiar with
 his dad.
Carlyle Smith

A LETTER

THOUGH slight this pinnace white,
 And frail as frail may be,
 Adown the tides of space
 I launch it forth to thee.

Its ropes are rainbow hopes;
 Its sails of dream are spun;
 And all its masts and spars
 Fond wishes are, each one.

Its freight—ah, precious weight
 Ind's fabled wealth above!—
 Take, sweet, unto thy heart—
 An argosy of love!

Sennett Stephens

RUBAIYAT OF AN AMATEUR FARMER

MYSELF in Town did eagerly frequent
 The Stalls with Farming Literature
 besprent.

I looked and yearned, nor Peace knew any
 more
 Till my good Coin for Magazines was spent.

In me the seed of Longing did these sow,
 And next Month's issue wrought to make
 it grow;

But this is all the Harvest I have reaped—
 "Book-farmin' ain't wuth las' year's shucks,
 b'jo!"

Each morn a thousand Roses brings, you
 say.

Perhaps; it brings the Rose-Bug, anyway.
 And these first Summer Months that bring
 the Rose
 Bring too the Job of Getting in the Hay.

The Garden Truck we set our Hearts upon,
 It withers or it prospers—and anon
 The Wild Deer comes from out some
 woody Place

And feasts a little Hour or two— 'Tis gone!

I sometimes think no other Berry red
As that on which the nimble Sparrows fed;
And every Cabbage which the green Slug
spares
Seems less rotund than the worm-eaten
Head!

A Spraying Apparatus 'neath the Bough,
Some Tons of Fertilizer, Horses, Plow,
A Hired Man bred to chronic Idleness—
The agricultural Life comes dear enow!

Next Spring perchance will look for us
again

Behind the Plow or Scattering the Grain;
And many later Springs may look for us
Among these Farm-lands, but they'll look
in vain!

And when along the Road the Farmers pass
In creaking Wain, with Milk or Garden Sals,
Methinks I hear them as they reach this
Spot

Remark: "Them City Fellers never las'!"
Anne O'Hagan

OCTOBER

I HEAR the feet of October.
Oh, the tramp of her—
Heralded by scarlet leaves!
No flag of truce they carry,
Nothing but war they proclaim;
Wan are their faces,
Terrible their message,
Beautiful their livery.

Lo, the army is upon us,
They have pitched their tents;
They have raised their standard—
The gold of it, the splendor,
Purple and crimson, tawny and bronze!

Their banners cover the fields—
We are prisoners!
Oh, stealthy approach,
Oh, swift disaster,
Oh, terrible the bite of the sword
In the winds of October!

Mary Eastwood Knevels

THE GOAL

"FIRST families" are very fine,
If one believes in caste;
'Tis very well to have a line
Of ancestors for eons nine—
Fair Eve and Adam started mine;
But, take it first and last,
There's little in a family-tree
Whose fruit has gone to seed;
'Tis better far for one to be
A mushroom *minus* pedigree,
But of the best variety
In character and deed.

My boast is not of how I trace
My line to noble Guelph,
To leaders in some bygone race;
But how I'm going to win a place,
However fast or hot the pace,
As ancestor myself;
So that, when all is over here,
Up in the realm of bliss
My forebears back to Adam's year
When I arrive will shout and cheer,
And whisper in their neighbor's ear:
"We're relatives of his!"

John Kendrick Bangs

AFFINITIES

THE maple smiles upon the scene
Where blossoms forth the buckwheat
green.

The buckwheat looks upon the tree,
And beams with very joyous glee.

The maple thinks of days ahead
When they shall hie them forth to wed.

The buckwheat dreams of hours anon
When, with her maple mantle on,

They twain, in chillsome autumn days,
Shall win imperishable bays.

For what indeed more laurels takes
Than maple-sweetened buckwheat cakes?
Blakeney Gray

A CLIMAX

SURELY in modern days
Woman has changed her ways;
Think of the games she plays,
Agile and active!
Anything man can do
She can—the whole list through;
Still she continues to
Be most attractive.

Lately it came to pass,
Over my *demi-tasse*,
I asked a pretty lass
For her permission;
Turkish—the mildest brand;
She seemed to understand,
Answering smiling and
With a condition.

"Smoke? Yes, you may; but let
Me roll the cigarette."
Never shall I forget
Just how she joked it,
When—up to date for me,
Better than mine would be
One cigarette!—and *she*
Lit it—and smoked it!

Julian Durand

THE STAGE

PITY THE POOR PLAYWRIGHT

PLAYS, plays, plays! That is the crying demand of the day, both in England and in America; but more especially in England, where not only does the actor-manager bulk large, but the actor-manager with an actress wife adds new difficulties to the task of suiting said manager with a play. For perforce your poor author has to adapt his work not to one, but to two individuals; and to do this, and have his story consistent, his climaxes strong, and his audiences large—to do all this is a

trick that few playwrights can turn. Result—London is worse off for new plays than New York.

Take Oscar Asche, for instance. He will be remembered by American theatergoers as the vociferous husband to Virginia Harned in "Iris" some few years since. He has now taken unto himself a wife—Lily Brayton, with whom he always plays. Of late they have made some success in Shakespeare, but the Bard of Avon can no more be relied on for a steady income in London than in New York. Last month I mentioned

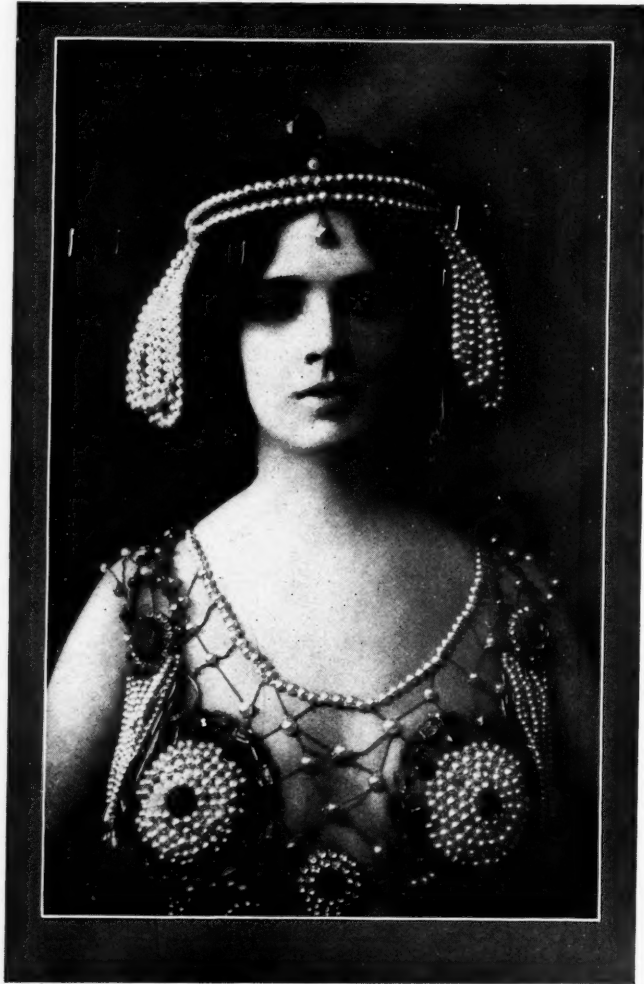


GRACE LANE, IN THE CHICAGO MUSICAL COMEDY HIT, "A STUBBORN CINDERELLA"

From a photograph

their production of a romantic affair in blank verse called "Two Pins," which turned out to be worth even less than its name. They then fell back on a revival of "The Taming of the Shrew"; but

she fancies she shows to better advantage than in modern gowns. Any author who hopes to suit this couple must plan accordingly. Unhappily for the Asches, the tendency of popular taste seems to



MAUD ALLAN, AS SHE APPEARS AT THE PALACE MUSIC-HALL, LONDON, IN HER "VISION OF SALOME" DANCE, THE ORIGINAL OF A HOST OF IMITATORS.

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

even at reduced prices they kept going for only a week, and I note now that the theater (Mr. Frohman's Aldwych) re-opens in September with "Paid in Full."

The difficulty with the Asches is that Mrs. Asche demands a part that will permit her to dress in costume, in which

be toward the modern play; but whether Miss Brayton can be won over to think so may perhaps depend on the lasting qualities of the family bank-account.

Martin Harvey also has a wife to consider, and he, poor man, has had no real winner since "The Only Way." Arthur

Bourchier and his better half, Violet Vanbrugh, I believe, never act apart; and they, too, at last accounts, were vainly searching for a new vehicle.

But even without the handicap of an acting wife, the London "stars," as we should call them—actor-managers, as they are styled there—are hard put to it for plays. John Hare has just been giving some farewell performances at the Garrick in his old stand-byes, "The Gay Lord Quex" and "A Pair of Spectacles." He announces that these farewells may or may not be final, and that he would be glad to return to the London boards at any time if he could find a new drama as well suited to him as either of the two named above.

And yet, important as plays are to actors, it is strange how little effort they put forth to find good ones. Any playwright will tell you that the hardest task he has is to get an actor to read a play, and almost any actor will



FLORA JULIET BOWLEY, WHO WAS RECENTLY LEADING WOMAN WITH ROBERT EDESON AS PHYLLIS STAFFORD, IN "CLASSMATES," AND WHO MAY APPEAR NEXT IN A MILITARY DRAMA

From her latest photograph by White, New York



GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, OF "RED FEATHER" FAME, WHO IS TO BE STARRED IN A NEW OPERA, "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," BY THE AUTHORS OF "ROBIN HOOD"

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York

admit that he would rather do anything else than this very thing.

This is the reason that Frank Worthing lost "The Squaw Man." It seems that when the piece was produced as a one-

Indian wife was acted at the Lambs' by Edward S. Abeles, the *Brewster* of "Millions" fame; and I am told that he was wonderful in it, not seeking to burlesque, but playing the woman



APHIE JAMES, APPEARING WITH HER HUSBAND, LOUIS JAMES, AS SOLVEIG, IN IBSEN'S "PEER GYNT"

From a photograph

act affair at a "Lambs' gambol," he acted the part afterward played by Faversham. It made such a hit at the club that it was later on given at the public gambol, when Mr. Worthing again played the lead, and with great success. By the way, the part of the

"straight." She has only a few words to say, you will remember.

The playlet was such a hit that Edwin Milton Royle, the author, who was an actor as well, decided to expand it into four acts. He is a Salt Lake boy, and familiar with the Western ground.

When he had completed the task, he met Thomas W. Ryley, who said he would like to produce the thing with Frank Worthing as the star, he having seen Worthing's fine performance at the gam-

different managers at one and the same time. In due course, Mr. Tyler, of the Liebler firm, saw the possibilities in "The Squaw Man," accepted it, and cast Faversham for the name part. The



ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN, THE GRAND-OPERA PRIMA DONNA, NOW IN VAUDEVILLE

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

bol. So the script, as they call a play in manuscript, was sent to the actor, who at the time was playing in one of Mr. Frohman's companies on tour, and a response from him eagerly awaited. After some time, no word having been received, Royle wrote again, but still no reply. Meantime, Ryley, who could wait no longer, gave up the project, and Royle tried to market his piece elsewhere. In typing plays, with the aid of carbon-sheets, six or more copies are struck off at once, and sometimes as many as three of these are going the rounds of the

huge success it achieved is a matter of stage history.

Some time after this Royle met Frank Worthing at the club. The latter was quite candid about the matter, and said:

"Ned, I'm a fool. I simply kept neglecting to read your play, and now, you see, I lost it."

Worthing, by the way, who came over from England several years since to take John Drew's place in Augustin Daly's company, is now regarded in London as an American actor, with the accent of the Yankee.



LOTTA FAUST, WHO PLAYS A LEADING PART IN THE CASINO MUSICAL REVIEW OF THE PAST SEASON, "THE MIMIC WORLD," IN WHICH SHE DOES THE SALOME DANCE

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York



VALLI VALLI, WHO IS FRANZI IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF
"A WALTZ DREAM"

From her latest photograph by Bassano, London

In the English capital, last summer, one heard much of the *entente cordiale*, by reason of the Franco-British Exposition. I am told that they are planning an American exposition in London for next summer. Meanwhile, Charles Frohman, who has Anglomania in the acute stages, is talking of dumping a London theater bodily into New York, if we are

to put credence in an interview given out to one of the English evening papers. That is to say, Mr. Frohman proposes to bring over everything connected with a London playhouse, except the brick and mortar with which it is constructed. In other words, he thinks that New York playgoers who may not have the price of a ticket to London would welcome the

opportunity to sit in a theater where they could feel that all their surroundings were exactly the same as if they were in the West End of the English capital. Whether he would insist on evening dress for everybody in the orchestra-chairs, and introduce a pit behind this division of seats, he does not state; but his announced intentions seem to include the raising of the price of seats to two dollars and sixty cents—the London figure—and charging for programs. No doubt he would establish a bar in the house, if he could secure the necessary license. Whether he will go so far as to allow his box-office man to sit down as he sells you your tickets, as they do in London, does not appear, nor whether he will play the audiences out with "God Save the King." There would be some difficulty about this, as you recall that we use the same tune for "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Possibly he might substitute "The Star-Spangled Banner," in compliment to the land where he makes the money on which to run his London houses.

While in London I saw Mr. Frohman's latest "find" — Isadora Duncan, who, like her rival in the affections of the London smart set, Maud Allan, is a native of California. Miss Allan has been dancing at the Palace Music-Hall over there since early spring, and has made more or less of a sensation with her "Vision of Salome." As a matter of fact, there is nothing so very remarkable about the performance, except the very light attire in which the dances are executed and the marvelous way in which Miss Allan uses her arms.

Although Miss Duncan danced in the so-called Greek style eight years ago in London, the press-agent was not then so rampant in the land as now; and, while her work was praised by connoisseurs, public attention was not attracted to it by the trick of announcing a ban upon the exhibition in some other city.

Isadora Duncan does not press poor overworked *Salome* into her game, but uses ten very clever little children, who are her pupils, and who form by no means the least important part of her program. Their work is charming, and it is a great pity that the Gerry Society will prevent New York playgoers from

seeing them when Mr. Frohman brings her across the Atlantic. At the Duke of York's, Miss Duncan and the children formed the sole attraction for the evening. The performance lasted two hours, being given on a draped but undecorated stage, and accompanied by the music of Glück's "Iphigenia in Aulis." For an encore she did a waltz to the strains of Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube."

Like Miss Allan, Miss Duncan dances in bare feet, and, beginning fairly well draped, ends her dances in a single garment with sheath-like gaps revealing visions of bare flesh, which are startling, not to say embarrassing, to some spectators. But, in justice to Miss Duncan, I will add that there is nothing of the sensuous in her dancing. It expresses gay, innocent abandonment to the joy of childhood, with no such repellent feature as that of the *Baptist's* head, which is exploited by the Allan, and imitated by Mme. Valéry, who floated into the London Colosseum on the uplift of the Maud Allan wave.

Genée, who was at the London Empire last summer, did "Coppélia," which I see is also announced for New York. I doubt if this ballet of Délibes's, which was given a few times at the Metropolitan three or four years ago, will please her American admirers. It is much more suitable for grand-opera patrons than for the people who took so readily to "The Soul Kiss." Furthermore, the inimitable Genée seems to have far less to do, even though this is a complete pantomimic play in two scenes, than she had in "The Soul Kiss," in which her four dances were most attractively diversified.

Apropos of dancing, on my return to New York I find that the *Salome* affair has invaded the vaudeville houses like a pestilence. The public will be so sick of the thing by the time Maud Allan could be brought over that her management is wise in deferring her American tour indefinitely.

GRAND OPERA VERSUS VAUDEVILLE

Vaudeville, by the way, still manages to survive the moving-picture wave. Just what are the demands of the variety theater is perhaps best set forth by what Zélie de Lussan says of the "two-a-day."

I happened to be one of the party when this erstwhile grand-opera prima donna was giving advice to a would-be participant in the vaudeville game—a young soprano who has sung at Covent Garden and is now doing concert work in England.

"In the first place, my dear," began Mme. de Lussan, "you should realize that you must give to vaudeville the very best that is in you. Because there are no grand-opera surroundings, and because the audience has paid, at most, one dollar a seat, you must not imagine that you can sing any old thing and get away with it, as they say on the Rialto. On the other hand, you will have to work far harder to make good in these theaters than on the opera stages, where you have the inspiration of the story and the companionship of other artists to inspire you. Yes, I thought as you do at the outset, that I merely had to sing two or three songs, that was all.

"To be sure, it seems no great hardship to sing for fifteen minutes; but vaudeville, you must realize, is a very different field from concert work, where your audiences are always composed of people who have come to listen to good music and nothing else. In vaudeville you may have a troupe of trained monkeys ahead of you, with a couple of buck-and-wing dancers to follow you; and you must be clever enough to make your audience forget the vanished monkeys as soon as you appear, and to keep them from thinking about the dancers to come.

"Again, I could not sing a simple ballad, except possibly as an extra encore. You see, I am billed as an artist from grand opera, and it is grand opera the people expect to hear from me—grand opera rendered just as well as I would do it on the stage of the Metropolitan or Covent Garden. For, mind you, the newspapers would not send their vaudeville reporters to notice my performance, but their musical critics, and if I fell short of my usual form in any way, be sure the public would hear of it in some such shape as 'Mme. de Lussan has lost some of her high notes,' or 'Mme. de Lussan evidently thinks she can give vaudeville any old thing.' No, my dear, vaudeville de-

mands the best you possess, and that best is harder to give than in grand opera, for the reasons I have already stated.

"Again, you must take into account the fact that there are two performances each day, and in most parts of the United States for seven days in the week, for it is only in certain Eastern cities that the music-halls are closed on Sunday. And although your 'turn' may not take more than twenty minutes at most, you must be at the theater in plenty of time to dress and make up, which effectually breaks up your afternoon and evening, so that it is quite out of the question to make any social engagements during your period of work. I was forced to decline a great many pleasant dinner invitations, even though my would-be hosts insisted that they would dine early, so as to let me get away in season. You know what sort of work you make at singing after a heavy meal, and to sit at table nibbling at food like a canary-bird while everybody else is eating normally is not conducive to sociability. No, vaudeville is a very exacting mistress, and the big sums that are paid to us for deserting the legitimate in order to take up with it are earned, I consider, to the very last penny. Or, if they are not, we are politely told that there is no further booking for us."

In spite of her foreign-sounding name, Mme. de Lussan was born and reared in New York. She claims descent from a titled French family which has produced three generations of well-known singers. She is married, and her husband accompanies her on tour and plays her accompaniments. In their London home, on Victoria Street, she displayed with pardonable pride a framed collection of programs representing three "command" performances before the late Queen Victoria at Windsor and Balmoral, when she sang the leading rôles in "Carmen," "The Daughter of the Regiment," and "Fra Diavolo."

THE LAUNCH OF A NEW SEASON

If the last New York season closed earlier than usual, the present one more than made up for the missing nights by opening on August 3, when Wallack's threw wide its doors to admit "The

"Girl Question," a Chicago product whose sponsors feared not to emblazon on the bill-boards an electric illuminated interrogation-point. I understand that this "latest musical comedy success," as the house-bill phrased it, ran three hundred nights in the Windy City, and the advance press-work for New York talked grandiloquently of an entire season on Broadway.

I also gather, from this same industrious disseminator of information, that the two young men responsible for the book—Messrs. Hough and Adams—are most sensible in their disposition of the fortune that their various Chicago hits have brought them. I am glad to hear this, as their bank-account is not likely to be augmented by the New York receipts from "The Girl Question," which was about the poorest apology for a first-class show that ever hit the Great White Way, even in the silly season. The more pity, as there were some very clever people in the cast—as, for example, John Drew's niece, Georgie Drew Mendum; Junie McCree, and that captivating sou-brette, Isabel d'Armond, who has rapidly risen from a lowly post with Elsie Janis.

It seems that "The Girl Question" was subjected to some drastic alterations to fit it for Broadway, and this revision may be responsible for its present invertebrate condition. In the original, the entire action takes place in a small Indiana town with George Ade trimmings, and with the tenor's father as the local magnate. The scene is now laid in New York, with a prize-fighter substituted for a belligerent undertaker in one of the episodes that is said to have won the most laughs in the Chicago version.

Chicago, by the way, is very prolific in its output of musical comedy. "A Stubborn Cinderella," also by Messrs. Hough and Adams, with Jack Barrymore in the cast, is one of the latest to strike popular favor there, and "Three Twins" actually succeeded in hitting the summer taste of New Yorkers as well.

The first offering of the new season to win unqualified approval was presented on the same night as "The Girl Question," but hadn't a girl in it. This was Cohan & Harris's Minstrels, at the New York Theater, where George Co-

han refused to book them for longer than two weeks, but was obliged later to concede them three.

"There is no minstrel following in New York," he told me, when I was chatting with him over the hit they had made. "We organized the troupe simply for touring purposes."

It's a wonderful company, all the same, including "Honey Boy" Evans, George Thatcher, Eddie Leonard, and Julian Eltinge, who makes the best *Salome* I have seen this side of the Atlantic. Cohan himself wrote a very entertaining after-piece, "The Belle of the Barbers' Ball," in which this same wonderful female impersonator, Eltinge, puts a fresh tint on a well-known ditty by kangarooing as the "Gibson Coon." But, after all, the real draft of this show lies in its gratification of one of the universal longings of humanity—a longing that finds expression in the oft-repeated demand for "the sort of pies mother used to make."

In "The Follies of 1908" there is a clever song sung by Nora Bayes. It is called "Since Mother Was a Girl," and it contrasts the sedate tempo of "In the Gloaming" with the up-to-date rush and bustle of "I Don't Care, I Don't Care." It introduces a bit of real merit into a hodgepodge of disconnected nonsense; but the whole piece moves with the rapidity of the Empire State Express, and that the public likes it mightily is all sufficiently proved by the thickness of the program given out on the New York Roof. For where your packed audiences are gathered, thither will the advertiser flock, too.

Another review of last season, and one that goes into the theatrical year with more thoroughness, is "The Mimic World" at the Casino. To enjoy this to the full, you need to have seen nearly all the shows on Broadway last winter. Lotta Faust, whose portrait is given herewith, plays—or rather played, for she has recently left the cast—two parts, that of the lively young woman who captivates the father of the boys in Crane's play of that name, and the inevitable *Salome*. Miss Faust, it may be recalled, first came into general notice when Montgomery and Stone made their ten-strike with "The Wizard of Oz," in

which she sang "Sammy" to the manifest discomfiture of any occupant of the upper right-hand stage box.

SOME PEOPLE IN THE WORLD OF SONG

Speaking of singers, Grace Van Studdiford returns to the boards this autumn in the first work turned out in collaboration by the writers of "Robin Hood"—Messrs. De Koven and Smith—since they prepared "Maid Marian," the unsuccessful sequel to that famous opera. Miss Van Studdiford, by the way, was *Maid Marian*. It is said that she goes back on the stage to retrieve the fortune lost by her husband in the panic of last fall.

A native of North Manchester, Indiana, her maiden name was Grace Quive, under which she made her first appearance in Chicago as *Minna* in "The Black Hussar." She had been studying there under Mme. Duff, the teacher of two other American girls whose careers have been widely contrasted. One of these is Mary Garden, of whose success at the Manhattan Opera-House all music-lovers know, and who is now on the roster at the Grand Opéra in Paris. The other is Fanchon Thompson, who, after singing at Covent Garden in London and at the Opéra Comique in Paris, was secured by Henry W. Savage for his ill-fated season of opera in English at the Metropolitan in the autumn of 1900.

I was present on the night of Miss Thompson's debut as *Carmen*, and never can I forget the trying thing that happened during the card-song in the third act. The prima donna's notes suddenly died away, and she walked down to the footlights. From my seat I distinctly heard her say to the leader of the orchestra:

"I'm not singing. Don't you hear that I am not?"

With that she walked off the stage and left the opera to take care of itself.

Naturally, there was a sensation in the opera-house. Practically everybody in the audience knew "Carmen" and realized that this scene was not down in the score. An apology had been made for Miss Thompson at the outset, on account of a cold, but nobody had expected a crisis to develop mid-scene in this

fashion. However, Conductor Seppilli leaped nobly into the breach and carried the music along with the aid of the orchestra and chorus until *Michaela's* solo was reached—the *Michaela* being Grace Van Studdiford.

Miss Thompson came back for her final scene in the act, and went through the opera to the end; and the next day's criticisms were very kind to her. But it was an episode I should not care to witness again. I believe she has since married and left the stage.

In 1903 Miss Van Studdiford became a star in "Red Feather," a comic opera with book by Charles Klein—who had not yet written "The Lion and the Mouse"—and music by Reginald de Koven.

The portrait of Valli Valli shows a young woman in England who has advanced rapidly of late years from melodrama, *via* the music-halls, to the prima-donna rôle in "A Waltz Dream," vacated by Gertie Millar to come to New York with "The Girls of Gottenberg." In spite of the adverse criticism of its book, and in spite of the fact that the English tenor was not as good as Edward Johnson, "A Waltz Dream" has had a much longer lease of life in London than it enjoyed in New York. In the London version there are four or five songs, most of them very attractive, that must have been cut out of the original score when the work was acquired for the United States. Had I been Herr Oscar Straus, I should certainly have protested most vehemently against this slaughter of my music to make a low-comedy holiday for Bigelow and his horse-play.

WHAT ONE WOMAN RISKED

Unless the dates are changed, just three days after the appearance of this number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE the New York verdict on Mr. Belasco's surprising change of policy will be registered. On September 21 Blanche Bates is booked to open at the Stuyvesant Theater in a new play which is not only *not* by Mr. Belasco himself, but is by nobody else of whom playgoers ever heard. Nor is this all in the way of a complete reversal of the Belasco traditions. Instead of the elaborate casts and expen-

sive settings with which this manager has come to be identified, "The Fighting Hope" has only five people in it, and one set of scenery for the three acts.

Possibly his business rivals may claim, as they did for his abolition of the theater band last winter, that Mr. Belasco has taken this radical departure from motives of economy; but assuredly it is not cheaper to take a play from an unknown writer than to write it himself. Possibly his new departure was suggested by the sweeping success of "Paid in Full," written by a practical novice, with only seven characters and without elaborate mountings.

Apropos of "Paid in Full," which is now being played by three or four companies in different parts of the country, its first leading woman, Lillian Albertson, figured in an odd interview that was published in a Los Angeles newspaper just a year ago from the day on which I am now writing—August 11. The article was headed "Ambition Sends Pretty Actress to New York at Reduced Salary," and went on to state that Miss Albertson was getting two hundred dollars a week as leading woman of a stock theater in the California city. The report had got abroad that she had been offered a part—not the lead—in "The Silver Girl," to be played in New York; that she would get only one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week for it, and must provide herself with a new wardrobe and pay for her journey across the continent. The reporter bluntly asked her why she was doing this, and her answer was—"Ambition!"

To be more explicit, she went on:

"That difference in salary is nothing. The salaries paid in New York are lower than those paid in many places—owing to competition, I suppose; but if I win I shall be of more importance than if I should stay here for years."

So Miss Albertson pulled up stakes in the City of the Angels and came to New York, utterly unknown. And then—the play failed; but out of the wreck she floated ashore with such notices as "The true artist of the night, so far as the women were concerned, was Miss Lillian Albertson," and "Lillian Albertson, in a rôle meant to be quite subsidiary, quite eclipsed her" (the leading woman).

Praise would not pay her board-bill with no play running, and Miss Albertson was considering vaudeville when Annie Russell's husband, Oswald Yorke, objected to the leading man's rôle in a play that had been procured for his wife. In this emergency the managers telegraphed to Los Angeles: "Do you consider Lillian Albertson sufficiently strong to create the leading part in a Broadway production?" and back came a strong indorsement.

This play was "Paid in Full." In the light of later history, it is of interest to glance back at a notice from a newspaper published in Ottawa, where the company played for its second week—the opening being in Montreal on Christmas eve.

"It is not a problem play," said the Ottawa *Evening Journal*, "in the proper sense of the word, because one may guess at the finish almost from the first act, and there is a disappointment in the close because the cur scoundrel of the cast has not grace enough to do a stage brain-storm with a revolver as one of the property pieces."

The odd part of it is that after the preliminary tour in the provinces, the play was laid aside, and poor Miss Albertson had many a sleepless night from the fear that once again she had unwittingly associated herself with a failure. But after that first performance at the Astor, in the last week of February, she justified herself in taking that hazardous trip across the continent to accept a smaller salary for the sake of playing in the metropolis. To be the woman who created the leading part in the biggest hit of the New York season is a distinction worth all it cost in the worry and hope deferred of those intervening six months.

A NEW STAR IN THE MAKING

Frank McIntyre, who has won the chief laurels in the new season's first big success, "The Traveling Salesman," was himself a failure as a drummer. After getting as far as philosophy in studying for the priesthood, he became a newspaper correspondent in his native town of Ann Arbor, Michigan, for one of the Chicago dailies. He was also studying in the conservatory of music connected

with the university. Here is how he relates what happened next:

"One day I was playing rag-time on the piano when a friend of mine said:

"Mac, why don't you sell pianos for a living? You're fat, a good talker, and a good performer."

"In fact, my friend quite persuaded me that I would become the greatest traveling salesman in America, so I started out. But I was a sorry failure. I did not sell a single instrument; so you see, failing in all other things, I decided to become an actor."

But oddly enough, the rôle, which turns out to fit him so well, was not written with McIntyre in view, but for Tom Ross, of "Checkers" fame, who played it last spring, when the comedy was tried on the road and failed to set any rivers on fire. But Ross is thin, while McIntyre gets as much fun out of the avoirdupois of *Bob Blake* as he did out of that of *Bobby Dumble* in "Classmates," with Robert Edeson last season. But McIntyre is by no means the only funny thing in "The Traveling Salesman," which has started off in New York even better than its author's "Chorus Lady" did two years ago.

DUPLICATING "THE DEVIL"

What will probably prove to be New York's biggest theatrical sensation of the season was sprung early—very early, in fact—as the real dramatic year usually begins on Labor Day, and "The Devil" appeared at two theaters on August 18. By the time these lines are read, the story of how Harrison Grey Fiske stole a march on Henry W. Savage, and announced his own "Devil" only one day in advance, will be an old one; but as I write, on the morning after the first performance, it is quite exciting.

Most of the dramatic critics went to the Belasco to see George Arliss as his satanic majesty, so that it might have been just as well for Mr. Savage to postpone his opening for at least one night, and let the Fiske version have the right of way. He had planned not to bring his show into New York until late September, but Mr. Fiske's *coup* drove him to perhaps the speediest work ever attempted in stageland.

But what about "The Devil" itself? Is it worth fighting over? I should say yes, very decidedly. This young Hungarian writer, Ferencz or Franz Molnar, is more than clever. His work suggests Bernard Shaw, but there is far more body in its brilliance. "The Devil" is daring, but never improper. It ends well from the satanic viewpoint—that is to say, this literal fiend in human shape succeeds in bringing about a criminal love-affair between two people who, in spite of sore temptation, have almost succeeded in banishing from their minds the thought of such a thing. Moral? Well, virtue has been triumphant in most plays that have been written since Shakespeare, and I have not noticed that theatergoers lead more righteous lives than those who have never darkened the doors of a playhouse. Possibly this insight into the compelling power that sends a man wrong may act as a more potent deterrent.

A word about the two *Devils* themselves. Edwin Stevens, of the Savage inferno, has reached Hades by a devious route, passing back and forth between musical comedy and the legitimate with a facility possessed by no other equally well-known player. Years ago he succeeded De Wolf Hopper on the road as *Wang*, previous to which he had been a member of the stock-company at Daly's. Anon we find him in "Nancy Brown" and "The Chinese Honeymoon," from which he passed to become the *Colonel* with Henrietta Crosman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Belasco. Then, presto! a little later on he is creating the *Ancient Mariner McGinty* in "The Pearl and the Pumpkin."

George Arliss is an English actor, who first "made good" in New York with Mrs. Pat Campbell as *Cayley Drummler* in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." This was in January, 1902, at the Republic. Just about a year later, in the same theater—which had meantime become the Belasco—he again carried everything before him as *Zakkuri*, the war minister, or "Prince of Hell," in "The Darling of the Gods." Last winter he was with Mrs. Fiske, as *Ulric Brendel* in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." He is by far the better *Devil* of the two.

Matthew White, Jr.

STORIETTES

The Artist of Sound

BY MARIE BELDEN JAMES

RUSSELL KINSEY lived and worked in a red-trimmed studio in New York. He was an artist who had found neither success nor appreciation, but who possessed ideas and ideals—and a few friends.

In the evenings the crimson of the studio used to become scarred and obscured by thick white and purple curves of cigar-smoke. The pencil sketches of figures, thumb-tacked to the walls, would seem impossibly out of drawing, and the light from the red-globed electric bulbs would struggle through the smoke like winter sunlight breaking out at the close of a gray day. And the least important of the figures in the room—those which were not thumb-tacked to the wall—would sit in a group of two or three or four, and smoke and converse lightly upon such frivolous subjects as murders and earthquakes and warfare. Then, perhaps, a little later, their cigars would burn out unheeded on the edge of the mantel-piece while they held serious conference over the broadening of a line or the heightening of a tone.

A fresh theatrical season began, and brought Adèle. A new joy to a few, and a new interest to thousands, she danced before the footlights in some wonderful new gowns, with a pair of wondering, gray-blue eyes and a sweet, tiny voice all her own.

Kinsey and his friend Van Sythe went to see her from the second balcony on the second night of the run. Kinsey sat through the entire performance uncomfortably and impolitely, with his eyes closed and his face inexpressive of emotion. Van Sythe sat still more uncomfortably on the extreme edge of his seat, and still more impolitely moved his head with every motion of the little

actress, greatly to the inconvenience of the fifty-cent crowd behind him.

On the following evening, Kinsey presented Van Sythe with his sketch of Adèle as "The Pond-Lily Lass." A few evenings later there was an introduction to the lass herself, which Van Sythe was overjoyed to obtain, and from which Kinsey carefully escaped. After that the studio smoke distorted two or three figures much oftener than four; and even when, in moments of conscientious friendship, Van Sythe was present, he might almost as well have been tacked to the wall along with the other outlined forms of people who were living lives beyond the power of Kinsey's art.

Therefore, when the Pond-Lily Lass had been appearing for some three months, Kinsey found himself surprised, on looking up from a long, lonely afternoon's work, to find Van Sythe, flushed and healthy, standing in the doorway.

"Kinsey," said Van Sythe in a tone of strained intensity, "I am going to—everlastingly love—and marry—Adèle!"

"Yes?" commented Kinsey in a tone of mild interest, as became the subject. "That's good. Your voice just now would make a good picture," he added with sudden increase of interest.

A look of anger passed over the face of Adèle's lover—anger that Kinsey should treat the subject so lightly, and show interest only for a picture-idea.

"Say, Russ," Van Sythe said in a sudden desire to hurt his friend, "why do you throw that awful bluff about drawing by sound?"

The pencil with which Kinsey had begun a tiny sketch of Van Sythe suddenly paused, and the artist's muscles stiffened.

"Bluff?" he uttered harshly.

"Why, sure it's bluff." Van Sythe gloried in the ease with which he had put Kinsey on the defensive. "I've known it was a fake ever since you did Adèle for me. I know you sat there at the theater all the evening with your eyes shut, and then came home and did her picture—dress, jewels, gloves, and all. But as for saying you got all that from the sound of her voice, without seeing her—why, that's rot, you know!"

Nothing remained of the cool calmness which had made the atmosphere of that studio for so long. Van Sythe had lost all his assumed carelessness when he let his mind go back to his love, and Kinsey had thrilled and roused as never before at this attack on his pet theory. For a moment the artist's eyes burned like slits in a curtain behind which a furnace blazes. Then he let his voice choke in his throat as he answered:

"I can prove it."

"Prove it, then," said Van Sythe.

Kinsey let his eyes wander about the room in search of proof. They fell upon the telephone.

"Ah!" he said exultingly. "Do you know where your lady is now? Call her up on the 'phone, and let me hear her voice for two sentences. Then go to her. Look at her. Note her dress—her hair. While you are gone, I shall draw her, just—as—she—is, just as she is!"

For a moment Van Sythe hesitated; then he stepped to the telephone and took down the receiver. In the pause that succeeded his mention of the number, Kinsey prepared a piece of drawing-paper and sharpened a pencil. His mouth was a deadly white line.

"Hullo!" Kinsey could hear the voice nearly as plainly as the man at the receiver could. Sweet, sharp, but very shrill, it sounded.

"Hullo, Adèle!" Van Sythe hardly steadied his own voice. "Are you engaged for this afternoon?"

"Why, no." This time the words crackled thinly. "Have you anything very nice you want me to do?" It lowered into harshness for a minute. "I'm just dying to do something."

"That's enough. Ring off!" said Kinsey, and he took his pencil.

"I'll come over right away—what's that? I can't hear you. Never mind. I'll see you soon. Good-by!"

Van Sythe rehung the receiver. He glanced at Kinsey, now deep in his work, and then went out without a word.

An hour later, when the grayness of evening was giving to the studio the same obscured, distorted appearance that the rings of cigar-smoke sometimes produced, Kinsey sat back, and, holding his finished drawing before him, regarded it through drooping lashes.

So little scope is left for the artist who works solely in dark and light penciled outlines that Kinsey had often despaired of producing anything that could make another feel what he felt himself—that color, form, light are all perceived and realized by the sense of sound—that even blindness is no reason why one should not see. But now he knew that he had succeeded, for as truly as he had seen every detail of Adèle's face and figure when he heard the tones of her voice, he could now, by gazing on his picture of her, hear every rise and fall, every note, every variation of her changing treble.

He drew a breath of happy satisfaction. With the relief this brought, his thoughts returned to the real Adèle and the claim which his drawing was to prove. He felt that he had, at last, the rare chance of making another know and believe in him as he knew and believed in himself.

Then, suddenly, as his eye rested again on his picture, he perceived a strange thing. There were two figures in it! Quite unconsciously he had drawn a man sitting close beside the Pond-Lily Lass, his cheek almost touching hers, his arm tenderly placed about her—a man with dark, bright eyes and a weak, demonstrative mouth. Kinsey sat staring, and his breath came faster.

What had he done? All that it would mean to Van Sythe rose slowly before him—the shattering of the ardent lover's ideal—the clouding of his dream. And yet, was it not almost as if this sudden increase of power had been given to Kinsey that he might save his friend?

He sat wondering for minutes until he heard Van Sythe's step outside. Then he rose suddenly.

The room had grown quite dark, and the light of the little fire in the grate made a golden background for Kinsey as he stood before it, with his hand, holding the sketch, thrust behind him. Van Sythe came in, bringing with him a breath of the autumn outdoors, a happy love-light in his eyes.

"Well?" he said.

Kinsey looked at him searchingly for a moment.

"Well?" he echoed finally. "Did you see her?"

"Just for a moment—just long enough to note how she was dressed," replied the other. "She came out into the hall to speak to me. She was very busy."

"Ah! Then there was some one else there?" said Kinsey.

"Yes," replied his friend. "She tried to tell me over the phone that she would be engaged for an hour, but I didn't hear her. I'm going back later. How about the picture?"

"Wait a second," said the artist of sound. "Do you know who was with her?"

Van Sythe looked with surprise at the unusually serious face of his friend.

"Why, sure," he said. "It was her manager. They were reading a new play together."

"And you came away and left them?" demanded the artist.

"Of course. Did you think I wouldn't trust her?"

"Oh," breathed Kinsey. "He loves her!" he said to himself. "The poor chap really loves her—and is a picture of mine going to make him stop? If she is the kind the picture says, he'll find it out soon enough!"

"But how about the drawing?" Van Sythe was asking impatiently.

A strained laugh came from the artist's lips.

"I couldn't do it," he said. "You were right, after all."

"I knew it!" grinned Van Sythe triumphantly. "Why, what's that burning?"

For a sheet of paper had dropped from Kinsey's hand into the grate, and blazed brightly for a moment before it became a smudge of white ash.

The Temptation of Father O'Flynn

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

FOR the third time the friendly red men from the unknown peaks had come to the desert mission with a hatful of lustrous virgin gold as a present to Father O'Flynn, in token of their gratitude for his many kindly deeds.

What a beautiful, exciting show it made—the flakes, the leaves, the wondrous forms, untarnished, gleaming, fresh from the workshop of the gnomes of earth! What treasuries of wealth must lie afar in those inaccessible hills for the Indians to bring it forth so readily! What tales had been told of the vastness of the riches there, denied to all save these, the dusky guardians of its secret source!

Old Scar-Face, weary with his many years, stood smiling in his silent way as the priest received the gift. For Father O'Flynn he entertained a genuine affection, grounded on ten years of more or

less constant association. He spoke as the mouthpiece for the tribe.

"These is Injun's present," he said. "Heap good!"

His eyes twinkled as he watched the gleam reflected from the glinting gold in the churchman's kindly face.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" murmured Father O'Flynn. "Indians all my good brothers!"

For a moment he looked into the bleary old eyes of the donor; and then his glance stole away to the great gray slope of arid land whereon his one bright dream had always focused.

In imagination he saw the sage-brush acreage transformed by the magic of his powers. He saw a huge church of imposing masonry risen from the earth. He pictured the low stone houses of the mission, clustered near; he fancied the barren waste a curve of living greenery,

with orchards, vineyards, fields, and lowing kine, for a mile or more around. He saw the faint green waterway—the long canal to bring the precious water to the land, winding in a tortuous belt about the hills. He smelled the scent of clover in the air, where bees should hum at their plunder. Across some inward sense of his soul there crept the sweet chimings of the vesper bells.

This gold—this wondrously mountain-hidden gold that lay in some rock-vault, far from the white man's ken—how quickly such a mint as this could realize his dream upon the plain! The hatful already supplied by his friends was nothing but a hint of what he needed to attempt his mighty work. Perhaps, with what had been brought him before, he had a thousand dollars' worth; but waterways and planted fields, his church, his mission—all this would drain the resources of a wealthy mine within the next decade.

Why should the mountains guard from him the secret of their hoard? The Indians were his beloved friends, and in the end would be his beneficiaries. Theirs would be the missions; theirs the herds, the orchards, the houses, the fields of waving grain. What a wondrous exchange he could give them for the secret of their worthless, hidden mine! True life, true godliness, true plenty, true content—all for the yellow dross lying useless in the hills!

How sore was the priest's temptation no man may tell. His mouth was dry and his voice was hoarse as, with a new eagerness of purpose, he turned again upon old Scar-Face.

"My friends have never told me where they get the gold," he said. "I heap like to see where it comes from. Indians know I am their brother. Will you take me there to see?"

"Yesh, Injun take um," said old Scar-Face readily, pursing up his mouth as if to whistle, but making no musical sound. Then he added quietly: "Heap take to see um, but put um blindfold on the eye, all way up there, all way back."

The good father's heart gave a mighty leap in his bosom. They would take him there—blindfolded, to be sure, lest he note the devious trails by which the place was reached; but they would take him.

That was enough; for the rest he was sure he could put his trust in Heaven.

His breath came fast as his hand fell upon his rosary.

"To-morrow I go. You take me there," he said.

"To-morrow," answered Scar-Face.

With all his gold hidden, and with many special prayers for celestial guidance in his quest, Father O'Flynn made ready for his trip that very afternoon. At four o'clock young Manuel rode over to see him from the valley far beyond. In the heart of the handsome young horseman were much love and much anxiety; in his purse were little money and even less of hope.

"My horse should be named Despair," he said, "for I live so much in his company. I fear my marriage with Papinta may be presently impossible, since I lack so much of the price to buy a ranch, and her father would wed her to a gringo."

"Then cheer up, lad," said Father O'Flynn. "Sure, to-morrow it's myself that's making a special pilgrimage to gratify the saints, and 'twill be no surprise if they smile upon your troubles."

"Where are you going?" said the visitor eagerly. "May you not need a friend to go along?"

"Not at all, at all. I shall be with my friends," the priest replied. "I've no permission to take along a guest—nothing at all but my rosary. But after that—perhaps next day—who knows, my son, sure it may be you and I must ride to the mountains together!"

On the following day, early in the morning, the Indians and Father O'Flynn set solemnly forth on horses to the barren mountains that held the secret of the gold. For an hour or more they made their way into the well-known passes. Then a halt was called; the good priest's eyes were carefully bandaged, and for many a rough and rugged mile he rode as one doomed to utter darkness.

But, ah, for the wiles that temptation may suggest! Playing upon his well-worn rosary, his fingers told off prayer on prayer, the while his patient horse was stumbling forward; and all the while he slipped bead by bead from the long, stout cord, to drop them by the way. He prayed for assistance, for light

in the gloom, for heavenly help in his labor. He prayed for special forgiveness of his sins, in case his actions should appear dubious or unacceptable in the sight of Heaven. He prayed for the Indians, and prayed for himself—all the while dropping his beads upon the earth. He prayed for nearly everything—a long, long chain of prayers—but mostly he prayed for guidance—guidance to the mines, which the telltale beads that blazed the trail would furnish on the following day.

It was a long journey, but the rosary was also long—and the father's prayers were exhaustless. Shortly after noon they arrived at the place, and the blindfold was lifted at last.

It was not much to see, that fabled place of gold. Such virgin deposits are never vast in size. In an ancient working, covered up with sand, was bedded the seam of gleaming metal—a narrow, crooked lodgment of the gold, where it seemed as if the lightnings of the gods had some time struck and then remained immobilized—forever prisoned in the adamant, a cold and solid stream of fire to glow in its matrix throughout all the ages of eternity.

Father O'Flynn felt beads of sweat creep out upon his ample brow. His church, fields, houses—all were here, reduced to sovereign metal! It was all he could do to contain his excitement. He tried to look about the place, and "mark down" the vital position; but, alas! in all that wilderness of bare and broken rock he was as helpless as a child. But then, thank the saints, the rosary beads were strewn faithfully along the winding trail, and on these and his prayers he could rely.

When, at last, he was ready to depart with his friends, and was once more made sightless for the trail, he carried away but a pocketful of gold, since he must not appear too covetous of that which was not yet his own. It was long after dusk when at length he was back at his meager little hut—a weary man, but inwardly aglow with pious content.

Young Manuel was waiting, in the shade of Father O'Flynn's vine, when the party rode up to the shack. Wholly at a loss to understand what such a proceeding as this might signify, he saw the

bandage taken from the good man's eyes by the silent old Scar-Face, grown inordinately grave.

"Father—father—why, where have you been?" cried the young man eagerly, assisting the priest from the saddle. "You ride home thus; I cannot understand. Perhaps the sun has hurt your eyes!"

"Ah, give yourself no worry, lad," said Father O'Flynn, with his cheeriest smile. "Sure all day long I've been taking a ride with my friends and my brothers; but I'm pledged, my son, not to answer as to where we have been, at all, at all, or what has been blowing in the wind."

He stood on his old legs somewhat stiffly, since for many a month he had taken no such exercise. Old Scar-Face, near by, was fumbling in a pocket of his coat. He presently drew forth a grimy buckskin pouch that bulged out to generous plumpness. Then into a gourd that was hanging by the door he deliberately poured the bag's hoardings. The contents rattled out in a lively chase—a dusty lot of units, marble-like and round, all from Father O'Flynn's depleted rosary.

"You heap lose um beads," the wrinkled old red man said to the priest, without the least suggestion of a smile upon his face. "Injun heap find um—ketch um all."

Father O'Flynn nearly dropped in his tracks. Not a word would arise to his moving lips, but his weariness descended upon him like a shroud of lead, and he sank on the bench before his door.

Once more old Scar-Face dragged out a bag, this one containing a modest gift of gold. He placed it in the listless hands that had prayed off the beads along the trail; and from out his store of wisdom, culled for many weary years, he observed, laconically:

"Little bit gold pretty good; big pile gold pretty bad; damn big lot gold—all same hell!"

The vision of the greening fields, the great stone church, the clustered houses—all, all had faded from the gray and barren slope, leaving for the weary priest less than nothing, save a sickly thought of temptation too great to be resisted, and a conscience somewhat sore.

Later, when the Indians had taken his blessing and departed on their way, Father O'Flynn brought forth his hoard of gold and placed it all in the strong hands of the youth who was looking forward to his mating with Papinta.

"Take it and buy you a ranch," he said, in his old-time kindness of spirit. "And remember, my son, it's myself that indorses what old Scar-Face remarked concerning the gold—though not, of course, precisely in his language!"

A Change of Heart

BY LOUISE ELIZABETH DUTTON

EVERYBODY knows that dreams go by contraries. If you wake up breathless from being chased down a long passage without being able to run, you can comfort yourself by expecting something pleasant to happen. If you dream that you are walking down the church aisle to the music of the wedding-march, with tan boots below your satin gown and a muslin curtain where your veil ought to be, you do not expect to be married when you wake; you will have a bad egg for breakfast, or be blocked in the Subway, or something worse, if there is anything worse.

Naturally, therefore, Martin was surprised when his most frequent dream came true. He received the surprise through his wife's desk-telephone, which—knowing that she was out, and secure in the confidence that she had no secrets from him—he had picked up to answer a call.

"Dorothy, you dear girl," his sister's voice began, hurrying on too quickly for him to check this unusual form of address, "I didn't get time to half thank you! Two people had dropped out at the last minute, and that crowd are so crazy about bridge that my life wouldn't have been safe if I'd asked any of them to cut in, or to give up their game. I'm sorry they played so high, but I'd never have known you for a beginner. Your partner said—"

What that unknown lady had said Martin did not hear, because he had dropped the receiver as if stung by a hornet. Bridge—the curse of the age, whose evil effects were his favorite after-dinner subject, and had forced a quarrel with his best friend! Bridge entering his life, as he had always

dreamed it would—and through his wife, who, in spite of his warnings and her promises, had succumbed at last, and had pitted her inexperience against the skill of professionals, for high stakes! His wife, who had run noiselessly up the stairs, and was standing in the doorway now, flushed and young, in the gray gown which he had hooked for her only three hours ago!

"I've had the time of my life," she said, "and torn my skirt in two places. I must go and change before dinner."

She threw her withered violets at him, and vanished. Guessing the emptiness of the silver purse she had been trying to hide from him, Martin wondered how much she had lost, and how soon she would confess. After dinner he found her at her desk, inking her hands over a column of figures which, when he looked over her shoulder, she hid with her handkerchief.

"Dick, will you answer me one question?" she said.

Martin took her hands gently in his.

"I'll answer any question you want to ask, dear," he said, "or hear anything you've got to tell me. Don't be afraid."

"It's not as bad as that," she said. "I just want to know if you object to imitation jewelry."

Martin dropped her hands and stared. Besides her engagement-ring, his wife was wearing a brown diamond and the emerald he had given her for her last birthday. The rings were chosen at random from the box up-stairs. Suddenly he saw what she meant.

"Dorothy," he said, "don't be afraid. I only want to know the truth. How much money do you need?"

Dorothy dropped her head on the desk. Martin put a hand on the slender, shaking shoulders.

"Don't be afraid, child," he said. "Frankness is best. I'll raise it for you somehow, no matter how much it is. You do want money, don't you?"

"No!" gasped Dorothy. "No, no!"

Martin turned away. It was not her debts that hurt him—though, if they exceeded her allowance, or any sum she dared to ask him for, they must be large; it was her readiness to sell her jewels and substitute imitations rather than tell him the exact sum she owed and ask his help. He could not bear to hear more. He turned on the threshold for a last look at his wife. She raised her head and met his eyes. She was laughing.

Martin did not see his wife in the morning. She did not come down to breakfast. It was a day of painful foreboding. In the late afternoon he tried to steady his nerves by a walk. He swung down the avenue, pausing to glance at the shop-windows. Before one he stopped longest of all. It was a jeweler's window, and inside, bending over a tray of rings, was the figure of a slender girl. She looked up, and he saw that the girl was Dorothy.

Martin did not know where he walked next. She had not waited for his permission. She was selling the jewels already. He wondered which she had chosen—one of his gifts to her, or his mother's pearls. Whatever they were, he would buy them back, pay her debts, and forgive her. Marriage was marriage. It must go on, even after trust and love were dead.

He dined at his club with a man he particularly disliked, and, later, drifted into a theater. When he came home, the house was dark. No one answered his ring, and he had no key. He rattled the door-knob fiercely, attracting the attention of a passing policeman. The house had a French basement, so that the hall windows gave directly on the street. Martin turned the fastenings, and found one defective. Blessing Dorothy's carelessness, he pried at it with his pocket-knife, pushed it back, and slipped over the sill into his hall.

The house was very still. Dorothy

had cried herself to sleep up-stairs. He would not wake her until morning. But the dining-room door stood open in front of him. Martin remembered that he was hungry. He pulled off his boots, and began to forage by the light of one of the candles from the dining-table.

He was interrupted by a creaking in the hall. He came to the pantry door, and stood listening, with a ham in one hand and a cheese in the other. The creaking came nearer. The hall door opened softly. A slender white figure slipped into the room, and stood peering into the dark. Martin could see that her hands were clasped on her breast. He could hear her breath come in panting gasps. He took a step toward her and stopped, startled and hurt by the anger of her voice.

"Put those things down!" she ordered.

Martin stood still in the dark.

"Burglar!" said Dorothy. "You're a burglar, and I have a gun!" Martin saw the glimmer of his little pistol in her hand. "Stand still," she went on. "Stand perfectly still, and don't speak to me. I have a gun, but I'm not going to shoot you. I'm going to give you something. Put those things down, and I'll give you this."

Martin clung uncomprehendingly to the cheese and the ham.

"Keep them, then," said Dorothy. Her voice was trembling, and she had begun to cry. "Keep them; only please, please take this, too!"

She held out her hand, and Martin saw that it was full of bank-notes.

"Don't you want it?" she said. "Perhaps you don't believe it's worth anything because I'm giving it to you. But it's money, real money, every horrid cent of it! At first I thought I wanted it, but I can't spend it, and it's parting me from my husband, and I hate it. I tried to leave it in a shop, but a sneak-thief got it, and they caught him and gave it back to me. I'd burn it up, if I didn't think the maids would catch me. I know you think I'm mad, but you're only a burglar, and I don't care what you think. Won't you please, please, take it away?"

Dorothy cast the money on the floor

and sobbed. Presently she was too frightened to sob, for the burglar had dropped his plunder and caught her in his arms, pistol and all. She struggled, but he held her close.

"Dorothy!" said the burglar.

"Dick!" gasped Dorothy.

"You poor darling," he began, but he did not go on, because Dorothy had fainted.

II

"BUT where did you get the money?" Martin asked, later, "and why didn't you pay your debts with it?"

"Debts?" said Dorothy.

"Yes, the money you lost at bridge."

"I didn't lose," said Dorothy. "I won."

Martin stared.

"I don't see how I did it," said Dorothy. "I only know two rules, and I didn't use those. I didn't know what the trump was, most of the time. Agnes said she'd pay my losses, and playing was just a favor to her, like spending

money for her in the shops. But I didn't lose; I won three hundred dollars, and when I tried to give it back to her, she said it was an insult.

"Oh, Dick, at first I thought it would be fun to spend that money; but I didn't dare to tell you I'd played bridge, and I couldn't find one thing to buy that you wouldn't ask questions about. There was a sweet ring at Tiffany's I wanted to buy, and pretend it was a fake stone. That's why I asked if you liked imitation jewelry. But you didn't seem to like it, and you didn't seem to like me much, either!" She slipped down at his feet. "I've been so miserable all day," she said. "I don't know what I've done, Dick, but please forgive me!"

"What sort of a ring?" said Martin.

"I'll get it for you in the morning."

"Then what shall I do with this?" said Dorothy, pleating the bills into a fan and flirting it in his face.

"Do with it?" said Martin. "Do with it? Why—pay for some lessons in bridge!"

The Inconstant Moon

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

"I THINK an elopement will be lovely," Evie whispered, as they stood together in the summer-house. "You know what you said about the river and the golden light—"

Richard smiled down at her adoringly.

"I'll have my boat at the landing," he said, "and we will drift under the moon to Willowbrook, where the minister will marry us."

"I think it will be lovely," Evie repeated. "I'll wear my white dress and my white hat with the roses."

The moonlight, shining through the vines, brought out the gold lights in her pretty hair. On the hand that lay in Richard's sparkled a little ring.

"My hand!" Richard murmured.

"I never expected to have a diamond," Evie said.

"It's the meaning that I care about." The boy's voice was reverent. "Until death parts us, Evie!"

The girl's lighter nature was uplifted by his earnestness.

"Oh, Richard," she said, and turned her face up to him. "Oh, Richard, I care that way, too!"

"I wish your mother knew," he went on, after a silence.

"I can't tell mother," the girl protested. "She won't hear of my getting married."

"I know," Richard whispered; "but I wish she could be at your wedding, Evie."

All the next day, Evie sang as she went about her work. Up-stairs on her bed lay the white dress and the white-hat. In a closet was the suit-case with her dainty belongings, packed for the first time without her mother's supervision. Now and then she ran up and tried on the hat, laughing at herself in the mirror, picturing Richard's face when he should see her.

"If you are going up-stairs again," her mother called from the kitchen, "you might close the windows. There's a cloud in the west that means wind."

But Evie, ecstatically combing out her curls in preparation for the wedding coiffure, forgot the injunction until the flapping of curtains brought her out of her dreams.

"Evie, did you shut the windows?" Her mother was panting up the stairway. "What are you combing your hair again for?" she asked, as she noted her daughter's flying locks.

"I'm trying it a new way," said Evie, flushing.

"When I was your age," was the reproof, "I didn't think so much of my looks."

"When you were my age," Evie retorted, "you were married!"

"Well, you look like a baby—I seemed much older."

"Mother!" Evie pouted.

Her mother put her arms about the girl.

"Don't think of getting married for years. I couldn't let you go, child!"

Evie clung to her. "Oh, mother—" she began; but the other interrupted.

"For goodness' sake, go and put on something warmer than that dressing-sack—you're shivering!"

Evie lifted a pale face. "I'm not cold," she said; but her mother insisted.

Left alone, Evie listened to the beat of the rain. She put on a dark skirt and shirt-waist. When she looked at herself in the mirror, the thick dress was not becoming, and the gray light seemed to dull the brightness of her braids. As she went down-stairs, her father came in with the rain dripping from his hat.

"Will it rain all evening?" Evie asked anxiously.

"I think so," was his comforting assurance. "The wind's in the east."

Evie helped her mother set the table, but she did not eat much of the hot supper.

"Ain't you well?" her father asked solicitously.

"I'm not hungry," she replied.

"You've taken cold," her mother said. "I knew you would, in that thin sack."

Evie was to meet Richard at half past eight, and at eight o'clock she went up-stairs. In the darkness of her room she pressed her face against the window. She could see nothing. There were only the roar of the wind and the beat of the rain.

At the appointed time, wrapped in a big shawl, she descended the stairs stealthily, and went out of the side door. Her light figure bent to the wind as she sped down the walk.

"Richard!" she called softly.

Then she felt his arms about her.

"Where's your bag?" he demanded. "We couldn't go in the boat, so I have the buggy. I've put in a lot of rugs, and it's a soft nest for you, Evie."

She twisted away from him.

"I haven't any bag," she faltered. "I'm not going, Richard."

"You're not going!" he said sharply. "Why not, Evie?"

"Oh, how *could* I go on such a night? I couldn't wear my pretty dress and my pretty hat; and—and who ever heard of running away in the rain?"

He put his arms about her and bent over her. She could feel his wet cheek against her own.

"Evie," he murmured, "do you love me?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Do you think I care what you wear, Evie?"

"It was all going to be so beautiful," she said, "with the moonlight and the river—and now there isn't any moon."

"The moonlight and the river were not the beautiful part," he told her. "The beautiful part was our life together! When I fixed that nest of rugs, I thought how I would drive you safe through the storm, and it seemed to me that that was the way I was to care for you through the storms of life, Evie."

"Oh," she sobbed, "I don't know what to do! Do you think I'd better go, Richard?"

"You leave it to me?"

"Yes," she yielded. "I'll go, if you say so, Richard."

"Darling!" the boy murmured, as he held her close. "I'm glad you said that. I couldn't bear to think that you didn't trust me enough to go. But I

don't believe I ought to let you run away with me; so I'm going in right now, and I shall ask your father and mother to let me marry you, Evie."

"Richard!"

"I can't go home without knowing something certain. It's the only right thing to do."

As the two young people came into the circle of lamplight, the father and mother stared at them in astonishment. The girl, wet and wind-blown, slipped to her knees beside her mother's chair. Richard walked up to the table, his rubber coat glistening with moisture.

"Sit down," said Evie's father, hesitating as he faced the uncertain situation.

"No," Richard said; "I'll stand. I've been talking to Evie, and—"

"I thought Evie was in bed," her mother interrupted.

"No," Richard said quietly. "She came to meet me—we were going to run away."

The mother uttered a sharp cry, and the father's fist came down on the table heavily. But as the boy told his love, the older man gazed at him intently, seeing a vision of his own youth and courtship. When the tale was ended, he said:

"I understand that if it hadn't rained to-night, you would have gone?"

"I think so."

"And what then?"

The boy's gaze met his, squarely.

"I should have kept her safe. She's very precious, sir!"

His voice was broken by deep feeling. Again the echo of youthful passion stirred the older man, and he turned to his wife.

"Well, mother?"

"I think it's ridiculous!" she flared. "I sha'n't let Evie get married for ten years."

"Oh, mother—I shall be twenty-seven!"

"You'll be old enough to know your own mind," her mother said.

"I *do* know it!"

"You run up-stairs," her mother directed.

With a despairing glance at her lover, Evie obeyed. Then the mother turned to Richard.

"I haven't anything against you," she said; "only you mustn't come courting Evie."

"I might have taken her," was Richard's answer.

The boy's eyes were on Evie's father. The man, recognizing a challenge, saw dimly the necessity for compromise.

"Perhaps we'd better talk it over, mother," he said.

"No," was the firm response. "I'm not going to let Evie think about such things."

Her husband held out his hand to the boy.

"I guess mothers know best," he apologized.

They went to the door together. It had stopped raining, and through the scurry of clouds the moon sailed like a silver boat. The boy stood looking at it for a moment; then he stiffly said "Good-by," and went down the path, and they watched him until the sound of the horse's hoofs died away in the distance.

As he drove slowly homeward, Richard gazed out upon the night. The smell of wet earth came to his nostrils, the vagrant winds caressed his cheek; suddenly he began to take quick sobbing breaths.

"Evie!" he murmured brokenly.

As if his cry had brought her, he heard an answering note:

"Richard!"

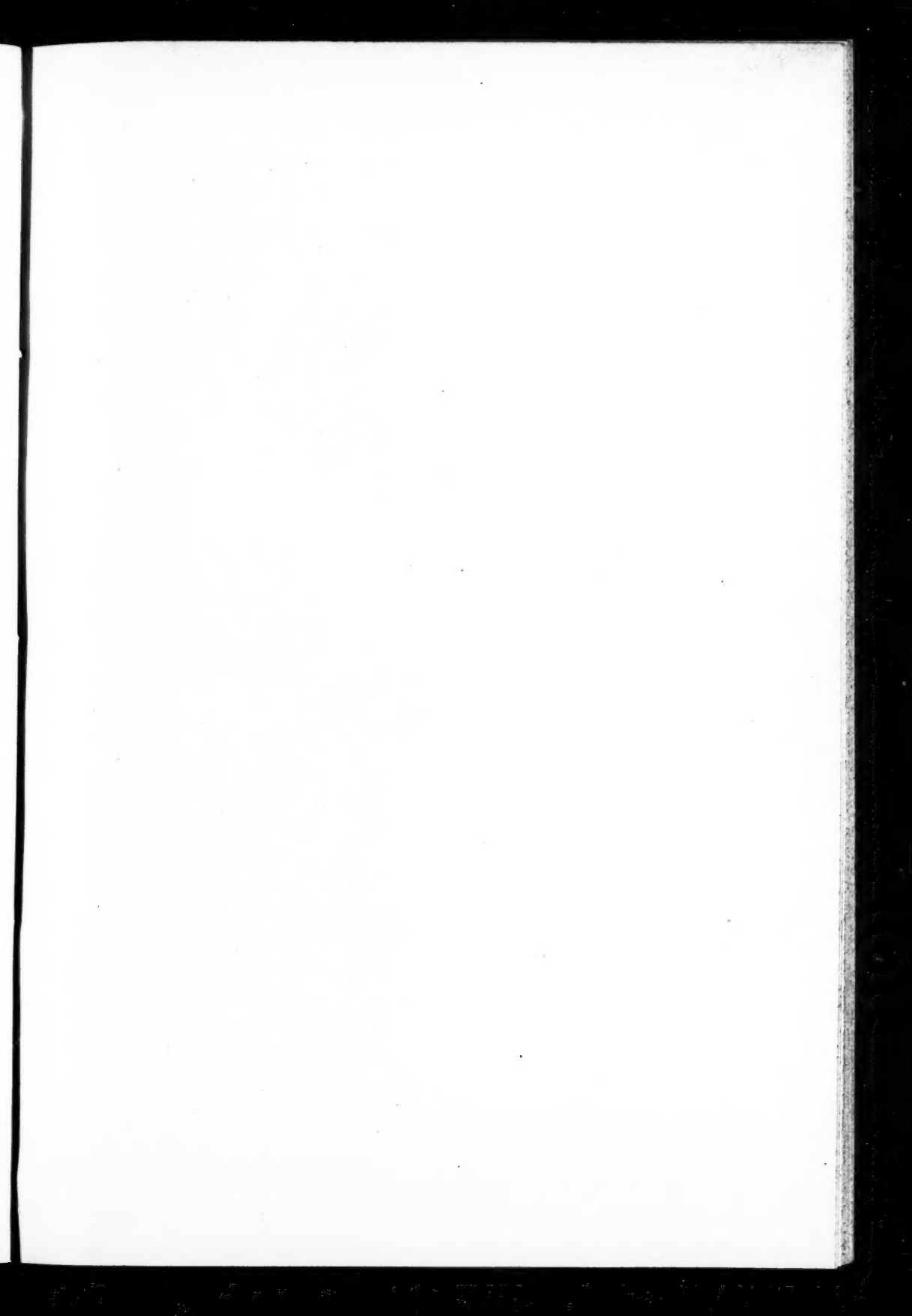
The horse reared as he was brought to a sudden stop. Evie laughed nervously as she clambered over the wheel.

"Quick!" she urged. "Here's my bag. I took the short cut across lots. They are arguing in the sitting-room. Mother will go up and find my door locked, and that will keep her for a few minutes; and, oh, Richard, I climbed out of my window—"

With one hand he was making her comfortable among the rugs, while with the other he urged the horse to a run.

"I can't believe it!" he said, as Evie nestled close. "I can't believe that you have really come to me at last!"

"Well," said the girl, "father was almost ready to give in, and mother will make up—she always does; and I wasn't going to wait until I was twenty-seven to get married, Richard."





"OH, CONRAD!" SHE CALLED AS SHE OVERTOOK HIM AND PUT HER HAND ON HIS ARM

[See story, "The Dutchman" page 206]